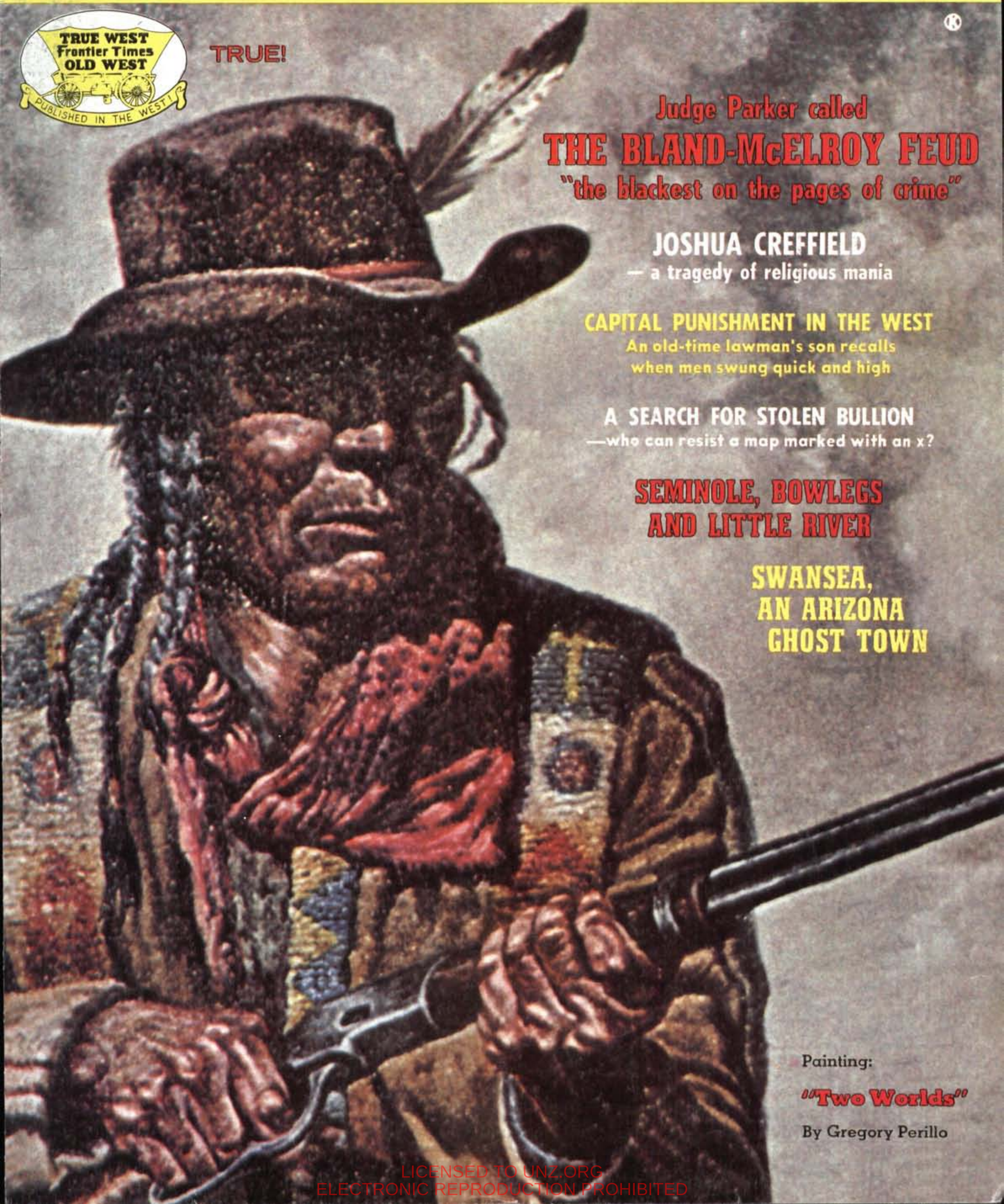
OLD WEST

47304
Fall,
1975
75¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

TRUE!



Judge Parker called
THE BLAND-McELROY FEUD
"the blackest on the pages of crime"

JOSHUA CREFFIELD
— a tragedy of religious mania

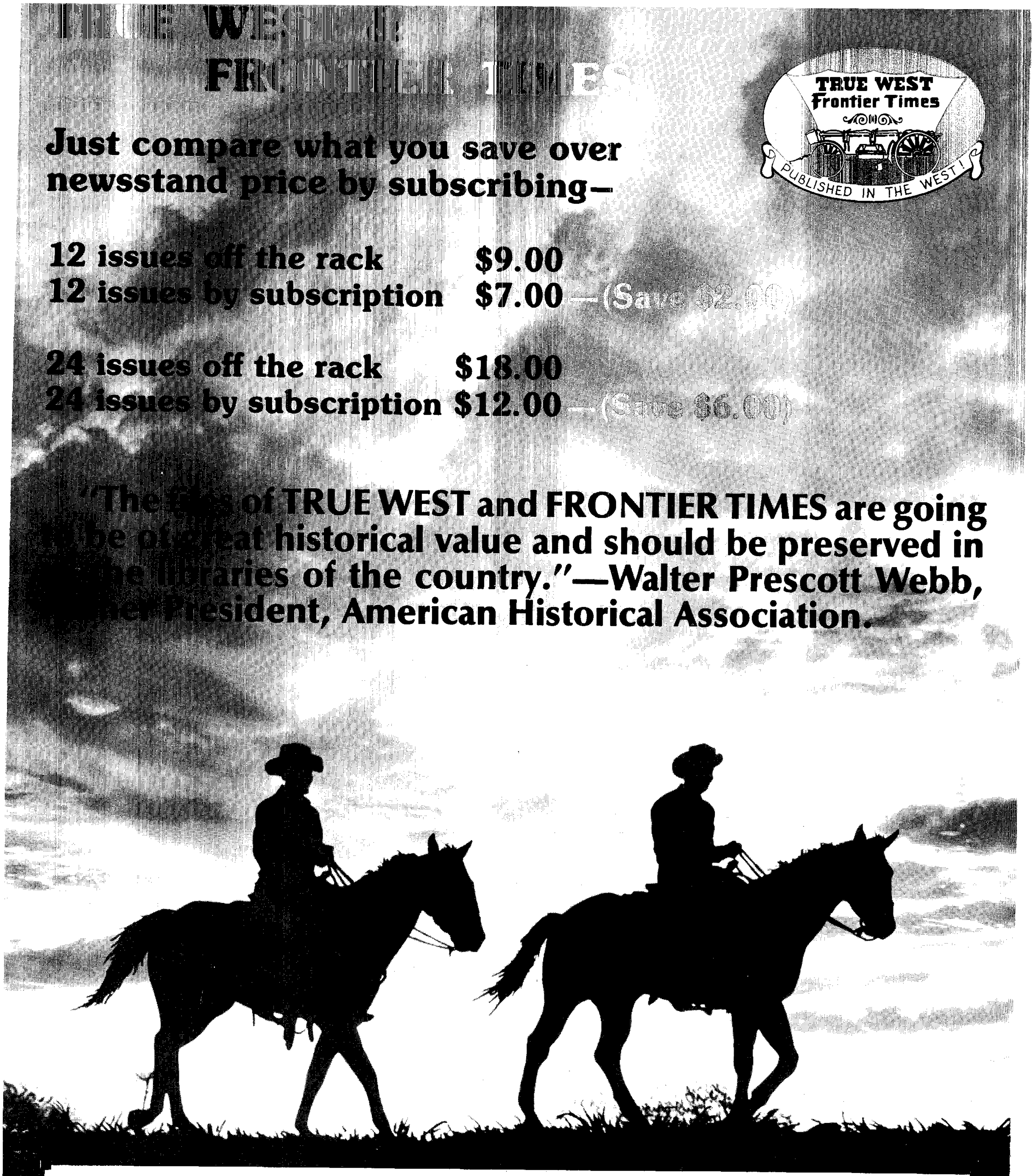
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THE WEST
An old-time lawman's son recalls
when men swung quick and high

A SEARCH FOR STOLEN BULLION
—who can resist a map marked with an x?

SEMINOLE, BOWLEGS AND LITTLE RIVER

SWANSEA, AN ARIZONA GHOST TOWN

Painting:
"Two Worlds"
By Gregory Perillo



TRUE WEST & FRONTIER TIMES

Just compare what you save over newsstand price by subscribing–

12 issues off the rack	$9.00	
12 issues by subscription	$7.00	—(Save $2.00)
24 issues off the rack	$18.00	
24 issues by subscription	$12.00	—(Save $6.00)

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in [illegible] the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, Former President, American Historical Association.

TRUE WEST & FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3338-CA, Austin, Texas 78764

☐ RENEWAL
☐ NEW

SPECIAL! ☐ I enclose **$12.00 for 2 years**
(24 issues in all—12 issues of each magazine)

☐ I enclose **$7.00 for 1 year**
(12 issues in all— 6 issues of each magazine)

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________State________

Zip____________

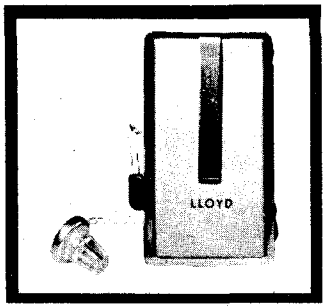
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order a sheet of paper.)

SPECIAL OFFER

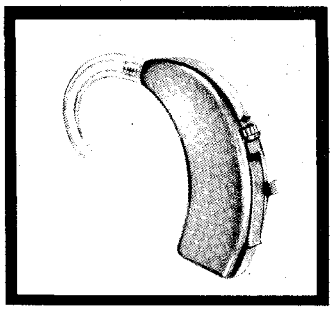
TO OLD WEST READERS

HEARING AIDS

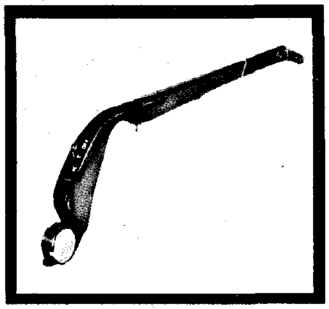
UP TO 50% OFF COMPARABLE AIDS



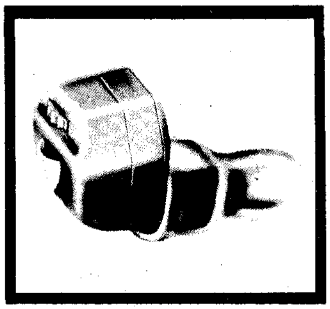
BODY AIDS
Model 59B $59.50



BEHIND-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 210-9 $149.50



EYEGLASS AIDS
Model 610-E $182.00



ALL-IN-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 160A $159.50

- HUGE SAVINGS when you buy direct because you eliminate dealer markups and commissions.
- We will send you your aid for 20 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Absolutely no deposit or obligation.
- TIME PAYMENTS can be arranged, if desired, after you are satisfied with the aid of your choice.
- We have one of the LARGEST SELECTIONS of fine quality aids to choose from.
- You get ONE YEAR WARRANTY on all hearing aids.
- Remember, we promise NO SALESMAN will ever call.

Our "TRUST THE CUSTOMER" plan has been a resounding success for over 10 years. We have sent thousands of Hearing Aids to customers in all 50 states, never asking for a deposit or down payment. Our files have thousands of letters from satisfied customers and friends. Want us to prove it? Just write us or send coupon on this page. **ALREADY, OVER 65,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS**

LLOYD Hearing Aid Corp. 128 KISH ST., DEPT. OW, ROCKFORD, ILL. 61104

Please send me FREE the following: (no obligation)

☐ FREE Literature and Low Prices on All Types of Hearing Aids

☐ 1 years FREE subscription to Lloyd's Listening Post (Senior Citizen's Paper)

REMEMBER, WE PROMISE NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP CODE ____________

WE EVEN PAY THE POSTAGE

Fill in coupon. Then clip this postage-paid label. Just tape or paste label to the front of any envelope. No further postage or addressing is needed.

Postage Will Be Paid by Addressee

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT No. 1891, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

LLOYD Hearing Aid Corporation
128 Kishwaukee St.
P.O. Box 1645
Rockford, Ill. 61110

Dept. OW

FREE TO YOU!
1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO LLOYD'S LISTENING POST

Here's your chance to get this very fine Senior Citizen's paper absolutely FREE. Published every three months, it's crammed full of interesting material, news, stories, articles and merchandise offers that appeal to older folks. You don't have to buy a Hearing Aid or anything else. Listening Post is yours for the asking. Just check coupon on this page.

LOW LOW PRICES ON HEARING AID BATTERIES

MERCURY BATTERIES

13	12 for $4.00
41	12 for 4.00
312	12 for 4.00
401	6 for 4.00
575	12 for 4.00
625	12 for 6.00
630	12 for 6.00
675	12 for 4.80

SILVER OXIDE BATTERIES

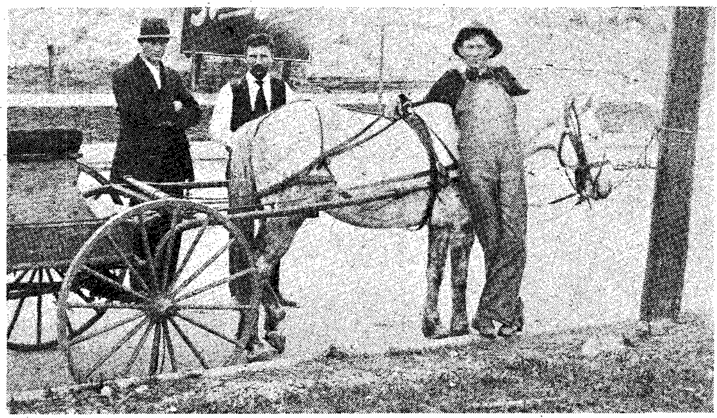
MS-13	12 for $4.50
MS-41	12 for 4.50
MS-312	12 for 4.50
MS-76	12 for 5.25

ORDER IN QUANTITIES LISTED

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

THE BLAND-McELROY FEUD BEGINS on PAGE 8!



... "the blackest on the pages of crime"

FALL, 1975 VOL. 11, NO. 5 WHOLE NO. 45

In This Issue

EDITORIAL 3
LETTER RIP! 4
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP .... *The Old Bookaroos* 6
THE BLAND-McELROY FEUD .... *Olevia Myers* 8
FORECLOSURE COUNTRY .... *Bob Duffy* 12
A SEARCH FOR STOLEN BULLION .... *Ike Osteen* 15
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THE WEST .. *I. E. Sisemore/ L. Williams* 16
THE BOYDS OF CARRETAS .... *Eve Ball* 18
DYNAMITE PLOTS AND BALLOTS ...... *Ben Townsend* 20
JOSHUA CREFFIELD—DEATH OF A PROPHET .... *Roberta O. McKern* 22
SEMINOLE, BOWLEGS AND LITTLE RIVER .... *Watson L. Caldwell* 26
BEAR HUNTERS BOLD .... *S. Omar Barker* 31
GREY OWL .... *Ernest Miles* 32
SWANSEA, AN ARIZONA GHOST TOWN .... *J. Riddle* 36
SPANISH FORT TREASURE .... *B. F. Dearmore* 39
TRAILS GROWN DIM 51

Cover Painting by Gregory Perillo
Two Worlds

A controversial figure
to many Canadians . . .

See page 32

He stayed and fought after others left.

See page 12

Publisher—Joe Austell Small

Editor—Pat Wagner
General Manager—Robert Small
Circulation—Marilyn White
Design/Production—Sue Ashley
Advertising—Joe Small, Jr.

Mary Sanders
Antoinette D'Couto
Johnny Lange
Mildred Holley
Clare Wolf
Susan Washburn
Bill Seymour

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address. Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, of sufficient size for return, with all submissions.

OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy; $2.25 for 4 issues, $4.00 for 8 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico; $3.25 for 4 issues, $5.00 for 8 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas, and at additional entry Dallas, Texas. Copyright 1975 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

THE FLOOD DID COMETH!

IT'S a big flood, too—and it caught old Hosstail with his pants down, his feet full of cockleburs and no ark!

I am talking, of course, about the flood of letters relative to the FRONTIER TIMES title—whether or not it is the reason that TRUE WEST outsells its pardner on the newsstands consistently. I thought I had figured out every possible angle but I was wronger than wrongest! I won't be able to publish *one-fiftieth* of even brief excerpts, paragraphs or merely one-sentence extracts from this downpour of letters, and how I wish I could! They are *good.* It is *most* comforting to see how you rise to the occasion when some difficulty needs to be threshed out. Back in the beginning, every editorial was a "crying" one—and by golly there was a reason! We were grossly undercapitalized, underfertilized, underpublicized and probably underbrainized but I kept asking you folks to tell me what you wanted and to spread the word if you thought the cause was good—and you just flat decided that old Hosstail and his "turrible rags" might have a place on the literary scene, so you would hook on and pull us out of a bog. I crossed a lot of boggy land in those days, and finally things started coming easier.

I had sort of settled down to enjoy whatever fruits came from hanging on, had leaned back in my easy chair, smiled and thanked all of you for being so wonderful in getting the rags on firm footing when—STAMPEDE! Everything gets all messed up and in danger again because of zooming costs on every side and a dadburned depression on top of that. So here I am again, trying not to make even one little mistake and asking you to help me chart the course ahead just like you did in the "good old days." Come to think of it, about the only good thing about them was that I didn't starve, and the magazines survived and I did get to sit in that easy chair one glorious moment. I wish it could have been at least two moments but here is the old challenge again.

I like to face a challenge (so long as I can eat while doing it) and I have always said that after having gone through one depression in the publishing business *(Southern Sportsman* and *Western Sportsman)* I could weather about anything thrown at me in the way of a financial squeeze. However, who would ever have thought that we'd have an upside down depression—inflation running prices sky-high and income dwindling regularly. This situation is a whole corral full of horses of a different color. That's why I'm asking for your thoughts and advice, as well as pulling out all the old tricks I learned in a long life of writing and publishing.

And, have you come up with the ideas! They are *very* helpful and I am going to publish as many as possible. Already, we have done some patchwork on FRONTIER TIMES. If there isn't a copy of the July issue on the stands when you read this, you can write in for it or wait for the next issue—if you are interested. By the way, there are some real good letters on this situation in the August TRUE WEST (on the stands now).

INSTEAD of talking about all these ideas of yours, let's get into some excerpts from your letters:

"The first TRUE WEST I ever bought was June 1955 and I have been buying them ever since. The wife and I were in Colorado on a vacation—a sort of second honeymoon two years after we were married. She got mad because I spent more time reading that book than talking to her and she still accuses me of worrying more about missing one of your rags than paying attention to her! As long as you print true Western stories, I'll be right with you. Keep the junk out—we get enough of that on television."—Edward D. Mason, Ravia, Oklahoma.

My ramblings in this column are about as close to junk as we get, Ed. I'll hold my sobbing down as much as possible and print good letters like yours and the following:

"NO! Please don't kill FRONTIER TIMES! Instead, make a slight change—let FRONTIER TIMES be more about the first settlers (homesteaders, trappers, prospectors, forts, Indian wars, etc) and TRUE WEST more about the *established* West (ranches, towns, cowboys, mines, politics, etc.) with a very fine border between the two. Anything that doesn't fit in either category can be used in OLD WEST—and we'll have it *all* that way!" —Mrs. R. W. Cole, Anaconda, Montana.

Sure wish I could print all of your letter, Mrs. Cole. Some letters are two, four, six and one runs thirty-five pages of single-spaced type, so you see how impossible it is unless we devote the entire contents of all three magazines to letters. I sure hate to use only a short excerpt from good letters like yours but that old space devil is my mortal enemy!

"I have been reading all your magazines for a long time. I never missed a copy even while in Germany. One reason I like these magazines is because you sound so ordinary, just like me."—Mrs Marco DiGracinto, Dayton, Nevada.

Mrs. DiGracinto, I can't understand you calling me common when I picked cotton and chased cows three miles from the nearest settlement (120 population), and surrounding communities were Frog Joy, Black Jack, Snook and "Eddards" Prairie! Seriously, by golly, you don't know how common I really am—sure would like to compare "commoness" with you!

"I would like to tell you how I look at things. If worse came to worse, I would pay as much as $2 a copy for each of your wonderful magazines which are so much more interesting than most of our other material published today. There are many folks who think nothing of spending $500 a year for alcohol, tobacco, etc. yet would holler their heads off if they had to pay $25 a year for a good magazine. I know few people would agree with me on this, because they have the modern "money-mad" sense of values."—William V. Wilbert, Forked River, New Jersey.

Bill, if we had 50,000 readers like you, we could worry less about newsstand sales—just take 'em off the stands and make them subscription only, triple the number of pages and maybe I could get another moment or two in that easy chair. . . .

"I have often wondered why you publish three magazines on the same subject. Why don't you kill off FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST and combine them with TRUE WEST, publishing only one title?"—Nicholas R. Lopete, Newark, New Jersey.

It's a pretty well known fact, Nicholas, that if you don't take the field—it will take you! Bernard McFadden's strategy many years ago was to crowd the field with almost exact duplicates of his first outstanding success—only the titles were different. Some people just can't get enough and would buy twenty magazines if there were that many in a certain field. I hate to mention the "girlie" magazines, but what keeps over *sixty* of them going?

We got a seven-year start in the field that we created. Then, competition started popping out from New York like popcorn in a skillet without a lid on a red hot stove! They faded gradually until only one was left. Then a new crop started. It seems they come and go. As I have said many times, competition is a good thing—it keeps you on your toes! If we don't publish the best stuff in the field, somebody else will and get way out there ahead of us and then we'll be the ones who fade.

"By all means, go ahead and kill FRONTIER TIMES. The reading is just as good as TRUE WEST but if you have one coming out every month, I can't see why it would hurt a thing to kill one off. In this case I would suggest that you make TRUE WEST a little thicker but hold it at the same price. I think many would agree to this."—Theresa King, Dunseith, North Dakota.

Your idea might work just fine, Theresa, but for one thing—that making TRUE WEST thicker suggestion. With

(Continued on page 62)

LETTER RIP!
Beitz

Remembers the Old Frontier

I wish there were enough of your magazines to keep one coming each day—which is as long as one lasts me. I was born the first of this century and I can remember some of those frontier times. I took several trips in a covered wagon when our roads weren't much more than trails. You are keeping the old frontier alive and that is as it ought to be. Each time I get one of your magazines I go back in time until I get it read.— N. A. Parsons, R. 2, Box 248, Bangs, Texas 76823

Trained Moose and Elk

I have your Winter 1966 OLD WEST which carries a picture of a team of cow moose on page 70. I am interested in research on harness-driven moose and elk. I have received two front page photostat copies of the *Saskatchewan Herald*, published in Battleford, N. W. T., one dated September 23 and the other November 4, 1878. One carried a story of a Mr. A. H. Moore of Fargo, D. T. who had recently sold a pair of trained elk for $2,500.

The other copy contains a story about Donald McLeod of Edmonton, Alberta, who had purchased two young female moose at Carlton and was taking them West. They were being nourished by a milk cow that had accepted them, and they were to be trained for draught purposes. The photostat copies I received were sent to me from Ottawa, and this could well be the same moose as pictured in your magazine.—Norman Tyler, 70—10th Street, N. W., Portage-La-Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

The Birdie's Ball

"Spring once said to the nightingale,
I mean to give you birds a ball;
Pray, ma'am, ask the birdies all,
The birds and birdies great and
small."

I hope someone may recall this old song. I was born August 15, 1891. My aunt taught school then and before, and this song was taught to her pupils and was a favorite. Now my daughter has found a copy of it in some of my old papers.

I'd also like to receive a copy of "Washington Rules of Conduct" if any of your readers can send it.—Mrs. K. A. Black, 640 Hwy. 50, Grand Junction, Colorado 81501

Mystery Scow

We've all read of the "Mystery Ship" in Southern California, now how about a "Mystery Scow" in Northern Nevada.

About thirty miles east of Reno, bypassed by the freeway, is the little town of Wadsworth. It was quite a city back before 1904 when the Central Pacific Railroad shops were moved to Sparks. Heading north from here, the next sign of civilization is Nixon, the Indian reservation at Pyramid Lake.

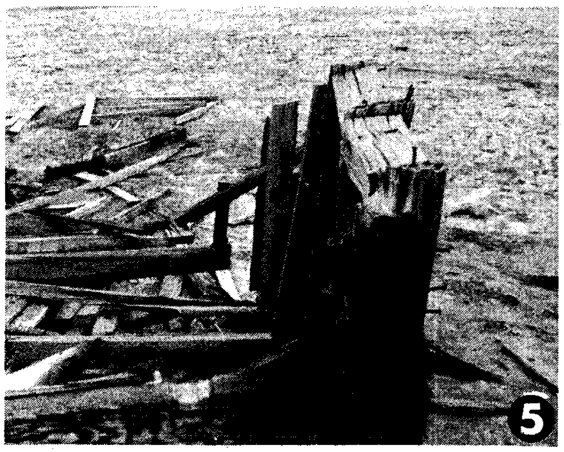
Continuing north towards Gerlach, Pyramid Lake lies on your left side and on the right lies a twenty-five mile long mud and alkali flat that used to be Winnemucca Lake. It is still called that, but it would take a long wet winter to get the bottom more than muddy.

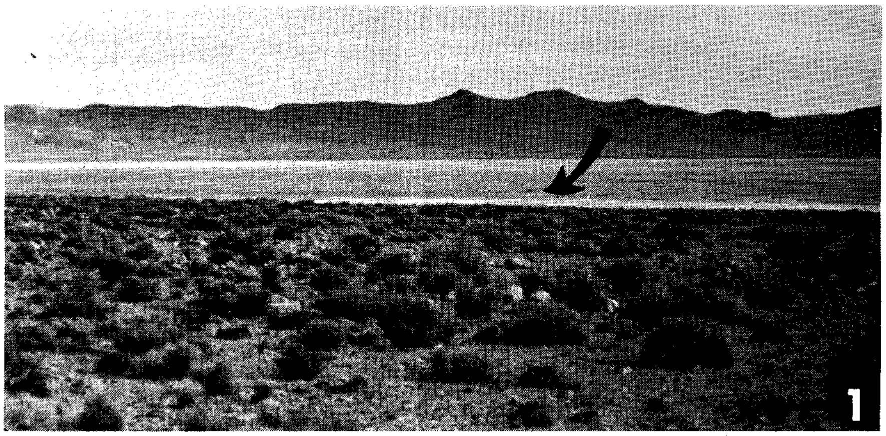
Winnemucca Lake was an odd lake to begin with. The Truckee River flows from Lake Tahoe, high in the Sierra. Down the rocky canyons it comes with a roar until finally tamed, it meanders into Pyramid Lake. When Pyramid Lake reached a level, said to be one hundred feet higher than at present, the overflow went into Winnemucca Lake. This overflow process ceased fifty or more years ago.

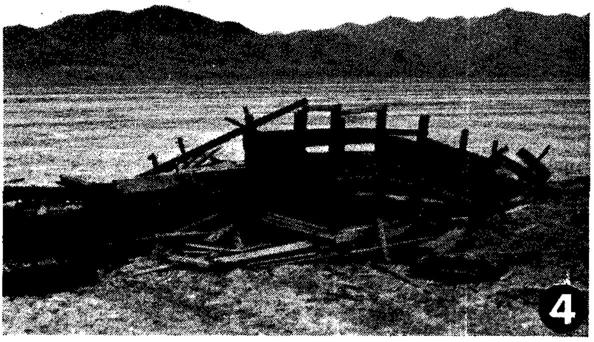
About thirty miles north of Nixon, there is a small pile of debris about 500 feet out in the "lake." It is a boat of strange dimensions and craftsmanship. The mystery is not that it is in what was

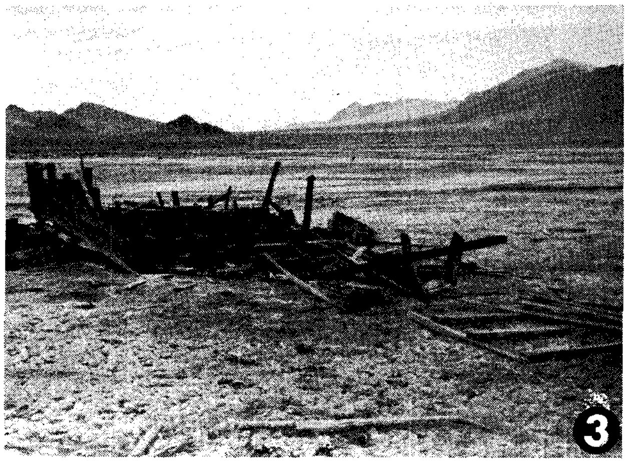
(Continued on page 42)

Views of Winnemucca Lake and the remains of a boat discovered by M. L. Coverston. 1. Nightingale Range in the background, the hulk rests in the dried lake. 2. Section of the lake bottom. 3. Two points off the bow. 4. The stern jacked up from a salvage operation. Close-up at the gunwale near the stern.


5


1


4

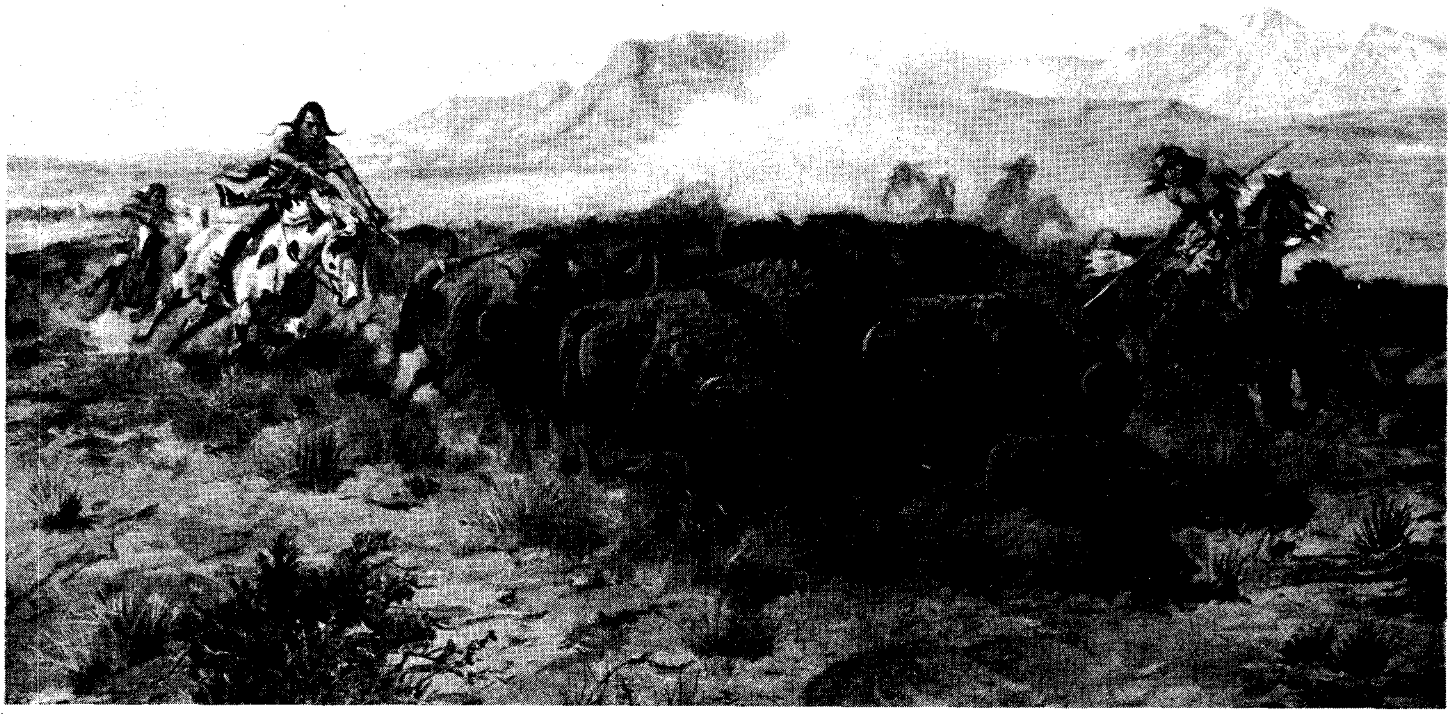

3

2

Charles M. Russell Color Prints

Beautiful reproductions of his greatest paintings. All prints are in full color—suitable for framing.

This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—*Better Than Bacon*, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—*Women of the Plains*, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—*The Challenge*, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—*The Scouts (Indians)* 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

$1.00 Each. 5 Pictures—$4.50 10 Pictures—$8.50 25 Pictures—$20.00 50 or More Pictures—75¢ Each.

List wanted numbers plainly on a sheet of paper. Not necessary to detach this page. (Brochure not available.)
ORDER NOW! Send Cash, Money Order or Check to:

CHARLES M. RUSSELL PRINTS
P.O. BOX 3338 — AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THREE GREAT HISTORIANS

Those with historical leanings will find pay dirt by reading *The American Compromise* (Theme and Method in the Histories of Bancroft, Parkman and Adams) (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) by Richard C. Vitzthum. This is a smashing treatise on the historical and literary accomplishments of these great men. All three were 19th century writers, Bancroft being considerably the oldest, Parkman second and Adams the youngest. While there was considerable variance in their historical and political viewpoints, all agreed on the thesis of compromise. Bancroft was the proponent of equality of human rights. The blue-blooded Parkman, an agnostic, maintained a cynicism toward the rights of the common man, whose caste he neither understood nor favored. Adams, the grandson and great grandson of American presidents, was concerned with the idealism of democracy. Vitzthum presents his appraisal of these men's major historical writings which includes George Bancroft's *History of the United States from Discovery of the American Continent*, published between 1834-1874; Francis Parkman's *France and England in North America*, published between 1865-1892; and Henry Adams' *History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison, 1889-1891*. The volume is designed for historians, history students and others seriously interested in America's political chronology. Very good.

ABOUT NEBRASKA

Roundup, A Nebraska Reader (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95) compiled and edited by Virginia Faulkner alerts the reader to the large number of notable writers and others who have made their mark on the state's history. The writings of this illustrious group make up the contents of this non-fiction historical book. Between them, the authors have described the panorama of events from the first Indian-white contacts, the trappers, soldiers, buffalo hunters, overland travel, railroads, pioneer farmers, cattlemen and others. There are a number of items written about or by the brilliant authoress, Willa Cather. Other contributors are Marie Sandoz, William Cody, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Bess Streeter Aldrich, Lucius Beebe, Walter Prescott Webb, Sir Richard Burton, Emily Post, and Robert Louis Stevenson. This paperback reprint edition is well worth the money.

WAR AND PEACE

Apache Lightning—The Last Great Battles of the Ojo Calientes (Oxford University Press, $8.95) by Joseph A. Stout, Jr. describes the warfare and interracial overtones in the confrontation between Indians and Mexican, American white and black enemies on the Southwest Border. The U. S. Government control of Apaches in the late 19th century ended 300 years of domination of the fierce tribe that prevented Spaniards, Mexicans and U. S. citizens from free use of the southern route to California through New Mexico and Arizona. Once interlopers themselves, they became a part of the ecology of the arid Southwest and learned how to survive in it better than any other mobile human community. They preyed upon other Indian tribes, Mexicans, and U. S. travelers and settlers. To do so, they reasoned, was to continue a means of living in a hostile climate as well as to prevent foreigners from claiming their land. Victorio was chief of the Ojo Caliente or Warm Springs Apaches, one splinter group living between present Deming and Albuquerque, New Mexico. The author inserts, better than most, the in-circle antipathies existing among the allies—including the Mexicans, black U. S. Buffalo Soldiers, class conscious American officers, white soldiers, and rancher vigilante committees who formed to counter Indian raids where the military failed. For years, Apaches led pursuers into remote narrow canyons where they rose like ghosts out of the landscape and dry-gulched their opponents. Mexican, white settlers and travelers were jumpy and reported many Indian scares that never materialized. Eventually the Indians were worn down and returned to their reservations. Also the Apaches lost Victorio and many members in a lethal encounter with Mexicans at Tres Castillos southeast of El Paso, Texas. Very good.

* * *

Pages from Hopi History (University of Arizona Press, $4.95 paper, $9.95 cloth) by Harry C. James will provide uninformed Americans the traditional facts about this small Indian tribe whose pueblos are found in the desert northeast of Flagstaff, Arizona. Old-timers remember them as the Moqui. Hopi means "little people of peace" because they were far less warlike than other tribes. Their language belongs to the Uto-Aztecan linguistic family. Few scientists working there knew the language and have been unable to make literal translations of Hopi life. We learn of the Indians' legendary belief in an underground origin, methods of survival in an arid homeland, religious beliefs, customs, dealings with the early Spaniards, clan migrations, violence under Mexico, and Mormons and other visitors. A patient race, Hopis have survived a farrago of unfortunate encounters with U. S. government agents and school superintendents. One of the worst was Charles E. Burton, a martinet who forced the Indian men and boys to cut their hair, an anathema to them; snake dances and other cherished tribal rituals were abandoned. A nervy lady schoolteacher took the issue to Charles F. Lummis, Western writer, editor and philanthropist, who used his weight to oust Burton. Lummis invited President Theodore Roosevelt to visit the tribe and they established a firm friendship beneficial to the Indians. Two succeeding but kindly Presbyterian missionaries helped the Hopis and won their confidence. Past history is the subject of most of the chapters. The last one, however, deals with some of the events of this century. These include controversies with the Peabody Coal Company over strip coal mining, as well as water and air pollution from coal powered generating plants. The complex visitor problem interfered with the normal Indian way of life and also disrupted the sacred ceremonies practiced by Hopis. An item of worth is the appendix giving the constitution and by-laws of the Hopi tribe. Very good.

KANSAS IN THE 1880s

A Pocket in a Petticoat (Exposition Press, $4.00) by Florena E. Barrett is an entertaining little book about childhood escapades, experiences, and relatives. The author focuses mainly on her grandmother and her relationships with her own and other children and selected relatives. The Kansas setting and the 1880s time period are recalled with country humor associated with long underwear, colds, apple-snatching, gambling and other escapades. People like Grandmother not only made life bearable, it was often downright enjoyable. Florence Barrett, editor of *Kappan*, of Alpha Delta Kappa Sorority, is noted for her humor which comes through in large measure.

TRIBUTE TO CATHER

The University of Nebraska Press has reprinted the brilliant anthology, *The Art of Willa Cather* ($3.45). Eleven authors analyze and evaluate the superb writings of the great Nebraska lady. Many other writers add a series of literary appraisals about the opinion of the eleven commentators. Willa Cather was early recognized for her interpretation of American life, especially the regional scene in the Nebraskan heartland. She emerged as a mature writer with a world viewpoint and connoisseur of ethnic values. The chapters and authors are: The House of Willa Cather, by Eudora Welty; The Two or More Worlds of Willa Cather, by Marcus Cunliffe; Willia Cather, American Experience and European Tradition, by James Woodress; Willa Cather and France: Elective Affinities, by Michel Gervaud; Willa Cather in Japan, by Hiroko Sato; Italian Perspectives, by Aldo Celli; Willa Cather and the Art of Fiction, by James E. Miller, Jr.; Willa Cather: The Classic Voice, by Donald Sutherland; Homage to Willa Cather, by Leon Edel; Miss Cather, by Alfred A. Knopf; and A Gathering of Nations, by Bernice Slote.

WEST OF THE PECOS

Animal Tales of the West (The Naylor Co., $8.95) by Clayton Williams has a much more restricted coverage than its title suggests. It concerns a small number of mammals in the Trans-Pecos area of West Texas, not the wildlife of the West. The bulk of the text comes from the writings of Judge O. W. Williams, an early Texas lawyer and surveyor and the father of the author. These had been published in 1908 in the Fort Stockton *Pioneer*, a weekly newspaper. Judge Williams' articles for the newspaper were long and detailed. They recorded his experiences with various animals, repeated the tales of hunters, trappers and ranchers, quoted from the scriptures and speculated on how animals and people might react in various situations. He was something of a philosopher and would propose explanations of puzzling natural phenomena, frankly admitting that he had no evidence. Inserted between long quotes from the Judge's writings, Clayton Williams offers his own experiences and those of a host of other West Texas residents. His favorite authority on wildlife matters and the one that he quotes frequently and at length is Charlie Stone, an "old government trapper." As one might expect, most of Charlie Stone's tales concern predatory animals and how to kill them. That also appears to be Clayton Williams' primary interest in wild animals and that is the theme of this book.

DARING YOUNG MEN!

Pioneer Bush Pilot (University of Washington Press, $12.95) by Ira Harkey provides details on a succession of gutsy flying experiences that keep a reader on the edge of his chair nervously awaiting the next dramatic episode. The author tells the story of Noel Wein, a Minnesota farm boy, who pioneered commercial aviation over the tundra, muskegs and permafrost of the Alaskan wilderness. Long a legend in Alaska, where he hauled food, clothing and passengers to the remote villages, Wein pyramided his one-man enterprise into the Wein Alaska Airlines which services the state with modern planes and hundreds of employees. Enormous courage tempered with caution has pulled him through one harrowing experience after another. His wife Ada of Nome, two brothers, two sons, and a daughter helped build his tenuous experiment into a solid financial operation. The Weins were also among the leaders who furthered Alaskan statehood. This one is for those who thrive on suspense.

* * *

Wager with the Wind (Rand McNally, $8.95) by James Greiner relates devil-daring adventures of an Alaskan bush-pilot who makes his living flying mountain climbers and sportsmen into primitive areas in Alaska. Based at Talkeetna, a village half-way between Anchorage and Mount McKinley, Don Sheldon lives in an attractive hinterland, ideal for his work. Cyclonic winds blast McKinley, the highest granite pyramid in North America. We flew over in the quiet of a giant passenger plane, little realizing the fury the big mountain held for climbers and small aircraft. Sheldon has survived a series of close calls because of great mechanical skill and intuition. He services climbers from the United States and other parts of the world lured by the snowy perpendicular crags of the giant mountain. He makes miraculous landings on slanting icefield pockets on the sides of the 20,000′ high McKinley, bringing food and medicine to climbers who scaled the precipices. Fortunately, most of those who have tried made it back. But some have fallen over ledges up to 4,000 feet high. Three were Japanese girls who were blown off the peak together. Others who died were inaccessible to searchers and lie buried under McKinley's ice and deep snows. This is a chilling book for flatlanders to read and we proudly admit to coward-

(Continued on page 55)

THERE'S NO USE WASTING SIX BITS!

By just **subscribing** to OLD WEST, you can save 75¢ over newsstand prices on a one-year subscription (and as high as $2.00 on a two-year subscription). **Plus,** you'll get each copy at your front door! That ought to stretch your gas and shoe leather, too, if you've been in the habit of hot-footing it up to the newsstand.

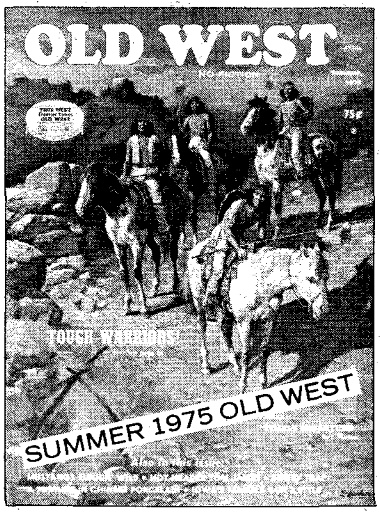
Old West, Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

PUBLISHED BY
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

	1 YEAR (4 issues)	2 YEARS (8 issues)
1 SUBSCRIPTION	$2.25 ea.	$4.00 ea.

I ENCLOSE $________ FOR ________ SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Name________________
Street________________
City________________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

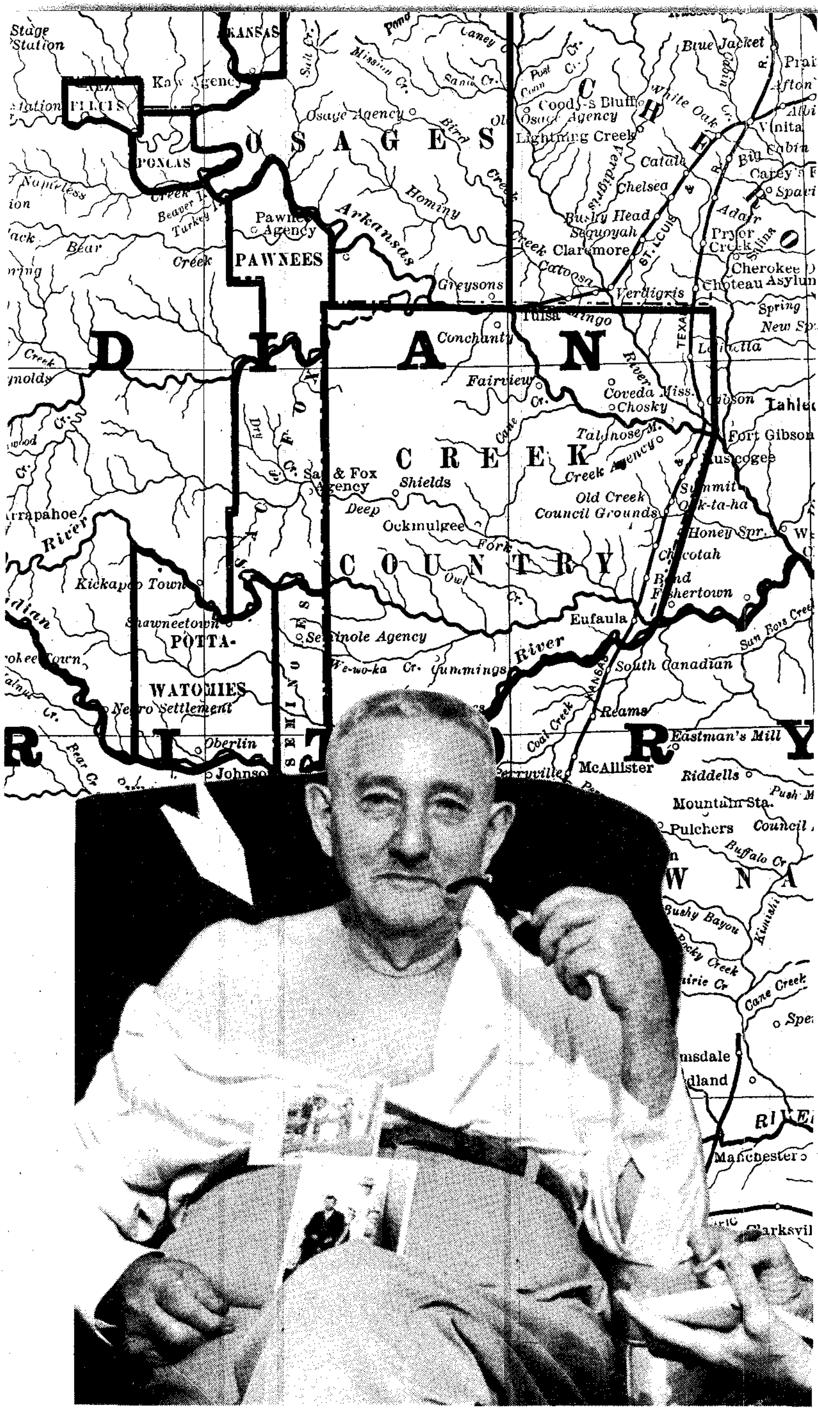


THE BLAND-McELROY FEUD

—called by Judge Parker "the blackest on the pages of crime"

BY OLEVIA MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author


Stage Station
KANSAS
Kaw Agency
PONCAS
O S A G E S
Osage Agency
Pawnee Agency
PAWNEES
Arkansas
Hominy
Bird Cr.
Greysons
Tulsa
Conchanty
Fairview
Cheyenne
Kickapoo Town
Shawneetown
POTTA-WATOMIES
Negro Settlement
Oberlin
Johnson
Sac & Fox Agency
Shields
Deep Fork
Ockmulgee
Seminole Agency
We-wo-ka Cr.
Cummings
SEMINOLES
I N D I A N   T E R R I T O R Y
C R E E K   C O U N T R Y
Creek Agency
Old Creek Council Grounds
Tallahassee M.
Coveda Miss.
Chosky
Eufaula
South Canadian River
Reams
Coal Creek
McAllister
Eastman's Mill
Riddells
Mountain Sta.
Pulchers
Buffalo Cr.
Bushy Bayou
C H E R O K E E
Blue Jacket
Goodys Bluff
Osage Agency
Lightning Creek
Catale
Chelsea
Bushy Head
Sequoyah
Claremore
Catoosa
Verdigris
Pryor Creek
Cherokee Asylum
Choteau
Spring
Fort Gibson
Tahlequah
Muscogee
Summit
Oak-ta-ha
Honey Spr.
Checotah
Fishertown
San Bois Creek
Manchester
Clarksville

Top left: Map of the feud area. Left: Sherman Miller shows the author the top of his shoulder (arrow) that was taken off by the rifle bullet. Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

Author's Note: I interviewed Sherman Miller years ago, when he was in his late sixties. His account of the feud between his father's family and Dr. Bland and the McElroys was so vivid that I wanted to present the story as he told it. Later, when the material was researched, I found that several of his statements vary from the accounts of the feud published in court records and in the newspapers of the time. Although Mr. Miller was only six years old when the first of the shootings occurred I think his memory can be trusted in most eye-witness respects. Obviously he heard the stories of the feud repeated many times—from his mother, his cousins, his aunts and uncles; he may inadvertently have assumed that there were no exaggerations on the part of his relatives when he related the events to me. Where other accounts vary from Mr. Miller's, I have inserted the contradictory facts to let the reader choose which he or she deems more likely.

I also am very indebted to Bob Richmond of the Kansas State Historical Society for providing so much additional background information on the Miller-McElroy feud. Apparently the Millers and the McElroys were neighbors in Bourbon County, Kansas before they resettled in Tulsa. A quarrel developed between Alexander Miller and his sister, Fannie McElroy, John McElroy's wife, and for many years they refused to speak or to see each other. Through coincidence, they became neighbors again in the Cherokee Strip and the quarreling was renewed. The McElroys' attempts to lease the Millers' land added to the bad feelings between the two families. A lot of tales, true and untrue, were carried back and forth by acquaintances of the two families. The situation was aggravated, also, by the lack of law enforcement and the fact that many outlaws used that area for their hideouts when they were fleeing from prosecution.

Dr. Bland, oddly enough, was a pioneer in Oklahoma medicine. He seems, though, to have been land hungry and willing to do almost anything to acquire more wealth. He had invested in property that lay adjacent to that owned by John McElroy. With his entrance into the feud, the memories of Sherman Miller's childhood begins.

"I was born on the Liddy Childers allotment near Broken Arrow and when I was a baby we moved to the Daniel Drew allotment right in the corner between Lagoon Creek and the Cimarron River just a little way from old Mannford. My pa, Bruce Miller, and my uncle *Al Miller* [Note: The official records list him as Elbert Miller] moved together and they built two log cabins just alike about half a mile apart on the Drew allotment. The houses were made from logs taken right off the land. Each house had just one big old log room with a lean-to for a kitchen. Us boys had to sleep up in the loft (we never called them attics back in them days). We had a ladder that went up one side of the big room, as it was called, and we climbed this ladder at night to get to our beds.

"I grew up hearing that a Doctor Bland and a man named McElroy were trying to get our land. I heard Pa and Ma and Uncle Al talk many times about different things the Bland-McElroy gang was doing to run us off. I remember, too, that Pa and Uncle Al had to go to Fort Smith to appear before the United States Commissioner to answer charges that they were harboring outlaws, especially the Doolin Gang.

"Pa and Uncle Al would know they had to go to old Fort Smith when one of the Federal Marshals would come riding up on horseback to serve the warrant. Sometimes it was Bud Ledbetter, sometimes Bill Tilghman, and one time I remember Heck Thomas coming. As he swung down from the saddle he said, 'Yes, Bruce, I've got another one.' Pa and Uncle got their old hats and a clean shirt and an extra pair of overalls and took off. Wasn't nothing else they could do.

"Ma and Auntie would cry and say they wished we would move away before we were killed, and let Doctor Bland have the place. But then one of them would say, 'But you know they won't do it. They are not going to be driven off and we know it.'

"There were no telephones or telegraphs in the Nations, and scarcely any mail either. We never knew what they were doing with Pa and Uncle Al at Fort Smith. All we could do was go on working and hoping. I remember Ma and Auntie kneeling by the fireplace praying the men would come home. Seven times in six years Pa and Uncle Al were arrested and hauled to Fort Smith to answer charges of outlawry. But not one time were they held for trial. The U. S. Commissioner, upon hearing the evidence (or should I say lack of evidence), turned them loose. Of course the crops were growing up in weeds and the home folks were almost working themselves to the bone trying to keep things going. Many's the time I've seen my frail little mother behind the plow while Pa was at Fort Smith on trumped up charges.

Elizabeth Miller (Grandma) on her wedding day.

"WE went right on clearing land and cultivating it and raising stock which had all of God's outdoors to roam in. There was hardly a fence anywhere except around the crops. It was sure wild in the Arkansas bottoms then. I remember one winter day Uncle Al went to the Cimarron River for a couple of barrels of water and, as usual, took the shotgun with him. When he came back he had a great big old buck deer in the wagon. The deer had ventured out on the thin ice to get a drink and had fallen through and was kept from going under completely by his great spreading antlers. Uncle Al shot him and dragged him from the ice with the team. I think that was the biggest deer I ever saw in all my born days.

"You see, we had not yet had a well dug and we had to haul every bit of water from the river. We had just started to put in a well when the gang tried to wipe us out. A man by the name of Sam Patch was to dig it for us. Uncle Al had dug a sort of spring-well on his place about a hundred yards from the house. A spring well is a place where water sort of seeps out of the ground, and Uncle Al had just deepened the spring to about three or four feet and this spring well furnished drinking and cooking water, but we still had to haul water for everything else.

"Spring had come early that year of 1894. The bottoms were lush and green, corn planting was in full swing and the garden was all up and doing fine. The cows came in at night with strutted udders and we kept the milk and butter in the spring well.

"My brother George and I had the job of going for the cows each evening. We sure had a lot of fun, even though we did get almighty tired of walking so much. But we went along hunting birds' nests and throwing sticks at the snakes which were everywhere, and I can remember how the bluebirds darted through the thick bushes and how the squirrels played around and turkeys gobbled every-which-way, and it was nothing at all to see deer slipping through the bottoms.

"On this night, I think about the middle of April, we came in with the cows and found Ma gathering up a few things and Pa oiling his gun. They told us we were going over to Uncle Al's place to stay all night and of course we wanted to know why. They told us that they had gotten word that the Bland-McElroy gang was going to try to wipe us out. We sat around waiting for it to get real dark before we left and I remember that we went out in the lean-to kitchen and had some cold cornbread and milk for supper.

"When it was way after dark we started for Uncle Al's. We went along the edge of the woods and Pa told us before we started that we were to be real quiet. Uncle Al must have known we were coming. He was sitting outside the door with his gun across his lap waiting for us. My cousins were already asleep inside on the floor. We tumbled into pallets as soon as we had washed our feet, and

Bruce Miller

the next thing I knew it was morning.

"Ma and Auntie were taking a big pan of biscuits out of the oven and everything smelled awful good. Pa and Uncle Al and Dutch John, a German boy who worked for Pa and had come over with us the night before, were all out by the back door washing up for breakfast. There was a bench out there with a tin washpan and a clean towel made from a wornout shirttail, and one of these old bone combs that you don't see anymore.

"Uncle Al's dogs began barking and r'aring around at something down toward the spring well. Pa said he bet there was a coon down there but Uncle Al said they never barked that way at a coon. Dutch John said in his broken English that he would go see 'What dam dogs ban bark at' and he started towards the spring. He got about half way there when a rifle shot rang out loud and clear and sharp and poor old Dutch John jumped about three feet straight up in the air and fell down in the path and scarcely moved again.

"PA *and Uncle Al made a dash for the* house and quick as anything shoved us kids inside and told us to lie down on the floor. The women folk laid down too.

"The sun climbed higher and higher. The cows bawled to be let out so they could go to pasture, and the littliest kids began to whimper. Pa and Uncle Al hunkered down and lit their pipes and talked about what was best to do. Pa thought that Sam Patch, the well digger, might come over to see about something but Uncle Al reminded him that the gang would kill him if he did.

"The day grew warmer and flies began to swarm around the body of poor old Dutch John. The womenfolk tried to keep us kids from looking but you know how boys are.

"I forgot to tell you that my grandmother, Elizabeth Miller, made her home with my Uncle Al. Grandpa was dead and she was too old to live by herself anymore. She had made the Run into the Cherokee Strip and had settled on a good piece of land about eight or ten miles out of Ingalls and had lived in a dugout until Grandpa died. When that happened, and since she already had proved up on the land, she shut the door to the dugout and came to live with Uncle Al and Pa.

"Grandma was old and never had harmed anyone and she just couldn't stand to see poor old Dutch John out there with flies and bugs crawling over him, so she got a bed quilt and said that she was going out to 'cover that poor child up.' Pa and Uncle Al said 'no' but Grandma was a pioneer woman and not a-feared of anything. 'The lowdown cutthroats, mean as they are, will not dare shoot a woman,' she said.

"Well, Granny didn't know the Bland-McElroy mob. Just as she started to spread the quilt over Dutch John that rifle sang out again and Granny dropped the quilt and grabbed her arm. Blood was pourin' out something awful. Pa and Uncle Al grabbed their guns and ran outside.

"As Pa went through the door I grabbed his legs and he carried me right outside with him before he could get stopped. He grabbed hold of me to push me back inside and the rifles started talking again. There was a loud 'ping' somewhere close. Later we found that Pa's belt buckle had a dent in it and his belt was cut right in two. I felt something like a great big fist hit my shoulder. I didn't feel any pain at all, just this big fist knocking me down. Pa half-dragged, half-carried me back inside. Uncle Al slammed the big old thick oak door shut and dropped the bar across it.

[Note; According to newspaper accounts, Elizabeth Miller was shot through the sleeve while inside the house. It is possible that her participation in the shootings was exaggerated later. The newspapers further stated that as soon as Dutch John was shot, the men ran for the house and bumped into the boy, Sherman, just as he emerged. All the other details mentioned by Mr. Miller can be corroborated.]

"Ma was screaming and the other kids were all crying and Pa and Uncle Al were cussing something awful. I just lay there on the bed where Pa had put me and watched Ma and Auntie try to stop the blood with turpentine and sugar.

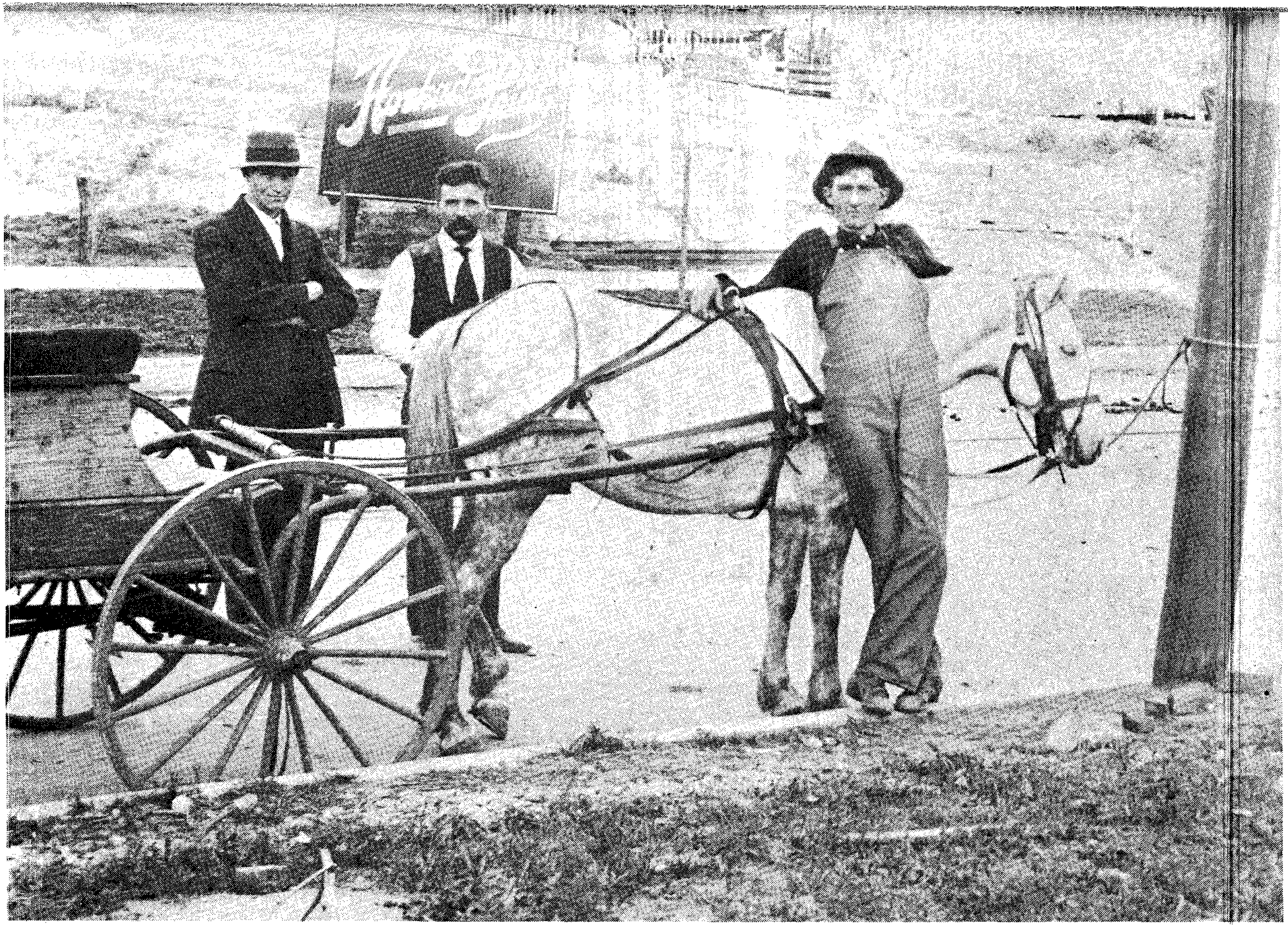
"Pa said, and later the doctor agreed, that the wound in my shoulder was caused by an awful big bullet. It was well known that Dr. Bland carried the largest bore gun in the whole country. He had borrowed this gun, which shot a .45-90 bullet, from a Mr. Antoine, who lived in Sapulpa, Indian Territory. Everybody knew that Dr. Bland had been carrying this big gun for months.

"One bullet from this big old gun went clear through a log in the house and was later found in the wagon box behind the house. The cartridge was almost seven inches long.

"All during that day while I was almost bleeding to death the shots kept ringing out each time there was the least sign of movement about the house. Each shot sounded something like a big ball of hard mud hitting those old thick logs.

"After a while we smelled smoke and we knew that our home and barn and fences were burning up. All Pa and Uncle Al could do was stand there and watch and swear kind of low-like and try to keep us kids down out of range. We used up almost all the water the kids had carried in, trying to stop the bleeding in my shoulder and Granny's arm. Pa's side didn't hardly bleed at all; it was just scratched.

"THAT NIGHT after the shooting, or maybe the next night, an awful



Sherman Miller (right) as a lad of sixteen delivered groceries by wagon in Tulsa.

storm blew in. Rain fell in torrents and the wind blew so hard it seemed like the trees just laid over to the ground. Sometime in the night Pa and Uncle Al decided that to save us all from being killed they'd have to give up their land and get away. They knew the mob would stop at nothing. They wrapped me in a heavy blanket and, carrying what little stuff they could manage, we slipped out the back way and made for the timber. It was only a few hundred feet and under cover of the wind and rain we made it. We thought later that the mob might have left because of the storm but couldn't take any chances that they were still there."

[Note: Mr. Miller admitted he was pretty sick after getting wounded. His memory of the storm may not be accurate. He probably did not know that the beseigers came to the house on the day after Dutch John was shot and talked to the Miller women. They claimed they were law officers and said they knew the Millers were giving shelter to outlaws. Possibly the trip through the storm was made after the Bland-McElroy gang had withdrawn.]

"It's a good thirty miles from Mannford to Ingalls and don't ask me how we made it for I sure don't know. I can't remember anything about the trip for I was pretty weak and sick. The next thing I remember after the shooting was waking up in Grandma's dugout. I don't see how we all lived in that old dugout but we sure did. There were long slender poles laid along one side to make bunk beds. We had a doctor from Ingalls come out to take care of me and Grandma and pretty soon we were good as new.

"About the first of June, I think, Dr. Bland, McElroy, two men named Houk, Tom Stufflebeam, Frank Sennett and several others were arrested and taken to Fort Smith and they were held to answer for the murder of Dutch John. Every last one of them was indicted and released on $5,000 bond. The trial lasted days and days and I got so tired in the hot courtroom that Judge Parker sent me out into the courtyard to play. He sent a guard along to watch me for I had *to testify and he was afraid that I might* be killed.

"Appearing as a witness at the trial was Sam Patch, the well digger. Sam had been taken prisoner that day but he'd managed to escape sometime in the afternoon. On the stand before Judge Parker he identified Dr. Bland, McElroy, the two Houks, and Tom Stufflebeam as members of the mob and swore that there were fifteen to eighteen men in all.

"The jury was out a long time and finally rendered a verdict of acquittal. The gang members later all were arrested again and charged with intent to kill and arson.

"PA decided that he would put in a butcher shop in Ingalls. We had to do something to make a living since we had been driven off our land. One day he and Uncle Al decided to spend the night in the old hotel at Ingalls. They were hot and tired and Pa said that he was going across the street to get a drink of water. **[*Note:* The newspapers say he entered a saloon.]**

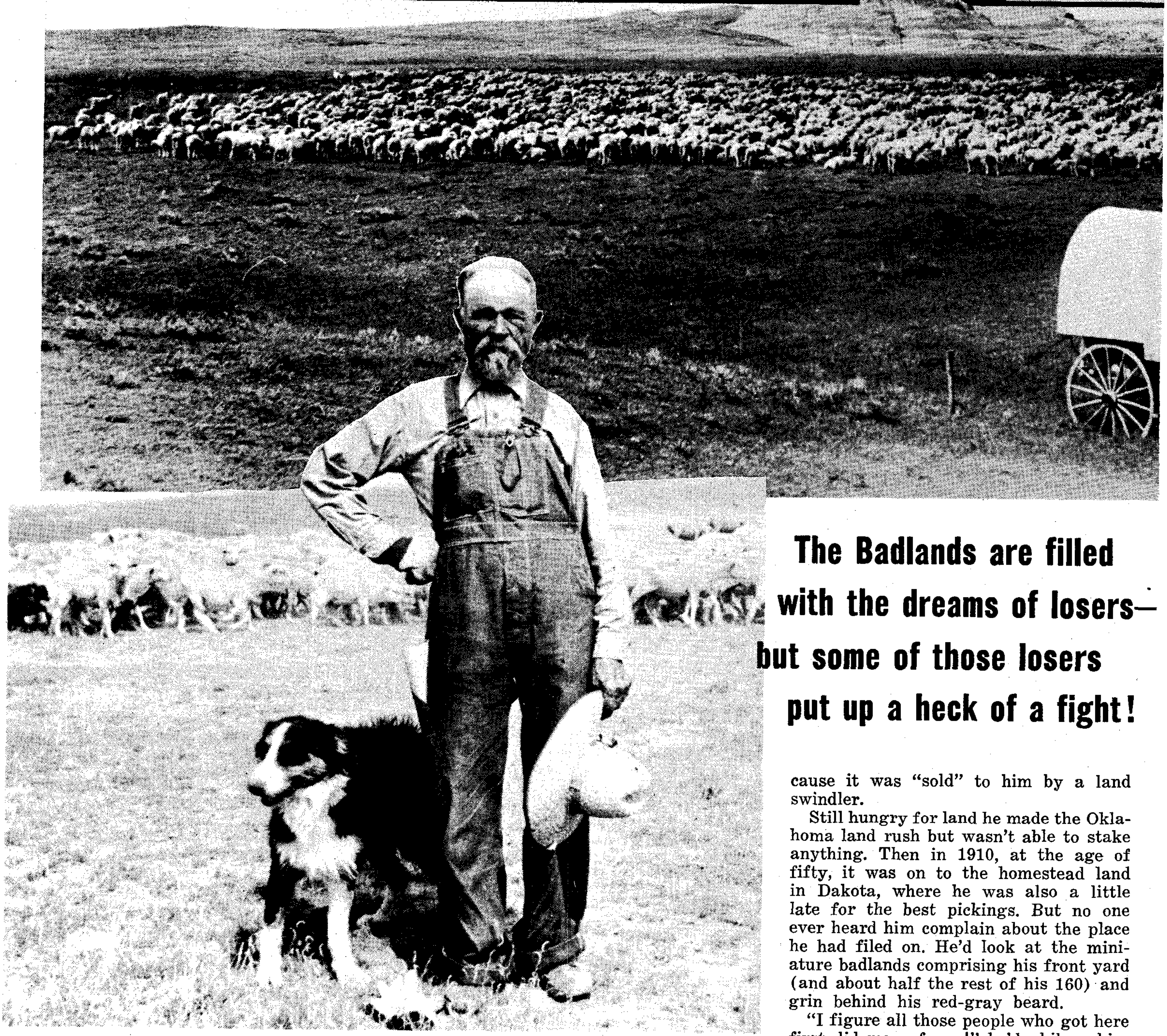
"As Uncle Al stood at the hotel desk he heard two rifle shots ring out. Uncle Al and the hotel man ran out to see what was going on. They saw a crowd gathering across the street and ran over and there laid Pa—dead. After the funeral Ma took us kids back to the little house and she took in washing and ironing and anything honest she could get to do to make a living for us."

[In the meantime, Dr. Bland, McElroy, *and the other defendants were indicted* at Fort Smith on the intent to kill and arson charges. Judge Isaac Parker presided over the trial and in September 1895, they were convicted.

Judge Parker told the mob members: "The crime of which you have been convicted was one of the blackest on the pages of crime. It was so foul and brutal that it should cause every law-abiding man to shudder. Since your first trial, when you were tried for the murder of an inoffensive German boy, and I think, *unjustly and improperly acquitted,* three innocent human lives have been taken and all were important witnesses against you. It is clear to my mind that your associates are guilty of these crimes. I am glad that so few crimes of this character are committed within the jurisdiction of this court and I give warning now, that

(Continued on page 46)

FORECLOSURE COU



John Burshek, 1934.

The Badlands are filled with the dreams of losers—but some of those losers put up a heck of a fight!

IT WAS one thing for the cavalry to win the West, another for the follow-up people like Grandpa to keep from losing it. Most parts of the frontier had some combination of elemental things going against the settlers, but Harding County in northwestern South Dakota had them all—and still does. It's the hottest, driest, coldest, windiest place in the world. If the drouths didn't get you the blizzards would. There are fewer people in the country now than there were sixty or seventy years ago. They just don't turn out people anymore who can take what this kind of country can hand out. Most of the land has turned over at least once through foreclosed Land Bank loans or unpaid back taxes.

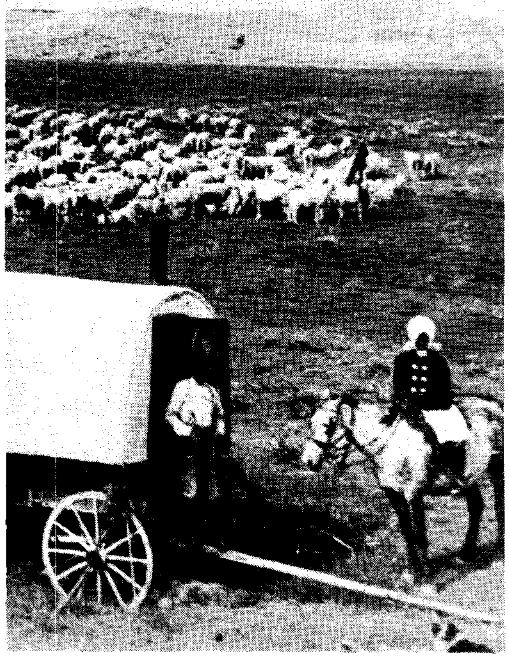
Some held on longer than others, probably because they were just plain tired of moving or too broke. The reason my Grandpa John Burshek hung on could have been both of these. He had emigrated from Czechoslovakia in 1885 and settled in Lincoln, Nebraska where he opened a tailor shop. It was a good business but after a few years the threat of consumption caused him to give up the confining work and buy a farm, which he never got rightful possession to because it was "sold" to him by a land swindler.

Still hungry for land he made the Oklahoma land rush but wasn't able to stake anything. Then in 1910, at the age of fifty, it was on to the homestead land in Dakota, where he was also a little late for the best pickings. But no one ever heard him complain about the place he had filed on. He'd look at the miniature badlands comprising his front yard (and about half the rest of his 160) and grin behind his red-gray beard.

"I figure all those people who got here first did me a favor!" he'd philosophize wryly. "They took up all the land that *looked* like it could be farmed, leaving me with nothing to do but get a herd of sheep going. And while their fields were drying up and blowing away, my sheep were doing pretty good on the graze in the breaks!"

Grandpa often squinted reflectively out over the dun-colored Moreau River valley to the chalky bluffs of the Slim Buttes, some fifteen miles to the east. "I remember how lonely it was when the homesteaders began to prove up, get discouraged and move away!" he'd say. "Looking at it now you wouldn't believe there used to be someone on every 160. Tar-paper shacks and soddies everywhere. Picnic gatherings and hard-time

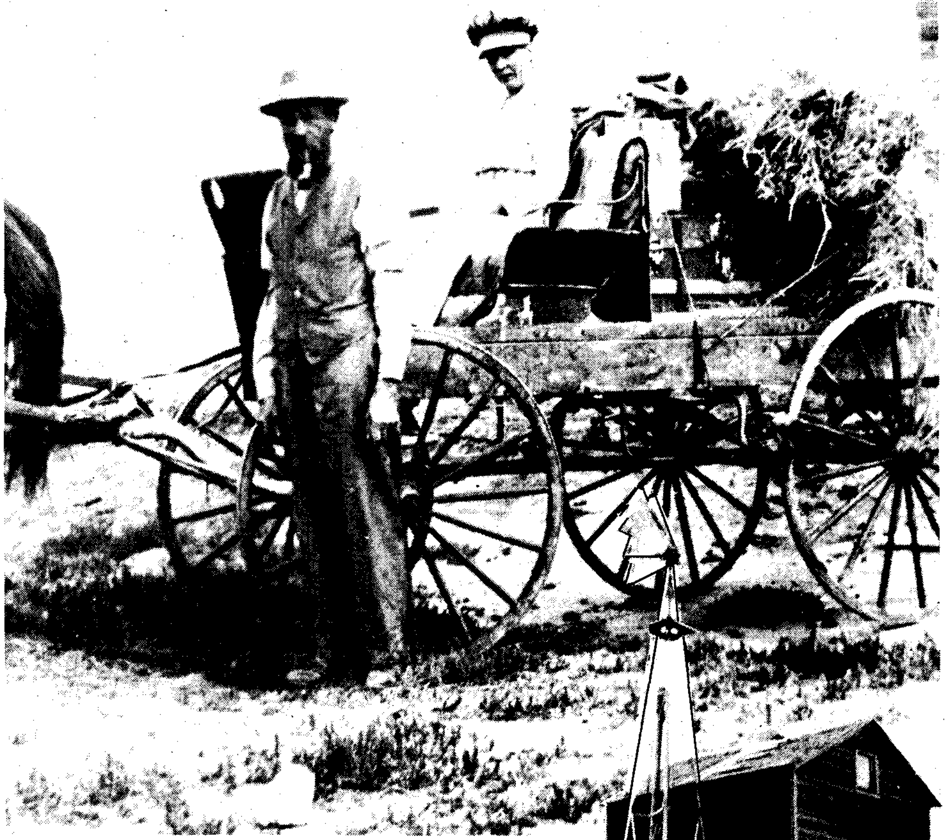
NTRY



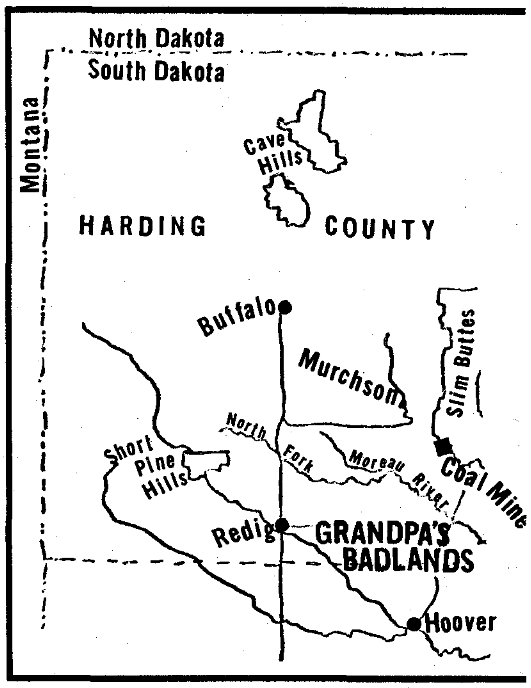
Above: Burshek and his youngest daughter, Florence, with his herd on Harding County range. Taken in 1914 by a traveling photographer.

BY BOB DUFFY

Photos and Map Courtesy Author



Above: Mr. and Mrs. Burshek in 1912 with their buckboard in the yard of their home, shown in a 1934 photograph (inset). Lower right. A portion of Harding County, South Dakota showing "Grandpa's Badlands."



dances. All kinds of people—teachers, bank clerks, miners—even a tailor (me)! Even an author!" (Archer Gilfillan homesteaded and wrote the book *Sheep* not far from Grandpa's place.)

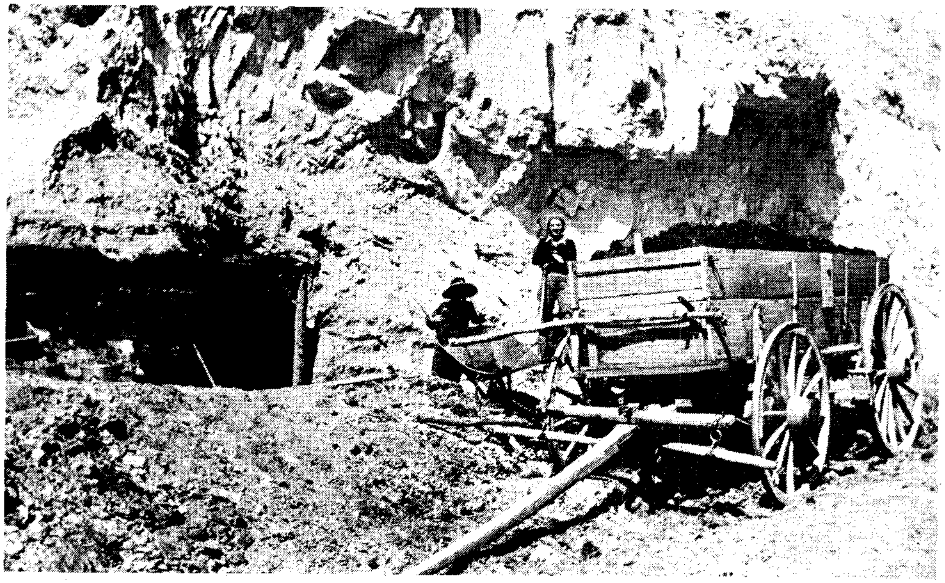
I BELIEVED Grandpa all right. When I was a greenhorn newcomer, fresh out from Iowa with my mother who had lost my dad a few months before I was born, one could ride out on a pony and find evidence of the losers Grandpa was talking about—weathered-down soddy walls and sunk-in graves of dugouts, square and rectangular fields of Russian thistles.

There was plenty of evidence of other, earlier losers, too. Straight west of Grandpa's place about five miles, your horse would break gait crossing the deeply worn ruts of the J. B. Jones Trail, a route from the Slim Buttes cattle country to the Belle Fourche railhead. If you reined up on the side of the trail where the ruts were sodding back, and listened to the wind in the sand grass, you couldn't help feeling sorry for the big cattlemen who had lost their open range and way of life when the land was put up for grabs by the Homestead Act. And while you were mulling the fate of the cattlemen you might notice an Indian arrowhead—evidence of another bygone bunch of losers. You could do that in Harding County sixty years ago—almost touch the old frontier.

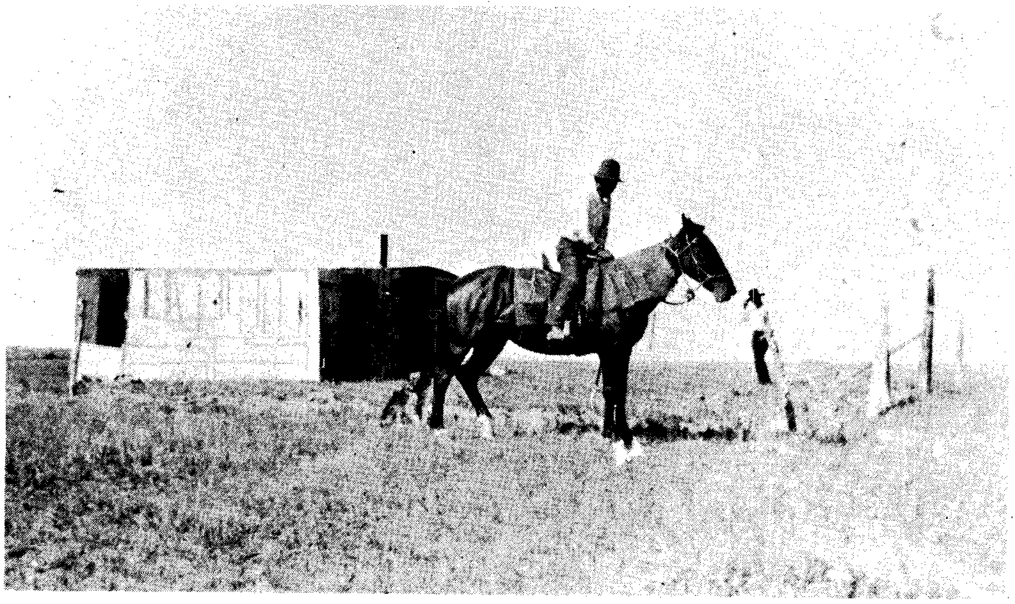
Grandpa died in 1945 just a month short of ninety-three. His four good-looking daughters had all, except my mother, used his place as a kind of home-base even after they were married and living on nearby homestead-ranches of their own. The grandsons all put in a stint of working for Grandpa. I worked for him at various times, too, during my growing up and for one season after I was married. Mother never homesteaded in Harding County, preferring to make a living in the restaurant business, something she'd turned to when my dad was killed in a well-drilling accident.

Grandpa's daughters and their families held onto their homesteads eking out a hard living and keeping the family circle intact around the home ranch for years, but during the Depression they began to desert, moving up to the Black Hills where their men could get work in the gold mines for five or six dollars a day—very good pay for those hard times. In later years the girls remarked on the bitterness of their homestead experience, admitting they wouldn't have made it through the winters without Grandma and Grandpa close by to visit and call on for help.

Above: John Burshek, Jr., his wife, and their first-born in front of their claim shack, 1913. Below: Slim Buttes coal mine, 1934.



Below: William L. Burk (on horseback), one of Grandpa Burshek's sons-in-law, was among the first to introduce the Corriedale breed of sheep, noted for their hardiness, to the region. Taken in 1922 on the Ed Newill (standing) homestead.



It was probably being cooped up for weeks and months during the winter time that provoked these couples into spilling their woes, each calling on Grandma and Grandpa to bear witness to the vagaries of his or her mate. At such times Grandma busied herself keeping the big platter in the center of the table heaped with kolaches and the coffee mugs full. Grandpa just smoked his pipe and listened. You'd never have known from the humorous twinkle in his blue eyes that he was taking his lumps too—that the sheep pelts slung on the corrals were five and six deep, representing many times the winter losses a casual count would indicate. Or that there were a hundred or more frozen sheep in a gully north of the sheep shed awaiting spring and putrefaction so their wool could be pulled.

I didn't want to think about pulling the wool off those stinking carcasses. Given the choice, I much preferred skinning dead sheep. It was usual to do an autopsy to see if Grandpa had lost one or two. A high proportion of dead ewes with lamb forecast a heavy lamb crop from the ones who might pull through the winter, so this was a kind of silver lining.

I CAN still drive into Harding County and find evidence of Grandpa's ranch but all the obvious traces are fast disappearing. The buildings went first, and quickly. The upper two stories of the house were cut away from the lower level (the kitchen) which had been built into the eight-foot cut bank that formed the perimeter of Grandpa's badlands. The big kitchen range with its impressive nickel trim had been dumped onto the front yard, pipe and stove lids and grates all depressingly awry. Every time I visited the site, I vowed that the next time I'd come in a vehicle big enough to rescue it from the patch of hardpan upon which it lay. But someone with an eye for antiques beat me to it, and all I ever managed to come away with was a hatchet head, the bit of which I'd often seen buried in Grandpa's chopping block.

And it hurts to think how things got pulled apart and scattered, not only for Grandpa but for the other losers, too, like the cattlemen and the Indians. Smothered by nostalgia and a sense of loss, you start putting it back together, building with what you have, even if it's only a rusty hatchet head. And you recall the pitch wood kindling Grandpa chopped and how efficiently the fire was laid in the grate firebox of the queenly kitchen range; how the kindling lit the "buck and nanny coal" and the latter, the ligite. You remember the pleasing sounds of Grandpa grinding coffee in the little square box with a crank handle on top. You remember the food and the people who ate it—and your mind hikes back to the things they said, the needling, the laughs, even the sad times.

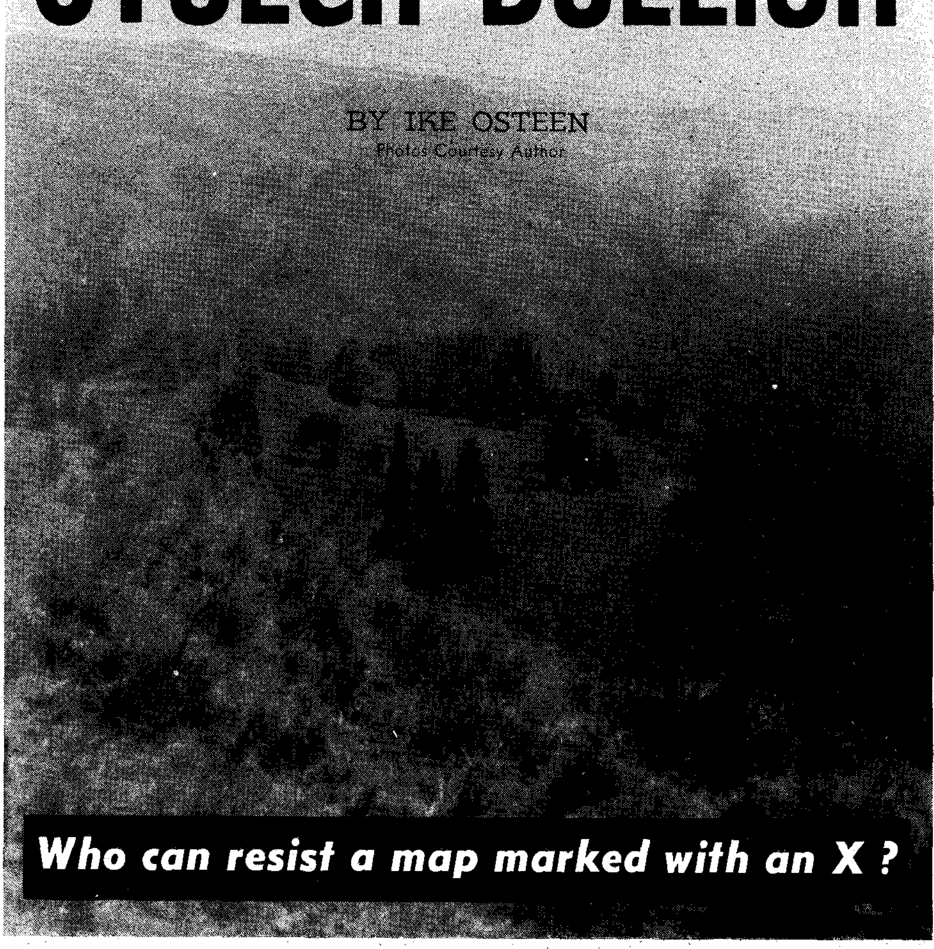
I wasn't at Grandpa's for the selling out, but Aunt Eleanor related the sad event: "Everything closed in on Papa towards the last—it was dry several years running which ruined the range grass, and then the price of wool and lambs dropped. Papa would have had to borrow money on the small herd he had left to keep the ranch going. Your Uncle

(Continued on page 40)

A SEARCH FOR STOLEN BULLION

BY IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author



Who can resist a map marked with an X ?

IN the summer 1967 issue of *Old West* there was a story called "Stolen Bullion of Indian Ridge" from *Golden Treasures of the San Juan*, by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius. Very briefly the story was this:

In September 1910 two miners hired a kid to use his string of pack mules to transport some stolen high-grade gold ore. Before they reached their destination of Rico, Colorado they learned that the law was waiting for someone to bring in the ore. The miners told the kid to stay on the trail while they took the mules a short distance away and buried the ore. They gave the kid his promised wages of $50, plus a bonus of one gold nugget about half the size of a walnut, and of course his pack mules.

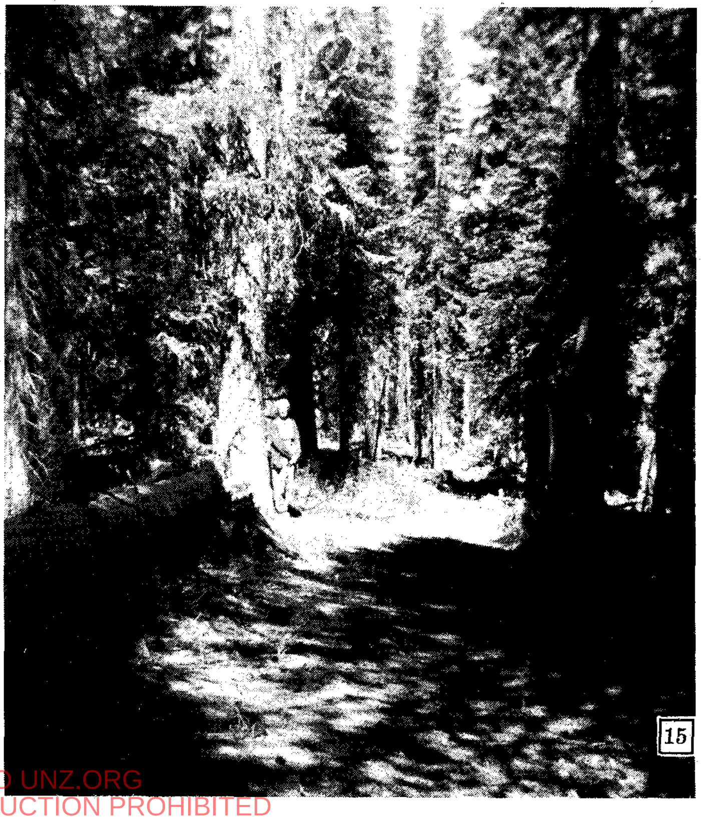
Several years later the kid found one of the miners near death in a hospital in Boulder. The miner said his partner had been killed the first winter after they had buried the ore. The next spring when the one surviving miner went to pick up their haul, he couldn't find the spot where they had buried it. He told the kid the ore was still there and it would pay him well to look for it.

The kid did look for it until he too became an old man and could not go into the high country of Indian Ridge without the use of oxygen. Then he told John B. Marshall to print the story and perhaps someone else might find the ore, worth about $40,000 at the time it was buried.

The story was included in Marshall's book in 1961 and I started researching it in 1962. Here is where that research had led me up until September 1974, exactly

(Continued on page 41)

Above right: Looking northeast off Indian Ridge. Below right: Long John and the kid and his burros used this trail on Indian Ridge. Below: Tangled logs such as these, make finding buried gold doubly difficult.



—Daily Signal (Huntington Park, California)
Photo by W. R. Barnett

Author in cowboy gear. Mr. Sisemore, born in Texas, moved to Oklahoma Territory by wagon with his family at age thirteen. He scouted for water and camping spots and added to the pot with small game. Sisemore's father became "Mr. Lawman" of Hulen, Oklahoma Territory and made his son a deputy. In the photo the author holds an 1870 Colt .38 single-action Bisley, a memento of his early days in the Southwest.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THE WEST

An old-time lawman's son recalls when men swung quick and high; and notes that now they do not swing at all . . .

BY
I. E. SISEMORE
and
L. WILLIAMS

Photos Courtsey Authors

I MUST CONFESS (as the son of a lawman of the Old West), that I read with mixed emotions this headline in my California newspaper not long ago: "1967 Killer of Officer Gets Life." This was a man who had vowed to "kill any cop I meet"—reportedly he planned to violate traffic laws to draw the attention of officers, then shoot every one of them who stopped him. He succeeded in carrying out his threat in the ambush and slaying of Officer Merle Andrews on December 20, 1967.

All of which brought to mind an execution I witnessed as a boy of six at the turn of the century—an execution of the killer of not one person, but five. How swiftly was "justice" meted out in those days in comparison to today's tedious wait for the initial trial, appeals, and oftentimes lax punishment.

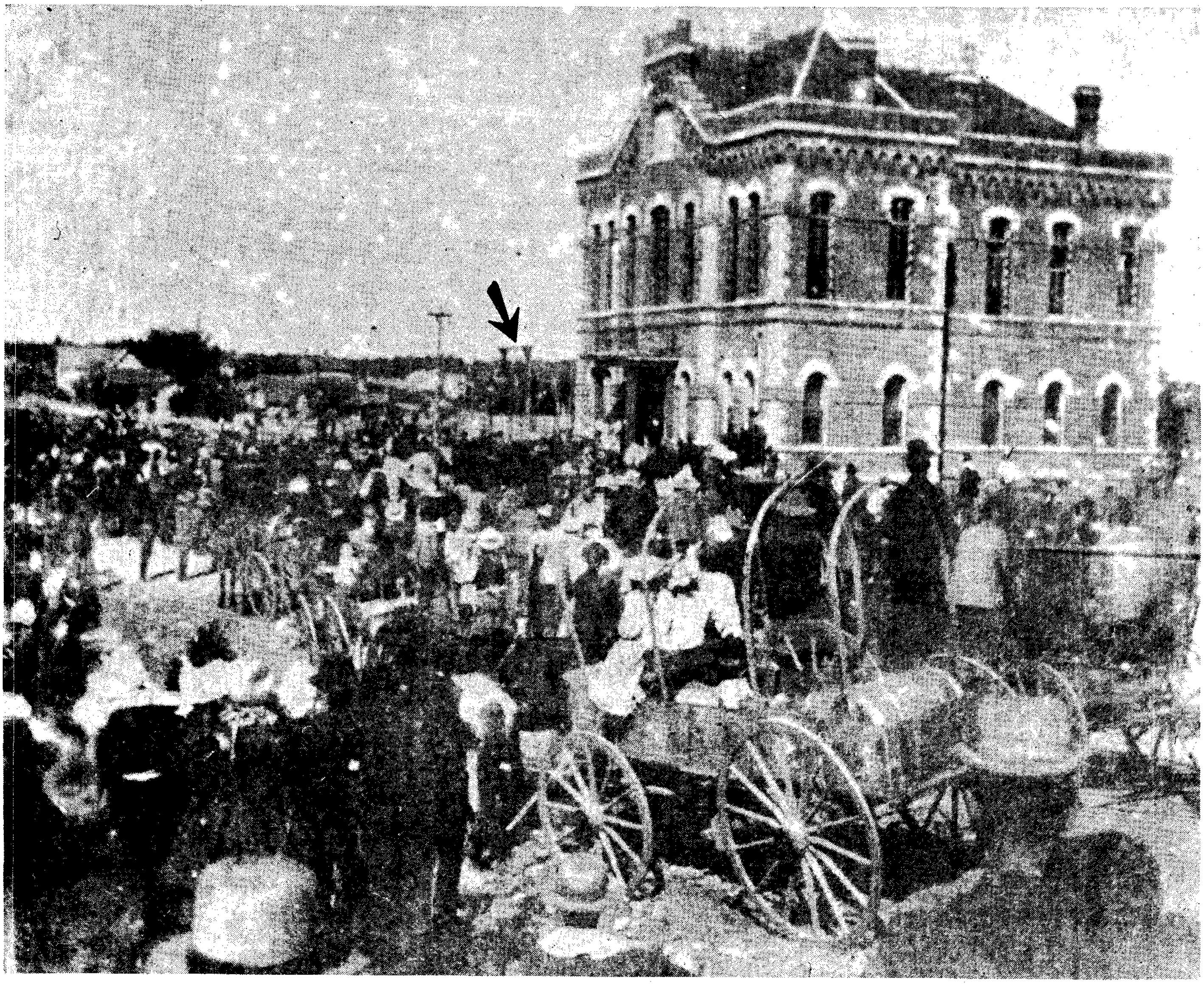
On October 5, 1895 my father hitched the team to his old high-wheeled farm wagon and we went to the "Hangin' of J. Q. A. Crews." Several other men in my family went along. We started at daybreak for the county seat (Denton, Texas) to see this man publicly executed according to the law in those frontier days, for the killing of three of his fellow citizens by gunshot. (He actually killed five, but was only convicted for three.) My father told us boys: "Now, you're going to see first-hand what happens to people who kill." And we sure did. I've never forgotten the smallest detail of the happenings of that day.

Long before the appointed time for the hanging, people crowded around the scaffold—thick as sardines in a can, and as far as you could see. And though it was a cold day, after waiting there for some five hours, I got pretty hot—and oh, how thirsty. Being so short, I felt smothered by the press of the people.

THE pursuit of this disturbed, jealous, frustrated man by the law and bounty-hunting citizens who were after the reward; the heroic capture—the trial—no doubt all this ran through his mind and that of the audience when they led him out and asked him if he had anything to say.

I remember exactly how he looked—well-built, average height and weight—wore a beard, as was customary in those days. He was neatly dressed in a blue serge suit, white shirt and tie, very well-groomed, and probably in his late twenties or early thirties. He talked freely, quietly, earnestly for an hour. I can remember his expression and even the voice inflection; I've thought of him many times during the years that have elapsed. And it still makes me wonder—does execution teach *NOT* to kill?

Photo reproduced by J. W. Maxwell, Long Beach, California



The public execution of Crews taken from a Denton, Texas newspaper. The scaffold (arrow), with Crews on it just before he dropped, stands in front of the Denton jail. This jail, built in 1891, was demolished in 1965.

According to the way he told it, plus the accounts that were written up in the papers for months in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and *The Republic*, plus the imaginations of the reporters and gossip of the public, here is about what happened that led to this man's plight on that gloomy autumn day:

Mr. Crews had become financially embarrassed; he was traveling around selling something—probably insurance of some kind, trying to get along. During those broke times his young and beautiful wife worked as a hired girl for a farm-ranch family named Murrell in Gainesville, Texas, for her board and keep and his, when he was at home. On one of his visits, she had told him that her boss, Mr. Murrell, had been annoying her, trying to make love to her at every opportunity. She had repulsed him, or so she said, but Crews, manlike, naturally wondered if the improper actions were all on the side of the man.

So he had slipped back one night and concealed himself in the barn, to see for himself what was going on. When the farmer came out before daylight to feed the stock, and Mrs. Crews came out to milk the cows, the farmer started making passes at her, just as she had said.

Crews, seeing and hearing what was going on, came out of the corn crib where he had been hiding, and a fight began. Crews was getting the best of it when suddenly Murrell yelled to his wife in the house, "Bring me my gun!"

She came running with a .30-30 Winchester rifle in her hands. Then the three of them struggled for possession of the gun. In the tussle, the gun went off and accidentally killed Mrs. Murrell. (Crews said at the gallows, "I'm sorry I killed *her*—she was a good woman.")

Crews then shot the farmer dead. Being out of money, and knowing he would have to run for it, he took Murrell's pocketbook, saddled one of his horses, and was just going to take off when Albert, the youngest grown son of the family, came into the corral from the pasture, driving the work stock. Of course the son jumped into the fray—so Crews killed him too. Crews rode too fast and too long. Finally his horse gave out, and he took it afoot.

Not long after a reward had been posted for his capture, in crossing a road he was seen by a chicken-peddler, one of those covered-wagon type of peddlers who went through the countryside selling tinware, thread, calico, and whatever to the farm wives, and taking chickens and eggs or whatever in payment.

Since Crews was not in disguise, and was a rather distinguished looking man, the peddler could hardly miss suspecting who he was, and immediately yelled for Crews to halt. When Crews paid no attention, the peddler shot him with an old shotgun loaded with bird shot, which only penetrated his clothing at that distance. Unfortunately, Crews returned the fire. He killed the peddler.

As the wanted man made his way into the next village, some fellows around the blacksmith shop on the edge of town tried to "arrest" him, so he killed one of them. He then boarded a train and escaped into Indian Territory where he killed Henry Freeman, a posseman.

Things were getting out of hand. Crews, exhausted and dejected, suddenly decided to go back to the scene of his crime. Meanwhile, word had gone out that he was on the train, and when it made a stop at Thackerville, the law was waiting for him. Crews got off the train, went into the railroad restaurant,

(Continued on page 49)

JOHN BOYD, my father, was one of the first ranchers in Texas to recognize the necessity of improving the Longhorn. He imported Angus bulls, and their progeny proved much superior to the scrub stock. Even the first cross was good; subsequent ones were excellent. He built up a herd of about six thousand black cattle.

He realized, too, that the day of the big ranches was fast waning, and that there was still opportunity in Mexico. In 1886 he went to Chihuahua in search of a range. In a canyon on the east side of the Sierra Madre, he found a place that seemed ideal. Nearly 45,000 acres of excellent grazing land lay almost enclosed by the precipitous walls of a deep *barranca.* The opening was very narrow, so narrow that one night guard could hold the cattle, and in that sheltered place with its excellent grass and water, they would increase rapidly.

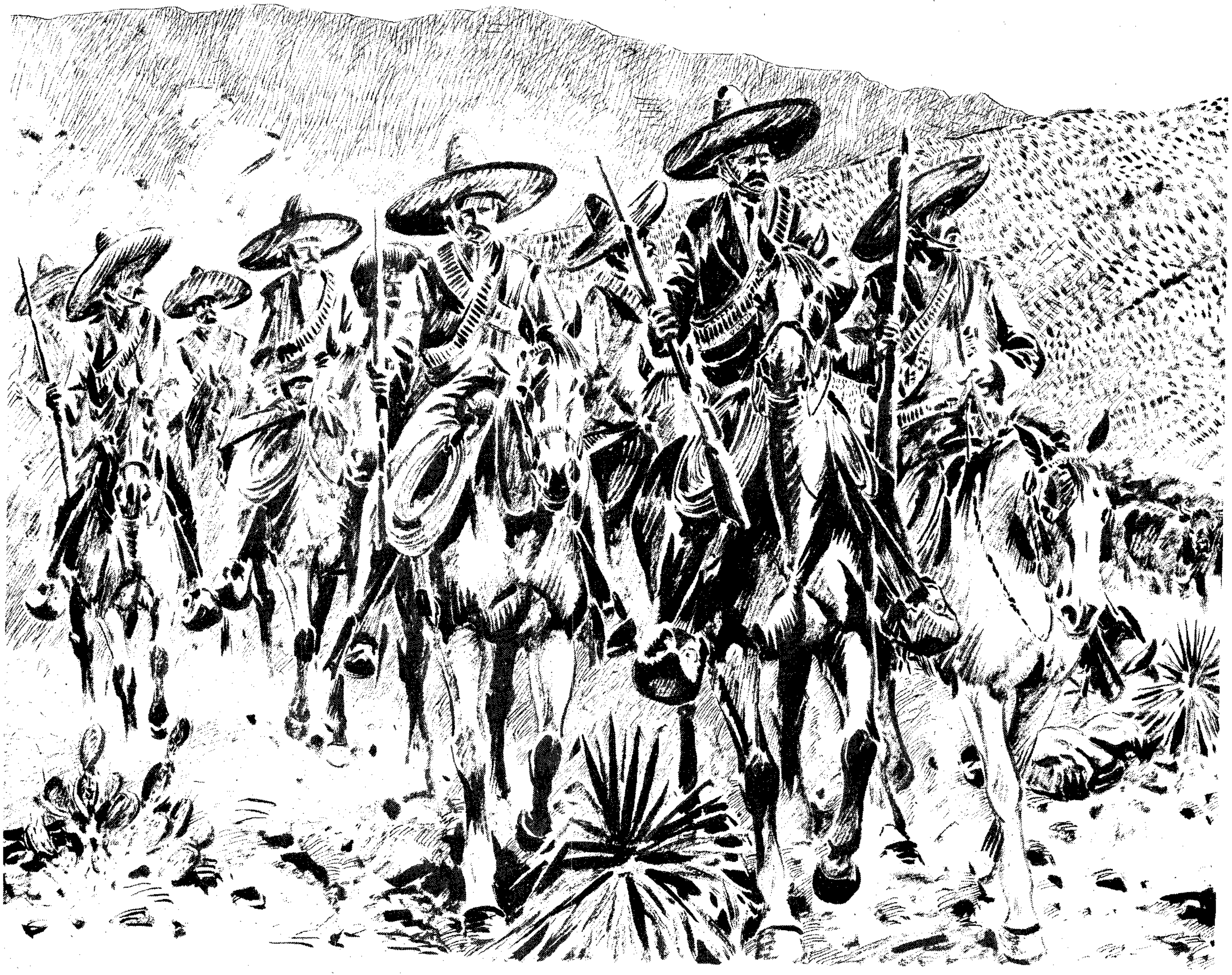
John Boyd returned to his range near Big Spring and began to make plans. He decided to divide his cattle into three drives; and a neighboring rancher, also smitten with Mexico, was to take his herd along. To drive the four herds, it was necessary to employ many extra cowboys, and some of them strangers, for not enough were available locally. Among them were some very questionable characters. Father realized that at the time, but so long as they were efficient with the cattle and were to work only temporarily, he needed them.

The herds traveled a day's journey apart and Father held the first bunch at the border until all had arrived.

The Mexican ranch, about 225 miles southwest of El Paso near the village of

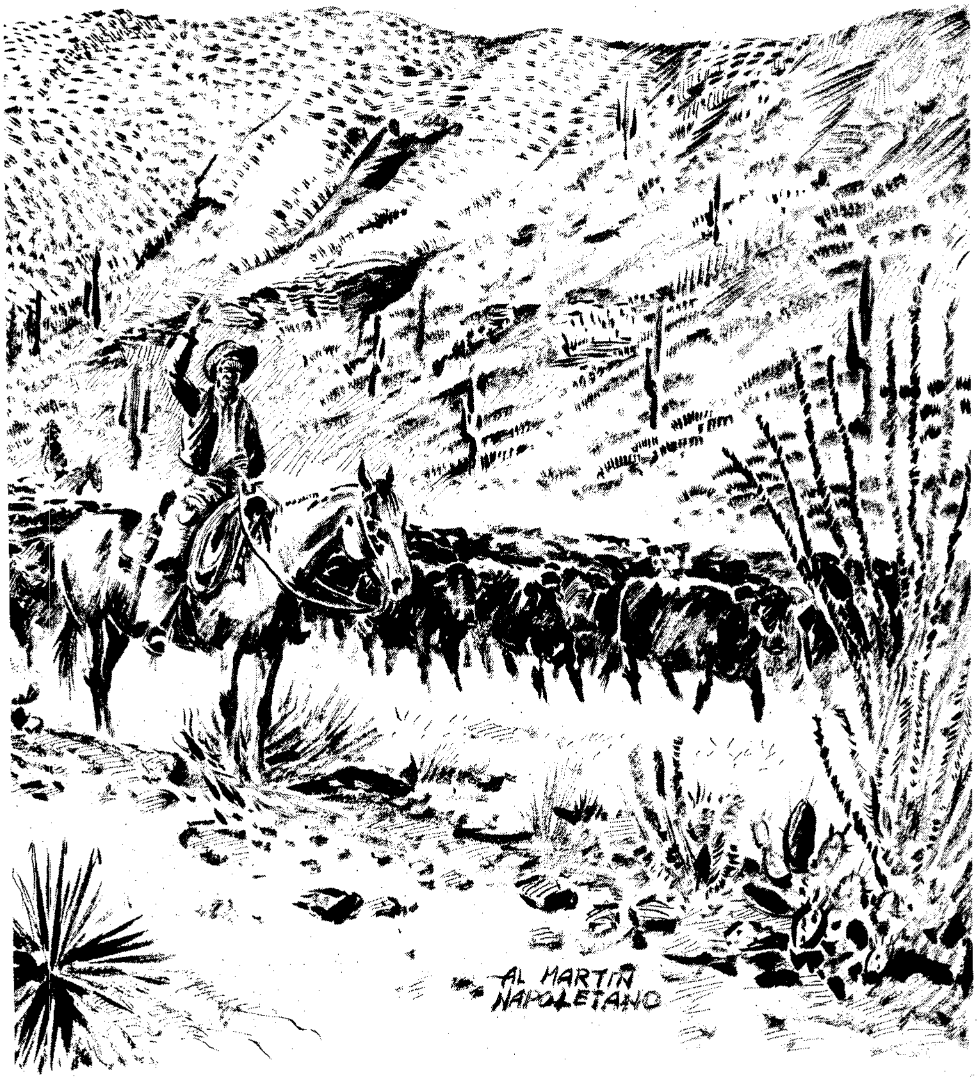
THE BOYDS OF CARRETAS

Ranching in Mexico—deed or no deed—meant little unless a man could protect his property. In this particular venture, the hero was a friend named Juan Favella . . .



BY ALFRED O. BOYD
as told to
EVE BALL

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



Janos, was reached without difficulty, but Father encountered complications as soon as he arrived. The men from whom he bought the ranch (in return for a specified number of cattle) refused to sign either a contract or deed. So Father refused to turn over any cattle. He had such an assembly of cowboys that Cavett and his partner did not protest his taking possession but angrily loaded their bedrolls onto pack horses and mounted.

"You're still the owners of a few Longhorns with the JC brand and I'll have my man round them up so you can take them along."

"To hell with 'em!" said Cavett. And they took off.

FATHER paid off the cowboys and they left. He knew he might have trouble with the former owners; he was sure that they expected to return and intimidate him into leaving—but my brothers were with him, John, Jr. and Hammy. Father had also his Negro cook who had been with us for many, many years. Then, to keep in better touch with the local situation, he employed Juan Favella, who turned out to be very loyal and capable.

Through Juan he got other Mexicans to come in, make adobes, and add three rooms to the original structure. They piped water from the spring and installed some crude plumbing. Undoubtedly these men helped delay an attack on the part of Cavett. My father ordered wire, and Juan built a strong four-strand wire fence across the entrance to the canyon.

Juan helped also to establish friendly relations with the surrounding ranchers. There were many who used the trail westward, and all spent one or more nights at the ranch. They usually slept in their bedrolls, but Father fed them. Beef and beans were no problem, but coffee was expensive, especially when there were as many as forty men at a time to feed. I sometimes thought he neglected the family for the passersby, but his hospitality paid. The visitors often reported the threats and the whereabouts of Cavett and his partner.

Father sent word to them that he was ready to deliver the specified number of cattle to them at any point and at any time designated, in return for the deed, but they refused to accept delivery.

SOUTH of the ranch were the Mormon colonies, about seven agricultural settlements strung along the Rio Aros. To the west was the Sierra Madre and the Apaches. Father went to Mexico the year Geronimo surrendered, but there were still many Apaches left in the mountains. And some from San Carlos, supposedly the Apache Kid and his bunch, sometimes raided in Mexico, but the ranch was never molested.

The big problem was the market. Because of high tariffs and poor prices it did not pay to take cattle into the States. The Mexican Government collected taxes every two months, and preferred cash to beef, though they would accept beef.

In 1886 there was a serious drought. From that time until 1909, we had an abundance of rain and then came another dry spell. Again, until 1913 we had plenty of water.

In 1893 Mother, my younger brother Grandberry, and my two sisters came to the ranch to live. I spent my summers there, but went to school in San Antonio.

Juan Favella left us to build a fence on the Line from a few miles west of Columbus to the Sierra Madre, so Father employed James Whipple, a young man from the Colonia Dublan. He was honest, industrious, and very efficient. Father liked the fact that he did not drink. Strange as it may seem, none of the Boyd men did—and there were five of us.

Then came the Revolution. If one had any protection he furnished it himself—nobody else could. Fortunately for us we knew Villa, largely through Whipple and Favella. The Mormon colonies were on good terms with him and he gave his men orders to refrain from molesting them. He extended the same courtesy to us because he liked Father. If we were stopped by Revolutionists, as we were several times, we had little difficulty.

A *soldado* would say to me, "Got a pass?"

"Yes," I would reply.

He would hold out his hand for it.

"Why show it to you? The people at the Line examined it. Why show it to you?"

When he read my name, he would ask, "Any relation to Don Juan Boyd?"

"He is my father."

"*Vaya con Dios*, Don Alfredo. If you go toward Casas Grandes, look out for the Federalistas."

When the Democrats came into power in Washington, duties were lowered and prices went up—owing, no doubt, to the war. We had a large herd of cattle, more than the land could really sustain, and decided to market them in the States.

(Continued on page 48)

ABOUT 11 o'clock the morning of October 18, 1888 H. M. Upham sat at his desk in the Pacific Express Company's office at Eighth and Walnut in Coffeyville, Kansas. Hearing the side door open, he looked up just as a tall, bearded man entered. Under one arm he carried a box.

Upham got up and went to the counter. "Help you?" he asked.

"Yes," said the bearded man. "When does the train go north?" He set the box down on the counter.

"At 4:30 in the morning. You want to ship that?" Upham pointed to the pine box.

The man nodded. "I want it to go to L. Louden in Winfield, Kansas. How much are the charges?"

"Twenty-five cents," Upham said, lifting the box.

The customer pushed the money across the counter and turned to go. "Just a minute," Upham said. "I have to have your name."

The man turned. "Put P. Jason as the sender."

Upham wrote it down. "Anything breakable?"

"Yes. It contains glass, some medicine and some bottles. Handle it very carefully." He pointed to the box. "Don't throw it on the dray or leave it at the depot. Look after it yourself."

Upham scribbled the instructions on a shipping tag, then picked up a small hammer and some four-ounce tacks. He stuck them through the tag, then lightly hammered them into the box.

"Careful with it," the bearded man said, watching.

"Don't worry," the express agent grinned good-naturedly. "It's our business to see packages are handled without damage."

"Good," the man said. Then he walked out.

The agent entered the shipment in his forwarding book, filled out a waybill, then locked his desk and safe. He was anxious to get home. An amateur photographer, he had promised his adopted daughter, Mabel, to take her picture when she came home from school at noon.

Upham placed the box on the wagon seat next to him and drove half-a-mile southwest to his frame house at the corner of Spruce and Eleventh Street. The box was placed out of the way in a corner of the small darkroom he had finished building only a few days before. It would be safe there until time to put it on the train. There was nothing unusual in his bringing the box home with him. He often did that to safeguard fragile shipments until train time.

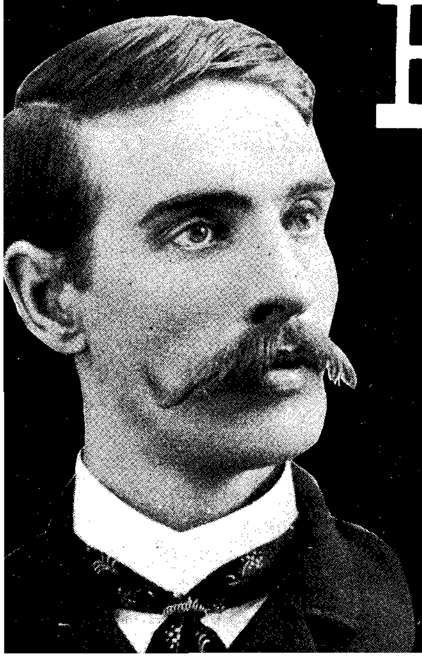
Just before Upham sat down to eat, he got his camera and took a picture of Mabel. "When you come home from school, this afternoon, you and your mother can watch me develop the plate," he said. "How will that be?" He smiled as her eyes widened with excitement.

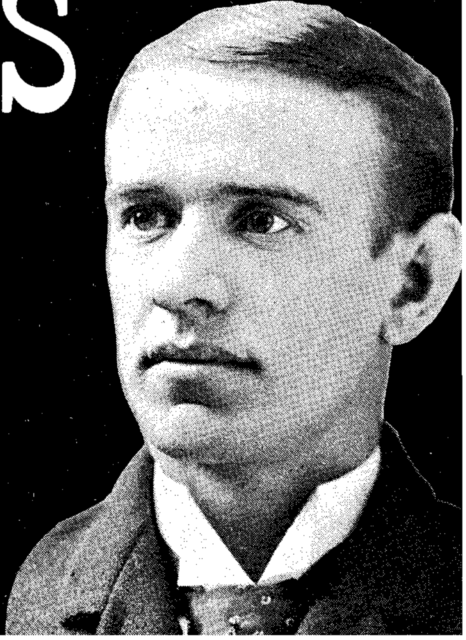
"Oh, I can't hardly wait! I'll come straight home after school," the girl cried.

Upham returned to the office and worked until mid-afternoon, at which time he drove home again. After mixing the photo chemicals he called his wife away from the sewing machine. It was time for her and Mabel to come into the darkroom to watch.

THE mother and daughter crowded into the darkroom, hardly daring to breathe for fear of spoiling the picture.

DYNAMITE PLOTS AND BALLOTS

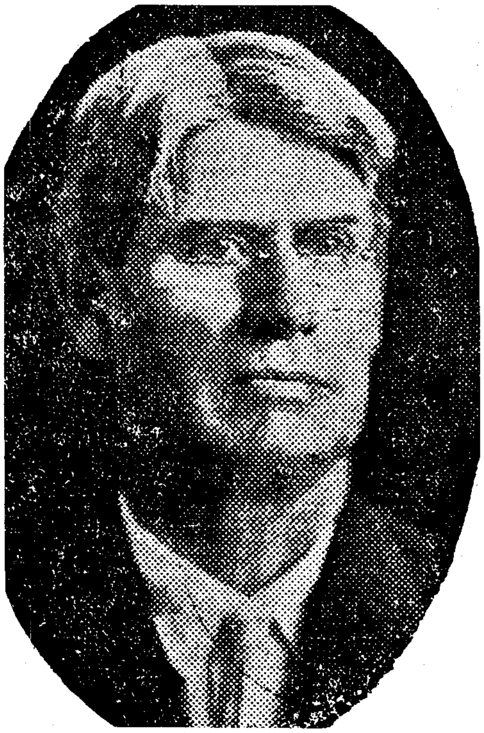




BY BEN TOWNSEND

Can politics exist without an element of the cloak and dagger?

Photos both pages Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Above: Winfield, Kansas circa 1890.
Left: Edwin P. Greer.
Right: Governor Lyman Humphrey.
Below: The Capitol, Topeka circa 1888.

They heard Upham place the plate into the solution.

"It won't take long now," he said, "but I'll need a little more water." As he squeezed past them, they stepped back toward the corner. At their feet was the pine box.

Upham went to the cistern on the porch and had pumped a pail full of water and started back with it when a thunderous explosion knocked him off his feet. He clawed at his shirt collar as sulphurous smoke began to choke him. Boards and plaster chunks hurled past, and then a timber clouted him and he fell.

Somewhere he heard his wife and daughter scream in terror. Then the screams became low moans.

Dr. J. A. Wood was uptown when he heard of the explosion. He didn't take time to hunt a buggy, but set out in a half-run for the Upham house. When he puffed up, the yard was swarming with people. He elbowed through them and ran to the shattered room.

The mother and girl were found in a widening pool of blood. Their flesh was torn from them in strips; their arms and legs were twisted and broken, the bones protruding.

"Help me get them out of here!" the doctor yelled at the crowd. "Some of you men help me. The rest of you clear to hell out."

Upham was wandering around the yard in a daze. Friends called to him. He seemed not to hear them. Then a neighbor led him by the arm away from the house. As they walked off, several men carried his daughter to the west sitting room of the house. Others picked up his wife and carried her limp body into the parlor.

"What happened?" someone asked Upham.

(Continued on page 52)

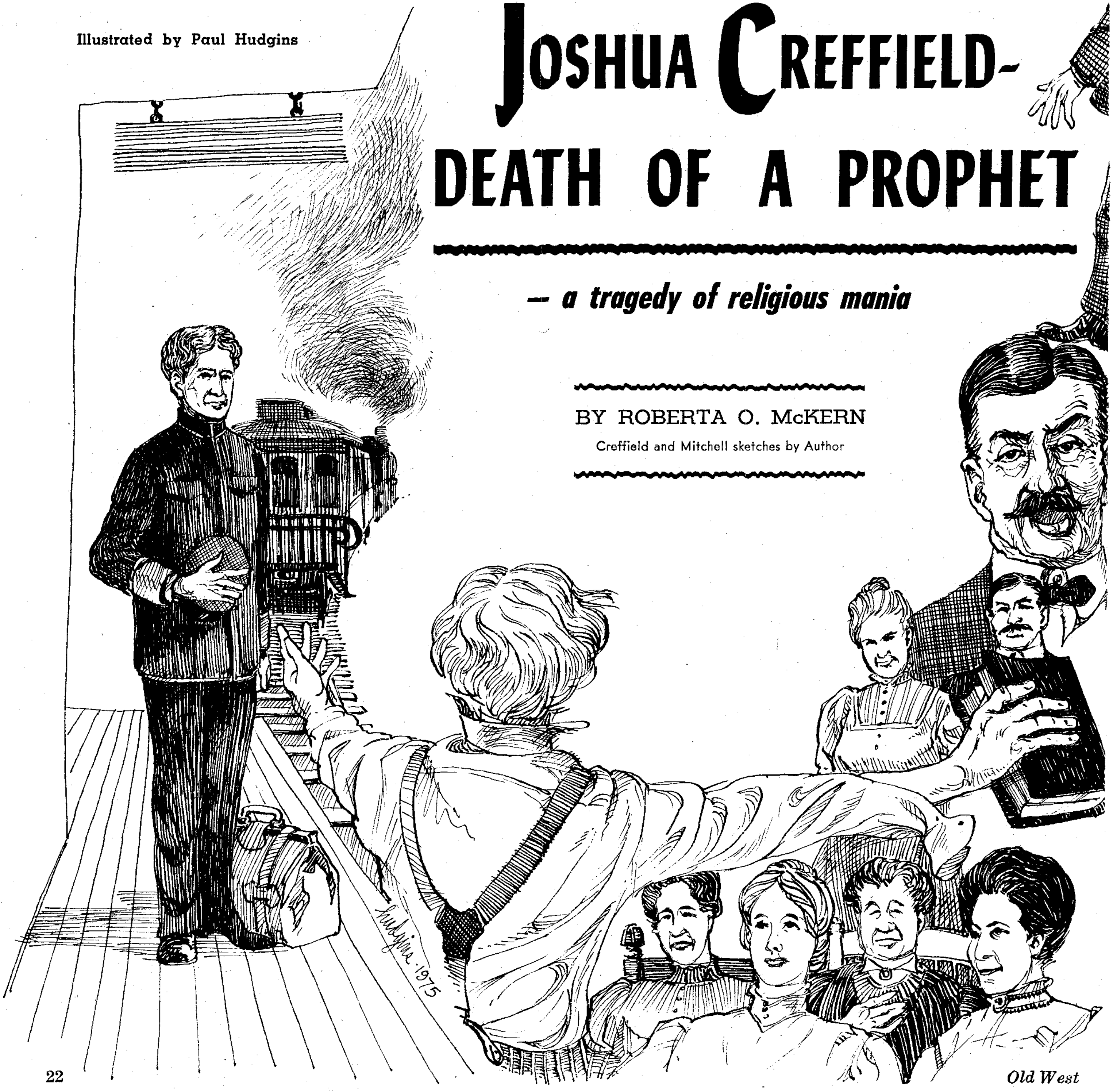
JOSHUA CREFFIELD—DEATH OF A PROPHET

— *a tragedy of religious mania*

BY ROBERTA O. McKERN

Creffield and Mitchell sketches by Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

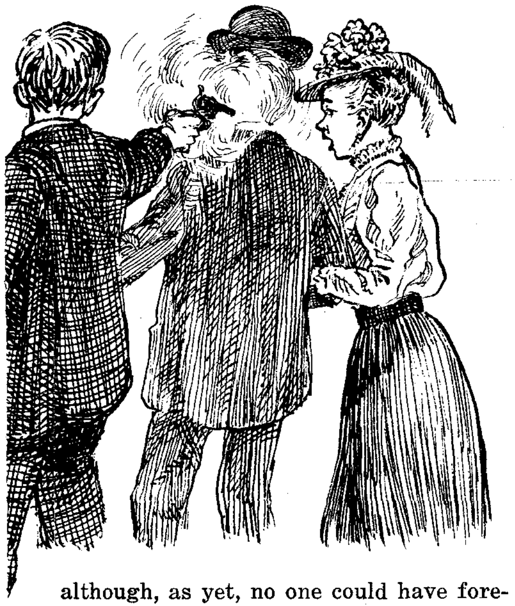


OUTBREAKS of religious zeal disrupted more than one Western town. A self-proclaimed prophet or healer would step forth to attract his share of believers and scorners, doers and backsliders. Depending on the nature of his claims, he might also encounter opprobrium and tar and feathers. Usually such religious movements faded, as time and reflection turned believers into doubters, but occasionally the movements ended in violence and tragedy. The strange history of Prophet Joshua Creffield and his Church of the Brides of Christ was as twisted a tale of prophecy gone awry, as any. Double murder, suicide, and madness marked its end.

The story began quietly enough on a day in 1902 when a southbound passenger train made its scheduled stop at Corvallis, Oregon. Salvation Army Captain Franz Edmund Creffield was among those leaving the train. Creffield, a yellow-haired, slender, slightly built young man, had just been appointed head of the Salvation Army chapter in Corvallis, and likely he scanned the depot platform looking for a greeting committee. Situated on the west bank of the rolling Willamette River, Corvallis had just begun living down a reputation for rowdiness. Now the county seat, it was surrounded by thickly timbered blue hills and the richly productive soils of the Willamette Valley. Oregon Agricultural College, one of Oregon's land-grant institutions, was located there. Corvallis meant to be a comer.

So did Franz Edmund Creffield. Two years earlier, he had stopped to listen to Salvation Army services being conducted on a Portland, Oregon street corner, and he had seen the light. It shone so brightly for him that he joined the Salvation Army and rose rapidly from private to captain. What he had been before his conversion remains uncertain. A slight foreign accent marked Creffield as German. It would be claimed that he came from a well-educated, well-to-do Swedish family; that he himself was well-educated, and had once trained for the priesthood in Germany; and that he had deserted from the German Army. Whatever the truth, the Salvation Army respected Creffield's ability to bring in lost souls. Despite his frail appearance, the young captain possessed a booming voice and a magnetic personality.

These two attributes would shortly serve Prophet Joshua Creffield mightily although, as yet, no one could have foreseen the strange alchemy which was to transform Franz Edmund Creffield into Prophet Joshua.



SOON AFTER his arrival Creffield decried the Salvation Army as being worldly, not of God, and defiled. When he decided to form his own religious sect, a number of Corvallis Salvation Army members followed him. "I am Joshua," Creffield declared. He called his new sect Church of the Brides of Christ and its members God's Anointed. All, he said, would obey the precepts of spiritual love.

Church of the Brides of Christ lived up to its name from the beginning and attracted mainly women followers—mothers and daughters, aunts and cousins. Girls attending the local college skipped classes to go listen to the new prophet. Meetings took place in members' homes. They were somewhat like afternoon tea parties.

That men worked all day to support their homes and families, and generally left the pursuit of culture and religion to their wives helps explain why most of Prophet Joshua's followers were women. Unfortunately for women who found it easy to give vent to pent-up emotions and frustrations through a display of undue religious zeal, attending one of Prophet Joshua's sessions was like wilfully being wrung through a wringer to come out purified on the other side.

Immersed in a shared feeling of true belief and led by the rising cadence and frenzy of their prophet's voice, Corvallis matrons found themselves swaying and rolling, singing and praising, crying out avowals of sin and repentence. Self-identity merged with that of the group. There came a sense of oneness, of great mental release. The words of Prophet Joshua seemed all important. The actual physical fatigue which followed three or four hours of intense worship left the women's minds all the more open to Prophet Joshua's suggestions. His will became theirs. They, in return, gave Prophet Joshua strength. Their belief in him gave him belief in himself.

Men did number among Prophet Joshua's followers, but the percentage was never high. O. V. Hurt, a prominent Corvallis businessman and a member of Benton County's Republican Committee, followed Prophet Joshua over from the Corvallis Salvation Army chapter as did Hurt's son Frank. Yet another male came among the Brides of Christ when the Portland office of the Salvation Army sent William Brooks to Corvallis to discover what was happening to the Corvallis chapter. Prophet Joshua converted Brooks into an apostle.

By the summer of 1903 Prophet Joshua had attracted nearly a hundred followers, who began meeting regularly in a house on Main Street. Only when people living nearby complained about the noise and the increasing tendency for devotions to continue late into the night, did the prophet seek out a more secluded place of worship. Kiger Island, a lushly vegetated strip of land set in the Willamette River six miles south of Corvallis, became the site of Prophet Joshua's summer camp.

Here he and his Brides of Christ set up a tent city. In its center, women constructed a twenty-foot square tabernacle, a wigwam covered with fir boughs. Not far from the tabernacle stood a small tent in which Joshua and Apostle Brooks obligingly whipped the devil out of sinners. The faithful would chant and roll for hours, even days, at their prophet's bidding. Members of the sect became noted for their sunken eyes, pale complexions, and far-away stares.

As services began, Prophet Joshua would sway and weave. The tempo of the chanting increased. When it seemed near peaking, "Away, vile clothes!" the prophet would suddenly shout. Off his came. Unabashedly, the faithful followed his example, and shirtwaists, skirts, chemises, petticoats, and corsets landed in colorful heaps. "Roll, you sinners, roll," Prophet Joshua cried, and roll they did.

TOWARD the end of summer a story began circulating in Corvallis that out on the island Prophet Joshua had begun search for the mother of a new saviour. Some married couples soon let it be known they were no longer a part of Prophet Joshua's following.

Yet some of the town's most respected citizens continued to belong to the cult, among them Mr. Hurt and his family. Hurt came from pioneer stock, and no women in town could be judged more respectable than his wife and his oldest daughter, attractive, intelligent Maud. In fact, their membership in Prophet Joshua's cult helped allay suspicions regarding it.

The Church of the Brides of Christ's summer idyll ended with the coming of Oregon's autumn rains. Prophet Joshua with twenty of his followers elected to take up communal living with the O. V. Hurt family.

Then on the night of October 29, 1903 the cult's activities at the Hurt house electrified the citizens of Corvallis. A huge bonfire blazed on the lawn. Into the flames frenzied Brides of Christ consigned clothing, bedding, household furnishings, musical instruments, even the wooden walks surrounding the house. They uprooted and destroyed plants and shrubbery in the yard. They beat into uselessness utensils that could not be burned. A rumor spread that Prophet Joshua and his followers had sacrificed dogs and cats in the fire, and had even talked of offering up a small child.

Signs appeared on the yard gate and above the front door which warned, "Positively no admittance except on God's business." Prophet Joshua and Apostle Brooks turned back anyone trying to contact those in the house. A reporter speaking briefly with the prophet learned that a message from God was about to be received inside.

Infected by O. V. Hurt's example, other Corvallis followers of Prophet Joshua set fires in their yards to destroy their worldly possessions. This spread of religious zeal outraged the other townspeople; sane folk did not commit such acts.

The crowd that gathered around O. V. Hurt's house on Halloween night came more in anger than from curiosity. Stones hurled from out of the crowd thudded against the Hurt house or crashed through windows. Two bolder men kicked the glass panes from the front door. Then, deputies arrived to protect the Hurt family from the crowd and to arrest Prophet Joshua Creffield and Apostle William Brooks on charges of suspected insanity.

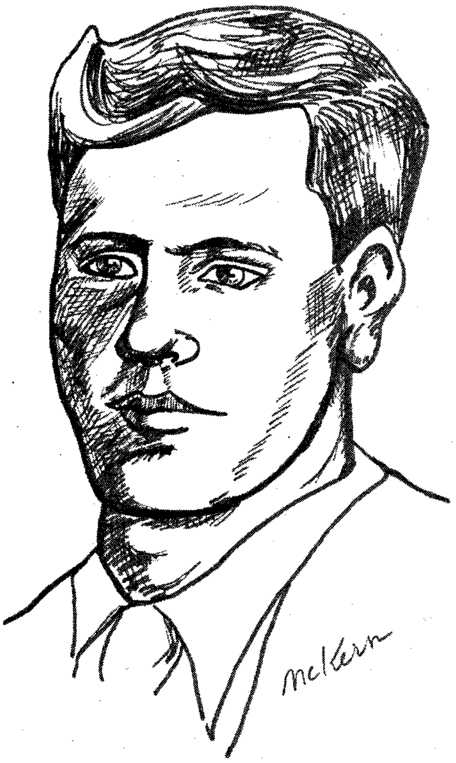
When the deputies entered the house, a young girl lay on the floor, her face covered with a cloth. Prophet Joshua lay near her, his head next to hers. Seated on pallets and ready to record the expected divine message, other Brides of Christ surrounded the pair.

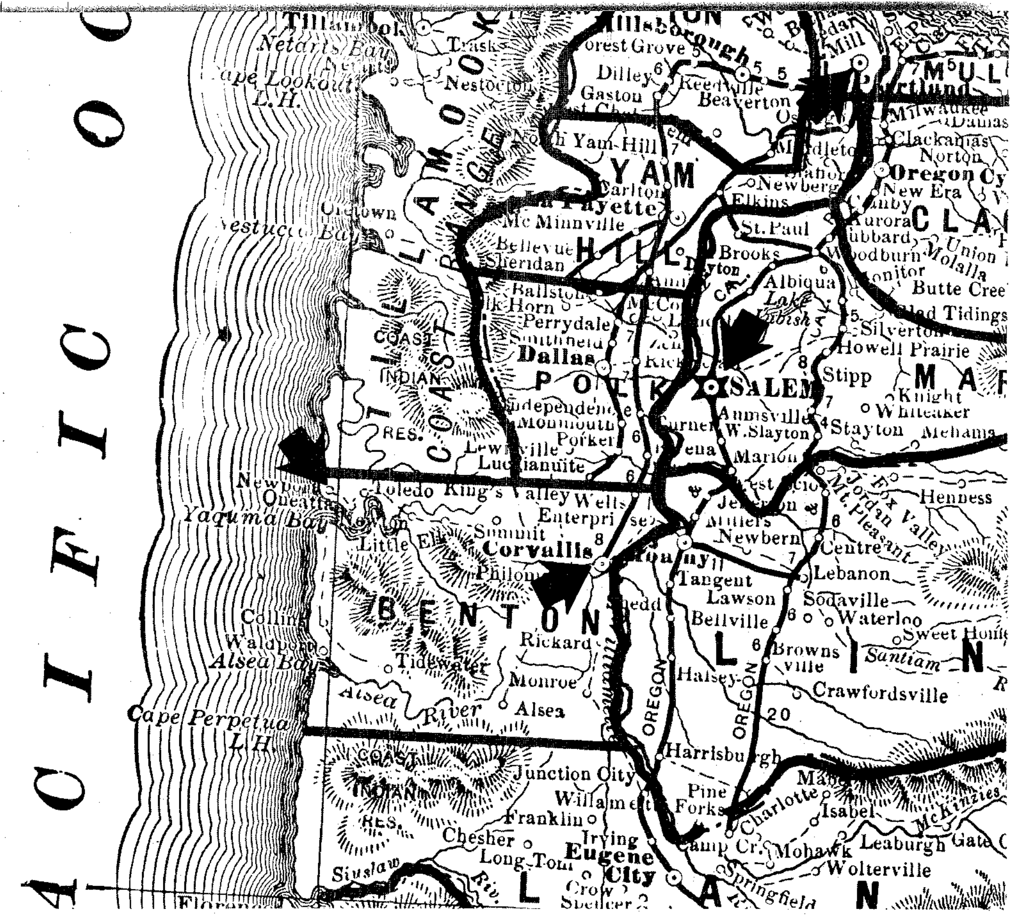
"Don't lift the cloth," one follower warned a deputy. "The message will be broken." The deputy jerked off the cloth, but the girl remained in a trance.

Prophet Joshua and Apostle Brooks found themselves hustled off to the Benton County jail, while Mr. Hurt explained to the press. Prophet Joshua insisted on spiritual love, he said, and household goods and other possessions had been destroyed because they were worldly and because followers must renounce all worldly ties. Those living at the Hurt home awaited God's command to go out and preach. Hurt, too, had withdrawn from the world and would devote himself to the new faith.

One Bride of Christ told the press, "They killed Christ, killed the apostles, and stoned the disciples to death. It's either heaven or hell, and I'm for heaven."

MANY Corvallis people, especially those men whose wives and daughters appeared all too willing to forsake homes and families in favor of Prophet Joshua's teachings, now developed definite feelings toward the prophet. They wanted him out of town, never to return,




PACIFIC O
Tillamook
Netarts Bay
Cape Lookout L.H.
Trask
Nestocton
Forest Grove
Dilley
Gaston
Beaverton
Yam-Hill
YAMHILL
Carlton
Lafayette
McMinnville
Newberg
Elkins
St. Paul
Brooks
Bellevue
Sheridan
Ballston
Perrydale
Dallas
POLK
Independence
Monmouth
Parker
Lewisville
Luckiamute
SALEM
Aumsville
W. Slayton
Stayton
Turner
Marion
Oregon City
New Era
Aurora
Hubbard
Woodburn
Molalla
Butte Creek
Silverton
Howell Prairie
Stipp
Knight
Whitaker
Mehama
MARION
COAST INDIAN RES.
Toledo
King's Valley
Wells
Enterprise
Yaquina Bay
Newport
Summit
Little Elk
Corvallis
Philomath
BENTON
Collins
Waldport
Alsea Bay
Tidewater
Rickard
Monroe
Alsea
Alsea River
Cape Perpetua L.H.
COAST INDIAN RES.
Junction City
Willamette
Franklin
Chesher
Long Tom
Irving
Eugene City
Siuslaw
Albany
Tangent
Lawson
Bellville
Halsey
Harrisburgh
Lebanon
Sodaville
Waterloo
Sweet Home
Brownsville
Crawfordsville
Santiam
Newbern
Centre
Jordan Valley
Mt. Pleasant
Hennes
LINN
OREGON
Pine Forks
Charlotte
Isabel
Mohawk
Leaburgh
Wolterville
Springfield
LANE

Above: Likeness of George Mitchell. Right: Map of the area from ***Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888.***

and such was the ultimatum delivered by the Benton County Court when it could not legally prove Prophet Joshua or Apostle Brooks insane; but the two men had no intention of leaving Corvallis.

About this time a small photograph and copies made of it began to travel from hand to hand among Corvallis men. Unnoticed by Prophet Joshua's devout during their summer meeting on Kiger Island, a young photographer had slipped ashore to record the happenings. The photograph fully swung public opinion against Prophet Joshua. In all too clear black and white, the photograph depicted naked Prophet Joshua among recognizable, equally bare local Eves.

Outraged husbands and fathers reacted quickly. Wives and daughters were either shipped off to visit distant relatives or were committed to the state insane asylum at Salem, or, if the girls were under sixteen, to the Boys' and Girls' Home in Portland. Fifteen women and girls were committed to the two institutions. Esther Mitchell, a frail, lovely young girl, reportedly chosen as the mother for a new saviour, was among those placed in the Boy's and Girls' home in Portland. She had come under the prophet's influence while visiting the Hurts, for she and Maud were faithful friends. Esther's sister, Donna Mitchell Starr, also fell under the prophet's spell. To remove her from his influence, Burgess Starr relocated Donna and their young children in Portland.

Suddenly O. V. Hurt underwent a change of mind. He renounced his faith in Prophet Joshua's creed and asked the prophet and Apostle Brooks to leave his home. Joshua and his remaining followers moved into a house on the east bank of the Willamette River. It was out of Corvallis, true, but was still directly across from the town and easily reached by ferry.

On the cold winter night of January 5, 1904, twenty grim men surrounded the house in which the prophet had found refuge. Prophet Joshua and Apostle Brooks were seized and taken to Corvallis. The group marched openly down Main Street to a sawmill on the town's north edge. A pot of hot tar and sacks of feathers waited.

"Let us pray," the prophet said.

"We have heard too much of your prayers already," came the answer.

Angry men forced Prophet Joshua and Apostle Brooks to strip, then covered them liberally with the tar and feathers, with an extra portion of the mixture assigned to Prophet Joshua.

"Get," said the Corvallis men with contempt, and pointed to the county line.

APOSTLE BROOKS disappeared from Corvallis, but Prophet Joshua not only returned the same night, but eloped with Maud Hurt. The newlyweds headed for Portland, to visit Donna Mitchell Starr, who despite her forced removal to that city still maintained faith in her prophet.

Shortly, Donna's husband brought charges against Prophet Joshua. The prophet had alienated his wife's affections, Starr claimed. Prophet Joshua disappeared. Concerned citizens, including O. V. Hurt, posted a reward for information leading to Joshua Creffield's arrest.

For three months the prophet remained hidden, and Corvallis began to calm down. The town congratulated itself that the Church of the Brides of Christ no longer existed. Women who had been among its members were allowed to return home from the asylum at Salem, and from the Boys' and Girls' Home in Portland.

Then to everyone's astonishment, activity flared at the O. V. Hurt house as the Brides of Christ met again. Women insisted on picking and tending flowers, particularly those which grew along the northwest corner of the home. Hurt sighed and sent his wife back to Salem, and other men kept a closer watch on their womenfolk.

On July 29, 1904 Roy Hurt, the fourteen-year-old adopted son of O. V. Hurt, decided to go fishing. Needing corks for floats, he checked under the house and noticed something white. Investigation revealed a pillow and two soiled quilts. "Roy," a voice said. Turning, the boy confronted the naked, starved shadow of Prophet Joshua. The boy ran for his foster father.

O. V. Hurt returned with the chief of police. The two helped the pitifully weak prophet from under the house. Prophet Joshua had been living in a shallow depression scooped out among the foundations at the northwest corner, the darkest and least likely place to be searched. In return for messages and directives received during their flower-picking activities, a select number of followers had supplied the prophet with food.

When Mrs. Hurt was returned to Salem and the other women were more carefully watched, Prophet Joshua's food supply virtually ended. For nearly a month, he had lain in his burrow, praying and starving.

The prophet was bathed, clothed, and

placed in the Benton County jail to await the arrival of Sheriff Ward from Portland. Asked what he would like to eat, Joshua replied, "Anything but hog meat. The Lord won't let us eat hog meat, you know." He appeared taciturn, but rambled continuously, saying, "Oh, I feel so good. Jesus is so near me. Jesus told me last night this would happen."

The usual spectators gathered to watch Sheriff Ward escort the now notorious prophet to the Corvallis depot. Starr and three of his relatives were among them. Mr. Hurt counselled against violence. He also refused to accept the reward for Prophet Joshua's capture, due his foster son. Sheriff Ward further thwarted Starr's hopes of bushwhacking the prophet by having the train stop two blocks north of the courthouse, rather than the depot.

"I expect to be killed," Prophet Joshua said of his leavetaking. "Men who are not understood are always killed. If the Lord commands it, I shall be killed."

SHERIFF WARD got the prophet to the Portland jail safely. A group of ministers visited him while he awaited trial. They surveyed the thin, bearded prophet with curiosity and disdain. He should give up this mad business of being a prophet, they urged.

"I am not crazy," Prophet Joshua replied. "I am Elijah."

"But there are other Elijahs," he was told.

"There are many imposters," the prophet answered. "I am Elijah."

Prophet Joshua chose to defend himself at his trial. Instead of denying the charges of adultery, he harangued the jury, with Bible in hand. "I am guilty in the eyes of the world, but God is on my side," he stated, adding that like Christ he had been misunderstood.

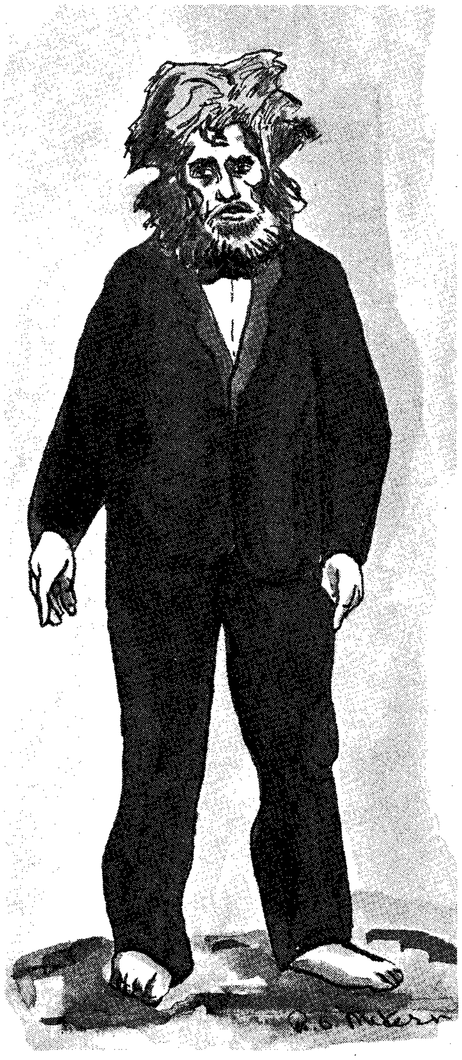
Guilty as charged, voted members of the jury who thought they understood the prophet well enough. The judge sentenced Prophet Joshua Creffield to two years in the state penitentiary at Salem.

A model prisoner, Prophet Joshua was able to reduce his sentence by working as a member of the road crew. For each day spent laboring on the roads, one was subtracted from his sentence. Meanwhile, Maud Hurt Creffield's family persuaded her to divorce the prophet, and in Corvallis the Church of the Brides of Christ seemed a thing of the past.

Early in 1906 Prophet Joshua was released from prison. He went to San Francisco. But lack of followers there made it hard to be a prophet. The sedate town of Corvallis, with its green trees and blue hills, still appealed to him.

Prophet Joshua wrote his ex-father-in-law: "Hurt, God has resurrected me. I have got my foot on your neck. God has given me back His own. I will return to Oregon and again gather all my people."

He had a new plan—to take up government land on the Oregon Coast at a place called Ocean View.



Creffield as he appeared when rescued from beneath the Hurt house. Taken from a photo in the Portland *Oregonian*, July 13, 1906.

THE Corvallis-Newport railroad connected Corvallis with the Oregon coast, and it wasn't long before mothers and daughters, sisters and cousins began buying tickets at excursion rates. Beautiful Esther Mitchell bought a ticket. Not only had she kept her faith, but she worked as a go-between to help Prophet Joshua re-win his divorced wife, Maud.

Prophet Joshua dressed his followers in rough cotton wrappers, and again Oregon woods rang with his exultant cry, "Vile clothes, begone! Roll, you sinners, roll!"

Corvallis men lost all patience. One angry husband trailed his wife to Prophet Joshua's camp. In nearby Newport he bought a revolver. When he spied Prophet Joshua boarding a ferry to cross Yaquina Bay, he jerked out the gun, pulled the trigger five times, then threw the gun down, and kicked it away in rage. The husband had loaded the rim-fire revolver with center-fire cartridges.

"I am Elijah, the Restorer," Prophet Joshua reassured his followers. "No man can kill me."

Prophet Joshua took credit for the San Francisco earthquake that rocked the city and nearly destroyed it. He had cursed San Francisco, he informed his faithful, and the same curse lay upon Portland and Corvallis, those towns that had dishonored him.

Without knowing it was cursed, Donna Mitchell Starr would probably have left the city of Portland to be with the prophet anyway. Abandoning her sleeping family by night so the crying of her young children couldn't deter her, she left her husband a note and stole $3.50 from his pockets. Of the money she said, "I think I have been worth that much to you."

Donna walked the ninety miles separating Portland from Prophet Joshua's coastal camp, but the prophet had prepared to leave his Eden. Coastal residents were hostile toward him and his Brides of Christ. They made it difficult for him to lay in supplies his camp needed. Food was growing scarce, and a body of Corvallis men with lynching on their minds was said to have set out for his camp. By a circuitous route, Prophet Joshua left for Seattle, Washington. He intended to meet his ex-wife there.

Unfortunately for Prophet Joshua, George Mitchell had had a revelation. God willed him to kill Prophet Joshua. It preyed on George's mind that two of his sisters, Esther Mitchell and Donna Mitchell Starr, should be willing dupes for this false divine. George followed Maud Hurt aboard the northbound train at Corvallis. He had a hunch she'd lead him to the prophet. She did.

PROPHET JOSHUA enjoyed his Seattle stay. Not only were Maud and he remarried, but he was able to convince Maud's brother to sell his house and property and to donate the money to the new colony. Maud's brother and his family were already on their way to Ocean View on the Oregon coast. Prophet Joshua intended to follow, but first, he would buy Maud a new skirt. Her old one appeared quite ragged.

On the morning of May 7, 1906 Maud and her prophet set out early for downtown Seattle. They strolled down First Street, listening to the whistles and toots of incoming and outward bound ships in the harbor. Maud stopped to weigh herself on a scale in front of the Quick Drugstore.

From the opposite side of the street, George Mitchell sighted the couple. He ducked into the shadows of a doorway, and his hand closed around the .38 revolver concealed in his jacket pocket.

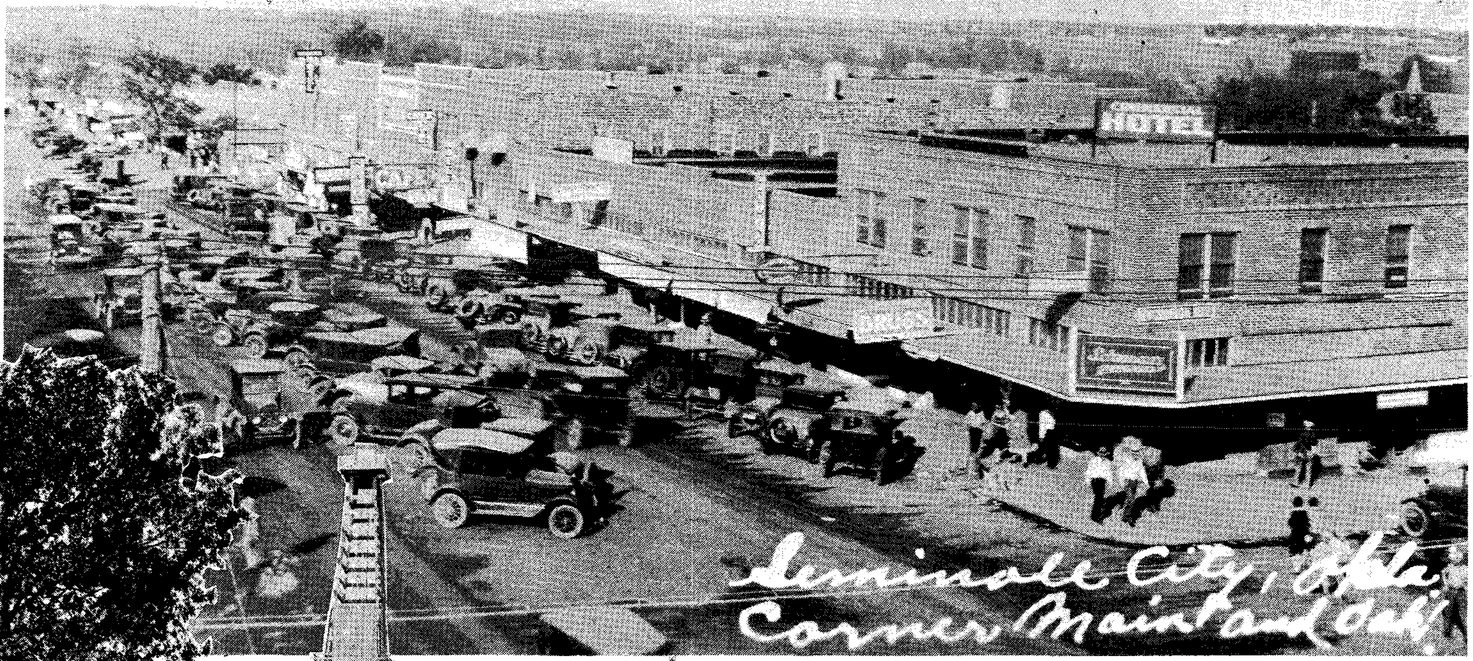
Maud and Joshua crossed the street. As they passed George, he stepped from the doorway, pressed the gun's muzzle against Joshua's neck and pulled the trigger. Prophet Joshua died instantly.

Maud seized George, tried to hold him there. Then she dropped beside the body of her fallen husband. "He cannot die," she told the summoned doctor. "He can never die. No man can kill him."

George awaited arrest calmly. He wired O. V. Hurt in Corvallis: "I've got my man. I'm in jail here. George." Later he spoke freely with reporters. "I've been looking for Creffield and I got him," he said. "I have no regrets. I am willing to take any punishment that is meted out to me without a whimper. I did not kill a man, I killed a brute. He obtained a devilish influence over my two sisters

(Continued on page 50)

SEMINOLE, BOWLEGS AND LITTLE RIVER



Above: Downtown Seminole, Oklahoma in 1927 on a dry and quiet day. Left: A typical derrick in the Seminole area.

Anywhere "a lot of money is being earned and spent, and also a lot is being given and thrown away," there you will find your "characters"

BY WATSON L. CALDWELL

Photos Courtesy Author

SEMINOLE COUNTY, Oklahoma today is the same area which was designated for the Seminole Indians when the United States Government established the Indian Territory in 1890. Almost all of the eastern half of present-day Oklahoma was divided into five portions for the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek and Seminole Indians. The small size of the Seminole Nation as it appears on tribal maps is probably due to the few Seminole Indians who finally reached their assigned territory—165. Several hundred had been gathered by various means from Alabama and Florida for the westward trek, but desertions, mistreatment by the army, and natural causes, depleted their numbers..

The new home of the displaced tribes was a series of rolling hills and prairies, with patches of timber scattered here and there and dense thickets along the many creeks and rivers. By hunting and fishing and a little farming, the Indians and migrant white people could survive.

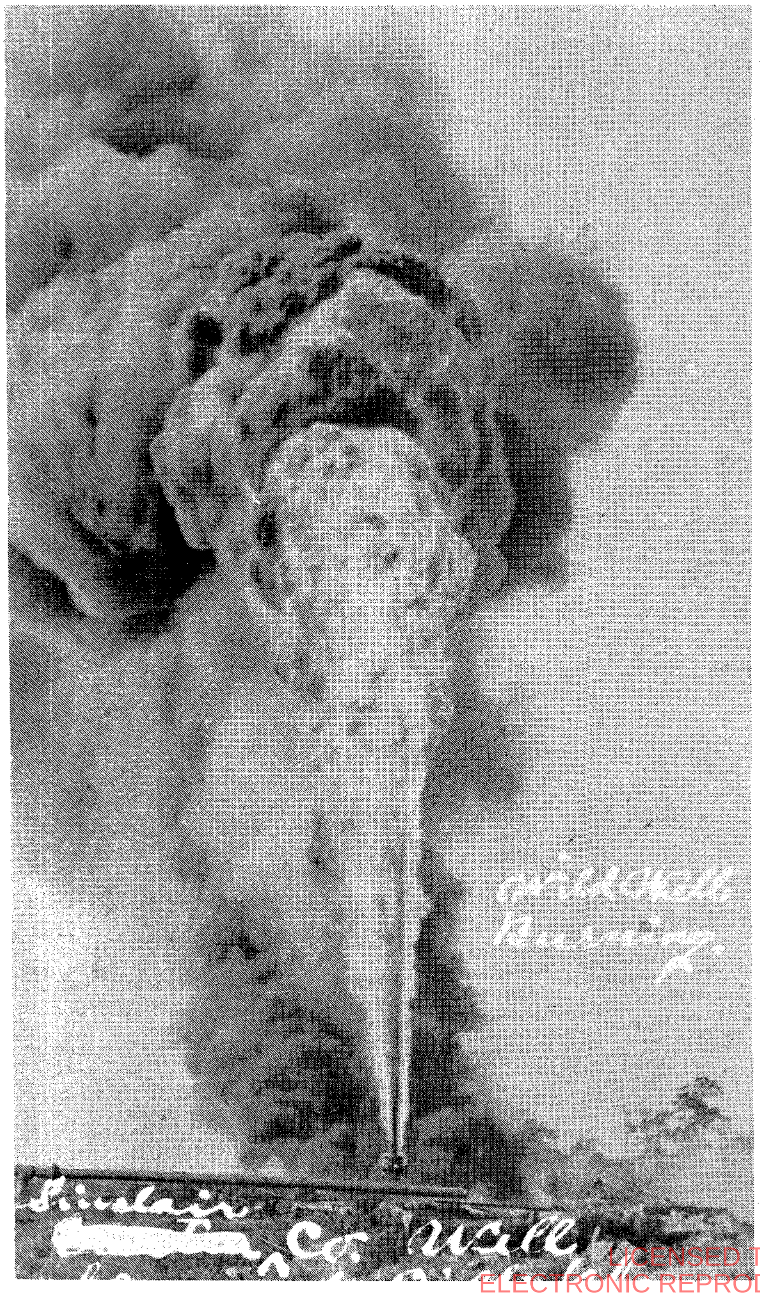
SAMPLES from an oil field can be of the surface rocks, material taken from a drilling well, drilling mud or the oil and gas produced. But the "samples" which fascinated me were the people who lived under the tense and frantic atmosphere of an oil boom. During my time in the Seminole area, many unusual incidents occurred; other oil developments following on the heels of Seminole were larger, but none was more colorful.

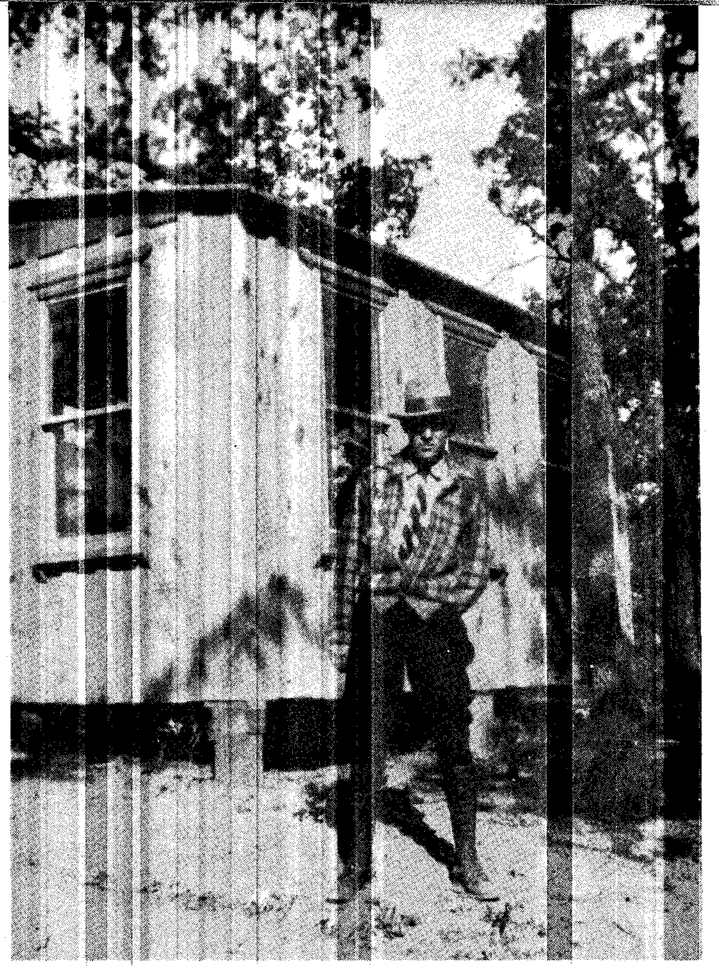
During a business situation of any kind that attracts a mass of people, there is often a segment who hasn't the slightest intention of working except as a last resort. These are the thieves, the holdup men, the confidence men, and those who deal in illegal wares. There are also some who beg for a living, very often pretending affliction or hunger. Anywhere a lot of money is being earned and spent, a lot is also being given and thrown away. Usually after the intense initial activity settles down to a routine operation, most of the undesirables go on to some other place; occasionally, some of them remain and become good citizens.

People who work to find oil, develop, and produce it, are among the most dedicated of the followers of any industry. They seem to have a different philosophy about success and how to attain it. This was particularly true of the early oil fraternity who had to succeed against odds, often in a hostile area. It required strength, endurance and a lot of ingenuity to complete many of the jobs.

In Seminole and other oil booms of that era, only a few of the key technical personnel were college-trained. Most of the production superintendents, foremen and other supervisors came up through the ranks and learned their trade by hard work and perseverance.

This Sinclair well in the east-central Seminole field blew out and destroyed the rig, then caught fire.





The author on the lease offsetting the discovery well. This undrilled lease sold for over two million in cash and oil.

In those communities not involved in the dirty job of producing oil and gas, oil field workers were usually shunned due to their intense way of living. Their money was acceptable but they were not.

Geological bulletins of the Greater Seminole area include seven fields, but Seminole City, Bowlegs, and Little River formed an almost continuous productive area and had very similar productive characteristics. The events I will relate took place only in these three fields.

The discovery well was Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Co. #1 Jones, completed on March 7, 1926. The initial daily production varied from 2,500 to 9,000 barrels from the Wilcox wells. The total productive area was in excess of 10,100 acres and was fourteen miles long and often three miles wide. The highest daily production was 580,000 barrels, but not occurring on the same day for the three fields.

There were also many wells drilling in nearby Earlsboro to the west and in Cromwell which was a few miles east. Many wildcat wells were scattered throughout the area. This active drilling was in progress from late 1926 until 1930. The Oklahoma City field was discovered in 1928 and took some of the spotlight, but Seminole was wild and vigorous and in many ways the most memorable oilfield in Oklahoma.

DURING my college years I had struggled to support myself and go to school at the same time. It finally reached the point where it all seemed futile; it was necessary to find permanent employment.

After spending a part of the summer and the autumn on a highway location crew, my next work was with a laboring gang. We were hand-digging an excavation for a power station near the town of Poteau, Oklahoma. Unfortunately, a few weeks of this did me in and, in the dead of winter, I had to look for something else.

With very little money in my pockets and my possessions in one bag, the most promising place seemed to be the oil field at Seminole. The Rock Island Railroad ran several passenger trains through there each day, and I arrived on a January afternoon in 1927.

The crowded train came slowly to a stop, and through the window I could see a huge crowd of people milling around the old station. Old and young, small and large, most of the people were wearing work clothes. A few were better dressed in neat coats, riding pants and laced leather boots. The crowd extended from the station up the hill toward the business district and beyond. It took a while to squirm off the train and through the churning mass that seemed to be moving in all directions. This throng reminded me of a departing group at a football game.

Making my way toward the business district I was jostled around and was asked for money many times before reaching the main corner. The unpaved streets had ruts and potholes filled with water. Fords and Chevrolets were parked at the curb and a double row of cars was in the middle of the street. Here was prosperity at its worst—a boom town, rolling in wealth yet overcrowded with needy people, and somehow no one was taking the time to improve conditions for either the poor or the wealthy.

Watching the strange and often desperate looking people, my enthusiasm for coming to Seminole began to wane. Crowds such as this I had seen before, but so many apparently down-and-outers gave me concern as to my future employment. Where did all of these people stay at night? And where was I going to stay? After elbowing my way to the so-called "bank corner," I leaned my bag against the building and just sat and watched the people. A little rest revived me and it seemed best to wander around and try to find a familiar face. I soon learned that the two hotels were hopelessly full, and the small lobbies were kept free of loafers by "security house men." The cafes and drug stores were jammed. It was getting late in the day and my situation began to look grim.

After the third round trip, up one side of the four-block main street and down the other side, I at least knew that the oil company offices were out in the field or on the outskirts of town. It was too late to get to any of them that day.

Then suddenly, there ahead of me was the familiar figure of a very close friend, an old college chum. We saw one another at the same time and rushed together with fervent greetings—mine were probably the more enthusiastic. His first questions were about my future plans and destination.

As casually as possible, I mentioned that I had just arrived and wanted to go to work. Ken remarked that he was working as an oil scout with one of the companies there, and had been asked to help find some men with surveying experience. I mentioned my highway job and he said that he would call his office about me and that he believed I could go to work the next day. He also offered to share his room and help me get located if I was unable to get the job he had mentioned. What else could anyone ask for in my situation?

KEN CALLED his office and was asked to bring me out at once. I was given a hearty welcome. The interview was short. I was put on the payroll and assigned a temporary room in the office building. There was a $50 cash advance for expenses. The party chief for whom I would be working, came in and said that he would take me out to the job the next day.

Being with a crew of young men with training and experience was pleasant. Most of the work was with a transit and chain in locating property corners and lines. Property lines had previously been established and were recorded in notes at the county courthouse. Our engineering work took in many things, such as well locations, inventory, plats, and record keeping.

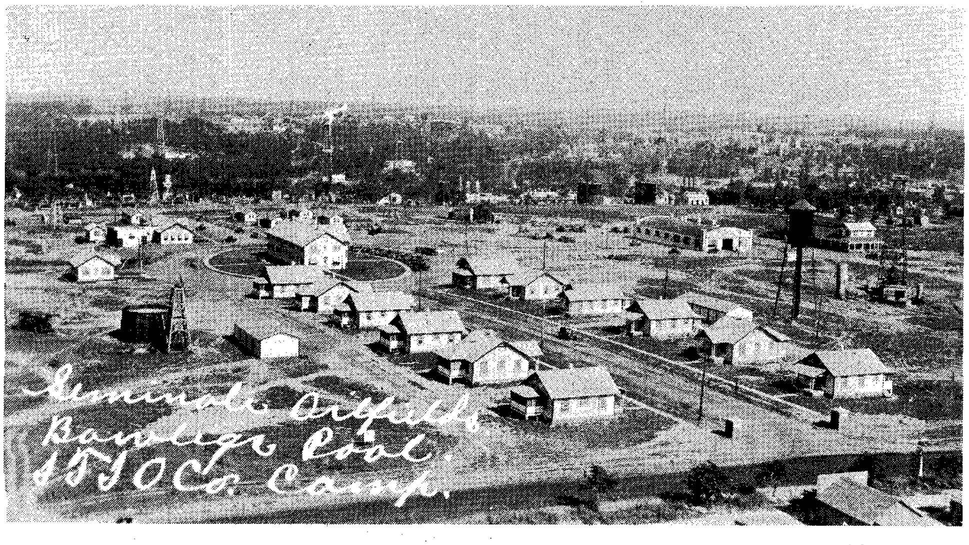
It was not unusual to have snow, mud, and freezing rain that would not permit traveling or working. Very heavy traffic and long lines of trucks and wagons delayed travel on the main roads. Several times we reached our place to work near midday, only to start back at once to get back to headquarters before night. Sometimes we did not get back until very late. After a long hard day in the field the party chief would buy everyone a large steak. During the boom days it was usually possible to get a steak, side dishes, desserts and a drink for less than a dollar.

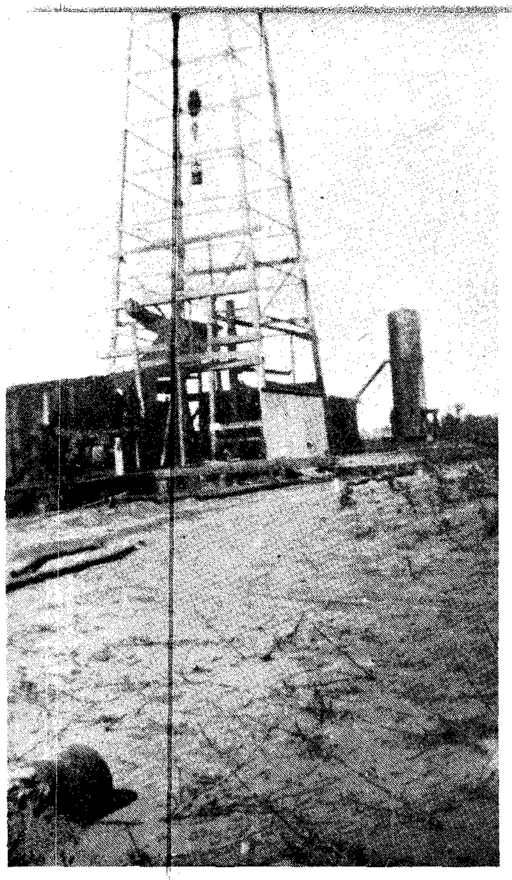
There was an occasional week of checking grades for the many 55,000-barrel oil tanks being built. On one of the assignments a muddy place in the road had become suddenly worse during the night, yet no rain had fallen. When we arrived we found a mule team driver on each end of the mud hole. We in the car had the option of being pulled through the mud for one dollar, or driving through the adjoining field for fifty cents. Neither way looked very good, so we were pulled through. This lasted for a few days until the sheriff came out and took the men to jail. These men were transients who hauled water at night to make mud and stick cars. They did very well for a while. (This happened often in the oil fields.)

On an assignment to prepare a plat of surface equipment for a lease inventory, the fee owner turned out to be a Seminole who spoke very little English. His royalty had made him wealthy. On this lease he had built a modern six-room brick home with a brick garage and brick outhouse. All of this was surrounded by oil wells, tanks and other equipment. The oil company had provided a water system, gas and electricity.

The day we were platting his home the weather turned icy and bitter. There were two Cadillacs in his yard covered with tarpaulins. His brick garage housed one mule for hauling firewood for his fireplace and cook stove. He used water from a dug well, drawn up with a bucket. We were asked inside to get warm. There were hardwood floors but no carpet. The Indian and his wife lived alone and slept on the floor on blankets.

Above: Ben, the constable at Bowlegs. He was well liked and a good lawman. Right: The I. T. I. O. Company's Walker Camp, north of Bowlegs, where the author was assistant engineer.





Above: Author, left, with the crew that tied him to the cot one night. They are the tooldresser, driller and another scout. Left: The well that came in where the "tie-up" occurred.

There were some old chairs and boxes to sit on but no other furniture. The fixtures in the bathroom looked like they had never been used. The filth and odor were sickening and we soon left. This contradictory scene was not unusual for many of the newly rich Indians.

OUR COMPANY began a program for building several compressor plants to prolong the flowing life of the older wells. I was assigned to work with Scotty in layout and construction of the compressor bases. Scotty was a graduate engineer from the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. It took a while to understand his thick burr, but we were congenial.

One evening Scotty and I went out on the town and decided to try to find a drink. Oklahoma was legally dry at the time, but various grades of corn whiskey usually could be bought. The most likely place was at the lower end of town called "The Alley." It was not an alley at all, but the sloping unpaved end of Main Street. On either side of this much traveled road were jerry-built wooden houses with walls which were only one inch in thickness. Here one could find dance halls, drinks, drugs, gambling, or most anything at any time of the day. Trouble and murder were a way of life in this part of town, and visitors came mostly in groups of four or more and stayed together.

Scotty and I stopped in what appeared to be a calm place and sat at a table. A well painted waitress came over and asked to serve us. I asked if a drink were available. She said that a half-pint with two cokes could be had for one dollar in advance. This sounded all right, so she took our dollar and left.

We waited for about thirty minutes. There was no one else in the place. Finally Scotty and I stood up and yelled for service. Service we got in the form of two waitresses running out the back door shouting, "Raid! Raid!" This we did not believe and we demanded our money or the drinks. We got neither. Out of the walls, though, came about six of the toughest looking characters one could find, and they started straight at us. I suggested to Scotty that we leave, but he failed to hear the last of my remark for he was almost out of the front door. I joined him immediately. This was an example of the shack towns that were part of the booms of the early West. Holdups sometimes took place on the main street in daylight.

Drilling crews often walked down the railroad tracks to their wells in bad weather because of the poor roads. In one instance, a driller walking down the track one night was held up. When the driller proved that he had no money or valuables, the holdup man replied, "Take this two dollars. My buddy down the track will shoot you if you are broke." This was told too many times not to be factual.

Probably more incredible is the story of several drilling crews who were held up near the same place on many occasions, and some of them had been shot and killed. Several of the crew members organized one night and caught and disarmed the holdup man. After taking him to a nearby cable tool rig, he was searched and found to have jewelry and papers in his pockets of some of the slain men. It was reported that the robber ended up in a large forge used to heat cable tool bits to a red heat. No names were ever mentioned, but the details of the punishment were, and it discouraged holdup activity in that part of the field for a while. We always went around in groups, however, especially at night.

THE company for which I worked began building a camp about four miles south of town. There was to be a large two-story office building near the center of the layout, several bunkhouses, and at least twelve four-room cottages for the management personnel and their families. A large dining hall, automobile repair garage, an oilfield supply house, curbed streets, sidewalks, and a complete water and sanitary system were in the contract. The job was awarded to Todd & Sons of Wichita, Kansas and the supervising company engineer was Gus Patton of Tulsa, Oklahoma. I had never met Mr. Patton but he asked that I work as his assistant.

THIS was a most interesting undertaking. My principal assignment was the surveying of the many buildings in their designed positions and from the architect's plans, and also laying out the streets, and water and gas lines. The building of the camp went well, and it was completed on schedule.

I was then transferred to the geological department and for two weeks I rode with a company scout who kept up with wells that offset company leases. Sometimes a trip would be made to wildcat wells which were far from proven production. I was taught how to count the drill pipe in a derrick to determine the approximate depth of wells that gave out no information. I also was told to remember and favor in some way the drilling crews, for they were the main source of information. By asking many questions and working long hours, I was given a special area to scout in the Bowlegs area.

The town of Bowlegs was located at a crossroads about five miles south of Seminole. It was named from a family of Seminole Indians who lived nearby. At one time it was a thriving settlement of rough board houses, four dance halls, two rooming houses, several eating places, and some supply houses. The strongest building was the jail which had two-by-four bars and could, maybe, hold ten people. The jail was the office of Ben, the town constable. Ben was a good man to know because he was acquainted with a lot of people and kept up with what was going on. We became friends and he helped me many times.

One morning while we were having a cup of coffee, Ben told me that Mat Kimes, the Oklahoma outlaw of the twenties, had broken jail and was supposed to be in our vicinity. I thought nothing more about it and went on my usual trip along lease roads to the wells I was checking. My T-Model Ford was laboring up a muddy hill on a trail through a creek bottom.

Looking back through my window I saw a high-wheeled Dodge that was about to overtake me. I made it to the top and pulled off to a drilling well nearby. Two men in the Dodge were still behind me and motioned me over to the right side of their car. As I came up and looked inside, the man nearest to me was holding a revolver pointed toward the floor. They asked me who I worked for and what I was doing there. I answered all of their questions but, from newspaper photos, believed the man nearest me as Mat Kimes.

They told me to hurry back from the well and lead them to the nearest road to Wewoka. I complied with their request and forgot the other wells on my list. When I got back to town and told Ben my story, he said it was too late to do anything but he would call the sheriff.

Danger was just a fact of life in an oil field. One day another scout and I stopped at a well just as the crew was preparing to shoot it with nitroglycerin. This was often done when the Wilcox producing sand was tight and yielding oil very slowly. It was not unusual to place several quarts of explosive at the level of the sand and detonate it at a given time.

The nitro was poured into thin containers shaped like a long bucket, and lowered into the well on a metered line to be released at the proper depth. My friend and I were standing about forty feet away watching the process.

The well began to flow a little gas as the charge was being lowered. The wire line went slack and the shooter knew that the cartridge was coming back to the surface. He yelled for the man operating the line to "wind up fast." The line somehow kept ahead of the cartridge, and the shooter stood at the open well head and grabbed it in his arms just as it cleared the well. The shooter's face was almost white as snow.

This was enough for us so we drove off. When we were about a half-mile away we heard a loud rumble and looked back toward the well. The derrick was gone and a white cloud of smoke was over the place where we had just been. We started back to the well but pulled out to let some cars rush by to call ambulances. Another cartridge had been blown from the well but the shooter had failed to catch it. Four men were killed and three were badly injured.

MY COMPANY had just completed a large wildcat well about four miles south of Bowlegs. This became the Little River field. It was my assignment to watch for offset wells and new operations. In the twenties, permits and announcements did not need the approval of state agencies. In the thick timber of the Little River area some wells could be far advanced before their locations were generally known. Often an oil scout would climb to the top of a derrick to locate derricks or activity.

On a well about a mile south of this new discovery, there was a driller I had known on other wells. I persuaded him to let me climb to the top of his derrick to look for new well operations. I made the trip to the top and back without mishap and found two new locations. That night while pulling the drill pipe from the well, this same derrick caved in, killing two men. The next day, it looked like what it was—a pile of junk. I climbed no more derricks.

An eighty-acre offset tract to the Little River discovery well had never been leased by the land owner. Many companies wanted this tract. The Blackwell Oil & Gas Company paid $1,000,000 in cash and $1,500,000 in produced oil for the 80 acres. A few years later I was told that the operating company made a good profit from the eight wells that were drilled there.

An outpost well was being drilled several miles southeast of Little River. I was requested to keep a close watch on the well as some important acreage was involved. Getting information was difficult, but after several visits to the well and doing the crew a few favors, a little "dope" began to come through. When the rotary rig was moved off, a cable tool rig was used to drill slowly for possible oil-producing sands. This was the drilling practice of all the wells in the Seminole area.

The evening tour driller and tooldresser worked from six in the afternoon until six in the morning. Many evenings I would take steaks, potatoes, bread and drinks for us to fix and eat during the night. The steaks and potatoes would be roasted on the forge. I made my cot in the driller's room right off the derrick floor, and would usually be awakened if something of importance occurred.

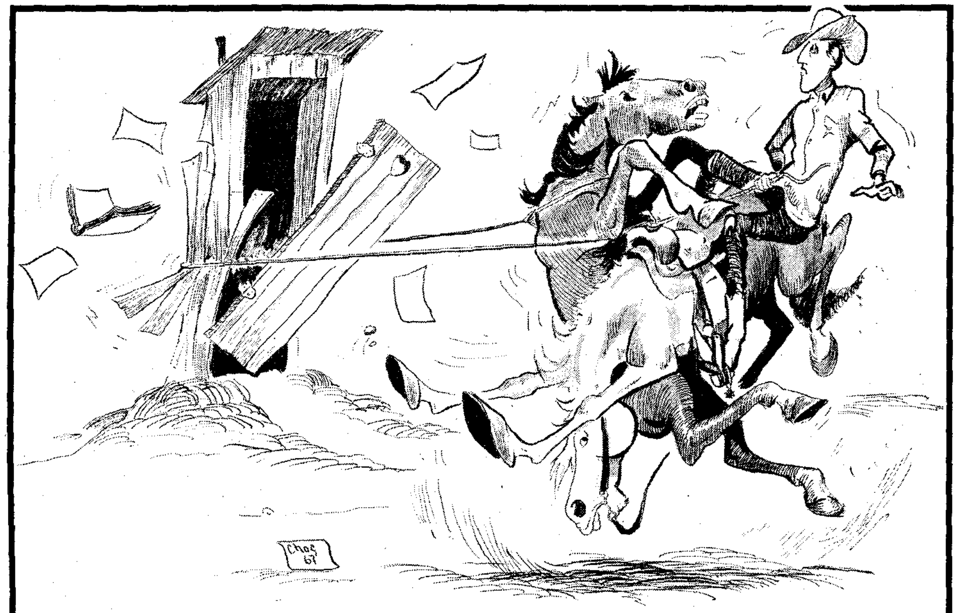
One evening after a large meal, I was sleeping soundly when someone started slapping me in the face. I opened my eyes and there was the driller standing over me and calling me many bad names. I started to jump up and do what I could do—which was exactly nothing. The driller and tooldresser had wrapped many feet of rope around me and my cot, and I couldn't move. They told me that I had misled them and misused the information they had given to me. They discussed what size hammer they should use to beat out my brains. They beat me with their fists some, but not real hard.

It was not funny to me. When I finally got wide awake and still said nothing, it was more than my captors could understand. Eventually they both broke into loud laughter and said they would let me cool off for a while and then untie me. I had totally mixed emotions—fear, anger, doubt, but ultimately, relief. After about thirty minutes they came in and untied me and said that they were just joking.

A few days later, the well came roaring in early one morning. I had just left for a river nearby to shoot some ducks. When I returned, the well was under control and on an hourly gauge. This was the beginning of another drilling program; the area was called East Little River.

It was not very long until I decided to return to school and take the courses necessary to qualify me for a professional geologist. My entry into the oil industry was not by design when I went to Seminole. I was looking for a job anywhere at the time. Often a person accidentally gets into a situation that influences his entire future. And so it was with me.

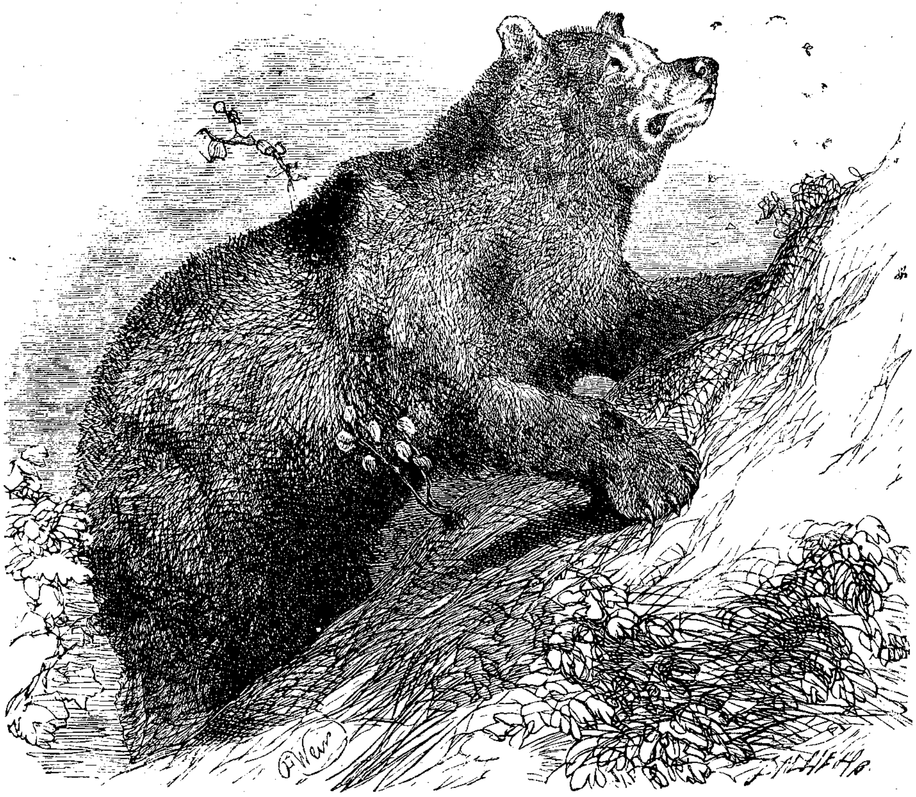
In recalling my close brushes with calamity, sometimes I wonder why I was spared. Perhaps my efforts in the oil business have added something of value. I hope so.



"I've got big troubles now—that's Ma's new catalog."

BEAR HUNTERS BOLD

BY S. OMAR BARKER



TWO KIDS, one dog, one mule, one bear were the *dramatis personae* of this affair which happened a good many years ago, far up where the firs and spruces grow. The news came in from the Pecos' head that quite a few cattle had been found dead with broken necks or maybe backs, and at each carcass were big bear tracks.

Now school is a wonderful place to be but a couple of kids, my brother and me, figured it out with logic rare that school would wait, but not the bear. Our pa had hunted, himself, right smart, so he knew the urge and he took our part. He said: "Well, boys, you can take the trip, but don't get yamped by a silvertip. You'll have to pack the old grey mare. She's the only packhorse that I can spare."

We were just two kids in our early 'teens. We packed some dry-salt pork and beans, a couple of battered old frying pans, some flour and salt and a few sougans; and topping the bulky pack there rode the main big item of all the load: two big steel bear traps, heavy as sin, to catch that ol' he-grizzly in. (There's a law these days, as you know perhaps, forbidding the taking of bears in traps; but in those boyhood days of yore, the bear was trapped as a predator.)

The gray mare's colt was a yearling mule which followed along to act the fool, to romp and frolic along the trail, sneak up on the dog and nip his tail, whereat Ol' King would whirl and snarl. Between these two was a standing quarrel.

That night near the Pecos waters' head, under a spruce we spread our bed. From somewhere up on a timbered hill we could whiff the stink of a grizzly's kill. We had hit the spot for bear all right, but too late to set our traps that night. We had both shot coyotes, bobcats, deer, but the thought of a grizzly lurking near in timber black as the day of doom made both of us long for a lighted room, with Pa close by in his rocking chair.

But we had chosen to hunt some bear, so here we were in the scary dark with the fire burned down to a lone dull spark. Off there in the gloom we heard an owl, and Ol' King voiced an occasional growl. We talked of the stars and picked out Venus. We laid our loaded guns between us. But the trail had been both long and steep, so it wasn't long till we fell asleep.

How long we slept I couldn't say, but we woke to the sound of Ol' King's bay. The night was too dark for our eyes to pierce, but the old dog's snarl-bark sounded fierce. From his frantic tone you would have thought that he'd met six bears that had to be fought.

I had grabbed the gun at the first alarm. We had only one bear-hunting arm. Now something black that looked plumb large drove Ol' King back with a sudden charge.

"It's a bear!" I hollered and craned my neck. "And he's a-goin' to git us, as sure as heck!"

I'll never forget to my dying day how that rifle shook as I blazed away. Then all of a sudden, to shame my fears, against the stars showed two big ears! Two long mule ears! With the rising sun, we found where my bullet punctured one!

To make this boyhood bear-yarn brief, we set our bear traps baited with beef—the fresh-killed carcass of a brindled cow. But that ol' bear was wary, wow! He wouldn't come back to a last night's kill, but slaughtered another around the hill. We hunted by day and we trapped by night, but nary a silvertip came in sight.

Ol' King and the mule kept up their row. Four days went by. We were out of chow.

"Tomorrow—home," my brother decreed. "This grizzly bear hunt's gone to seed!"

We awoke next dawn to a hullabaloo that practically tore the woods in two. Ol' King yelped once like a dog that's hurt. "What's up?" cried Marion, suddenly alert.

"It's just that doggoned mule, you sap!" I shut my eyes for another nap.

But Marion grabbed up the loaded gun and quit the bed at a sock-foot run. I got up then, but not to follow, for what I saw made me feel all hollow. 'Twas the darned mule colt a-running hard, leading a bear by about a yard! Terror talked in his braying squeals, while King yelped close on the grizzly's heels—all not a hundred yards away, with Marion running to join the fray.

The mule colt dodged through aspen trees, and Marion's shirt-tail fanned the breeze. I yelled, "Come back!" But he heeded not. Instead he raised his gun and shot.

The grizzly squalled like a hit bear will, then turned and charged. Boy, what a thrill! My brother shinned up a handy tree, and I reckon the grizzly sighted me. He bawled again with a roaring sound that seemed to shake the very ground. The last I saw as I turned to run was Marion once more aiming his gun.

Three shots rang out in the chill gray dawn, and I came back from where I'd gone, to find Ol' King at valiant bay—but the bear was down and he stayed that way.

From up in his tree my brother said: "Go twist his tail and see if he's dead! Be ready to run in case he's not, for I haven't got another shot. I've got a shell jammed in the gun."

But the bear was dead, so I didn't run. Bear hunters bold, we packed him in. I still can see our pa's wide grin.

Then back to school. The kids were thrilled to hear about the bear "we'd" killed. But neither Pa nor the kids at school ever did find out who shot the mule!

GREY O

English or Indian, who cares? He was a friend to the beasts of the forest . . .

BY ERNEST MILES

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN Anahareo—better known as Mrs. Grey Owl—recently wrote her book, *Devil In Deerskin: My Life With Grey Owl,* she cleared up some of the mystery which surrounded the famous Canadian conservationist who posed as a full-blood Indian, but upon his death in 1938 was revealed as a full-blood white.

Archibald Stanfield Belaney was born in Hastings, England, on September 18, 1888. His father was English; his mother was from the United States. Both the *Oxford Companion to Canadian History* and *Literature and the Encyclopedia* give his first name as George, but his birth certificate confirms Archibald as correct.

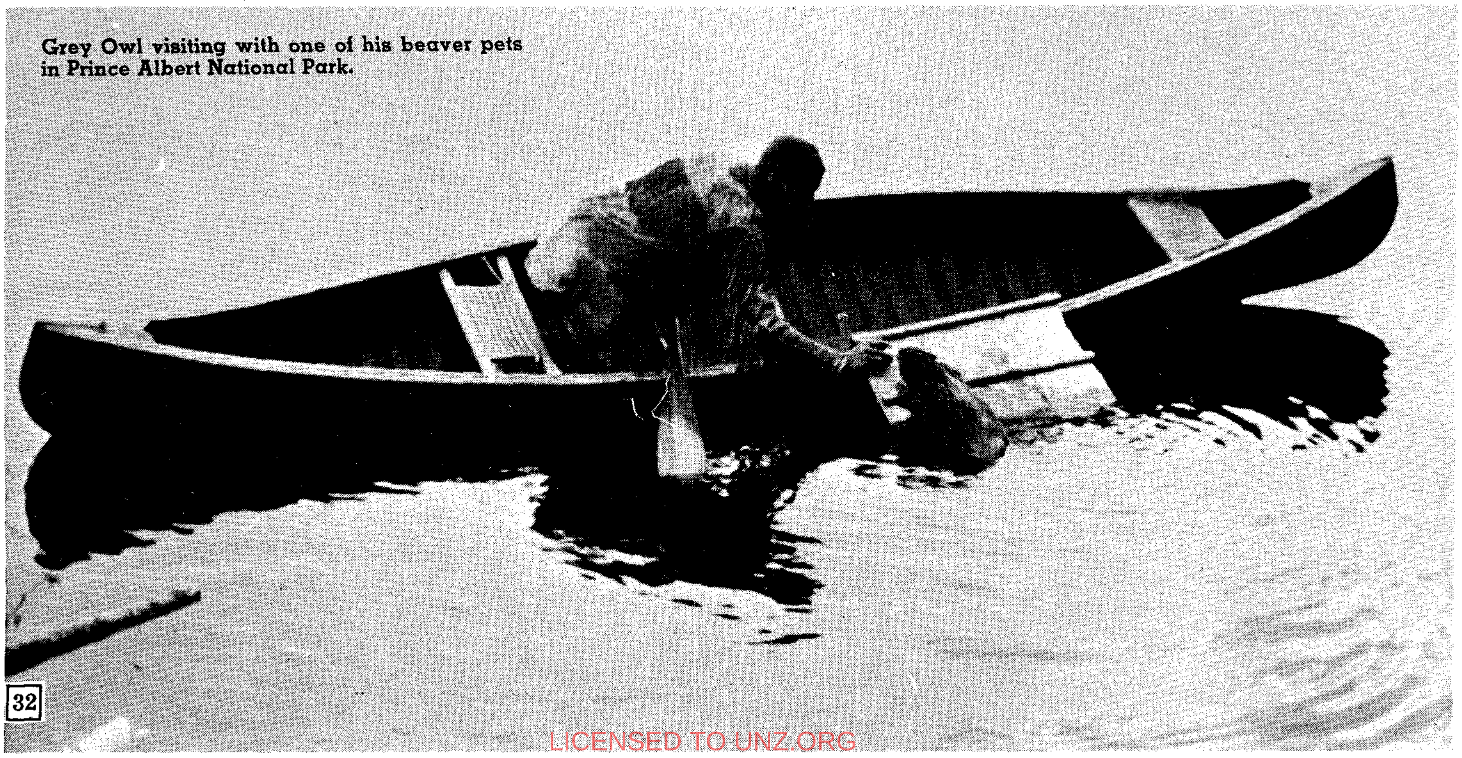
Brought up by his Grandmother Belaney and two aunts at 36 St. Mary's Terrace on St. James Road, Hastings, he never knew his father and only occasionally saw his mother when she came on a visit. His obsession with the Indian way of life, even as a youth in England, was noted in the school history which showed a picture of him when he joined the school at age eleven. It reported, "A third eccentric joined the school in September [1899]. This was Archie Belaney. He did not conceal firearms in his pockets, but just as likely might produce from them a snake or a field-mouse. Born eleven years before, he was a delicate boy but full of devilment; and fascinated by woods and wild animals. . . . What with his camping out, his tracking of all and sundry, and wild 'hooting,' he was more like a Red Indian than a respectable grammar schoolboy."

Northward from St. Mary's Terrace lay St. Helen's Woods, a large tract of timber alive with small, palpitating, fearful life, revealing itself in the protruding eye of a momentarily frightened frog, the sight of a startled rabbit, of squirrels poised in shock, their thudding heartbeats almost audible as they watched, alarmed at this unaccustomed human presence.

Having read as much as was available about the great Western World where Indians lived in native style, young Belaney set forth to realize his ambition to emulate them by emigrating to Canada when he was seventeen.

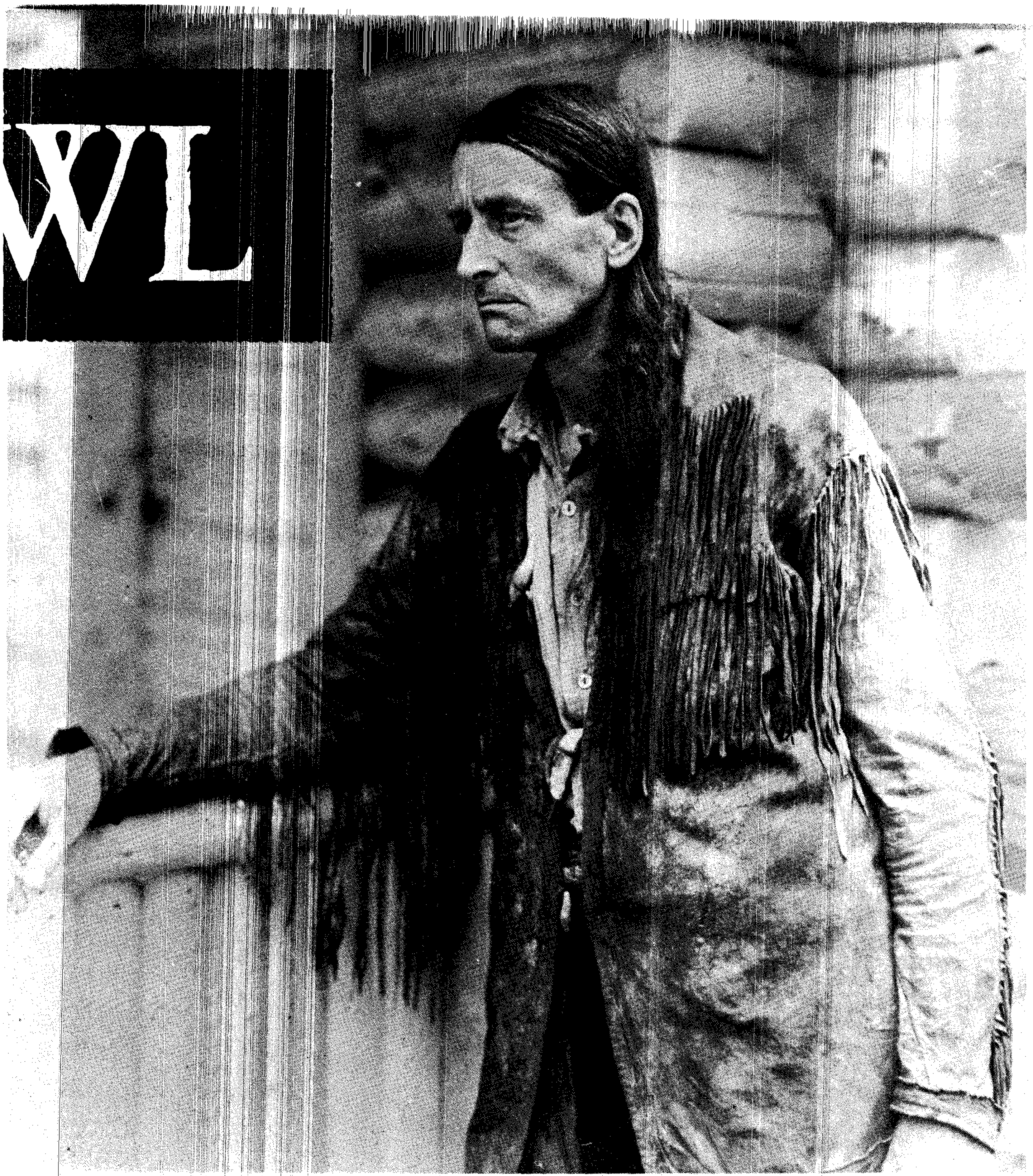
His first year was spent working in a drygoods shop in Toronto. He then left for Cobalt when an exciting rush for silver was discovered there. After traveling by train as far as his funds allowed, he commenced to walk.

Belaney never reacherd Cobalt for,



Grey Owl visiting with one of his beaver pets in Prince Albert National Park.

WL



Grey Owl at Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan, Canada.

All photos Courtesy Ontario Archives, Toronto

becoming ill along the way, apparently with pneumonia, he was literally packed to an Ojibway village by a Bill Guppy, with whom he stayed for a while.

ARCHIE BELANEY was taught the secrets of the bush and gradually forsook his English culture and adopted the Indian way of life. He discarded his cloth garments and arrayed himself in buckskin, letting his hair grow shoulder length and tying it with a thong. The wind and sun darkend and toughened his already swarthy skin so that in a year after leaving Toronto, only his accent and blue eyes revealed his ancestry.

When war was declared in 1914, Archie joined the Canadian army and went overseas. In 1917, having been wounded and gassed while acting as a sniper, he was sent back to Canada and declared medically unfit for further combat. A pension of $75 a month was awarded him.

Before going overseas he had married Angele, a full-blood Ojibway; but then, while recuperating in England, married again. Disgusted with the war and the refusal of his British actress wife to accompany him to Canada, Archie returned alone and, rejecting his fellow white men, spent four years with the Ojibway. He was adopted into the tribe as a blood brother under the name of Wa-She-Quon-Asin (He Who Walks By Night, Grey Owl).

Grey Owl's third, and last, marriage was to the Iroquois Anahareo, and they had a daughter, Shirley Dawn.

It was Anahareo who convinced Grey Owl it was wrong to slaughter wild animals and cause them needless suffer-

(Continued on page 38)

BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST!

Books you can read and refer to over and over again. Ideal for gifts!

SPECIAL SAVINGS

◆◆◆ OUTLAWS AND LAWMEN ◆◆◆

100—WYATT EARP—THE UNTOLD STORY, by Bartholomew. (328 pages, softbound) "Documented, and unvarnished, a treasure chest of forgotten and buried facts. $2.95

101—WYATT EARP—THE MAN AND THE MYTH, by Ed Bartholomew. (335 pages, softbound). Limited to 1,000 copies. Almost 900 sources, including books, old newspapers, court records and archives material. $2.95

115—HOW PAT GARRETT DIED, by Colin Rickards who has researched for over a decade. Here's the inside story of this controversial killing. Paperback. Published at $3.00. **HALF-PRICE SPECIAL $1.50**

104—WESTERN HARD-CASES, by Ed Bartholomew. (191 pages, hardback) This book deals with a hundred trouble-makers, some notorious, some hardly known. Regular price $3.50. $2.95

105—THE STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, by Walter Prescott Webb. This thrilling saga, long out-of-print and in continuous demand, is now available. It is the adventurous story of dedicated men who fought against the outlaw breed of three races—Anglo desperadoes, Mexican bandits, and Indian warriors. Reprint. $6.95

106—BILL LONGLEY—A TEXAS HARD-CASE, by Ed Bartholomew. (120 pages, paperback) One of Texas' most colorful outlaws, born to lose! $1.95

111—ROY BEAN, Law West of the Pecos by C. L. Sonnichsen. A witty, authenticated biography of one of the rough-and-ready immortals of the old West. Illustrated. (207 pages, hardback.) $2.95

114—A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS by Paul I. Wellman. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. 384 pages, hardback. Indexed—and all the outlaws are there! $3.75

430—LIFE OF PANCHO VILLA, Twenty Episodes. Sheila M. Ohlendorf's brilliant translation makes Elias L. Torres' fascinating book available in English for the first time. An insight into the complex, unforgettable, cruel and gentle personality that was Villa. **OUR SPECIAL PRICE $6.95**

431—A RANGER LEGACY by Dan E. Kilgore. A distinguished volume, a colorful new insight with material available thru no other source. An untold story of 1823 Rangers; early names, rank, ages, etc. Foreword by Col. Wilson E. Speir. A book to own or to give with pride. **Only $6.95**

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ TREASURE ◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

200—LOST MINES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST, by John D. Mitchell. (202 pages, hardback) This book has dug up some of the thousands of legends about the hidden treasures of the Indians and the Spaniards. Two fold-out maps and index. Regular price $7.50. $5.95

202—LOST MINES AND BURIED TREASURES ALONG THE OLD FRONTIERS, by John D. Mitchell. (260 pages, hardback) Another excellent compilation of myths and legends. Good reading, and a good guide to gold hunting. Fold-out map and index. Regular price $7.50. $5.95

GOLD RUSH ALBUM
TO CALIFORNIA IN 49
the Illustrations of Frederic Remington
GERALD S. PIERCE
TEXAS UNDER ARMS
THE CUSTER MYTH
GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS
COINS
COIN COLLECTING
DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
ROY BEAN
LAW WEST OF THE PECOS
C. L. SONNICHSEN
A Western Americana Classic

A best seller at $9.95
A REAL BARGAIN, $2.95

203—DIG FOR PIRATE TREASURE, by Robert I. Nesmith. (302 pages, hardback) Prints, drawings, maps and authentic information on buried and sunken treasure which still remains to be discovered—or recovered. Tells about the people who are finding treasure and how to hunt for treasure properly. Photos and index. $2.95

204—LOST BONANZAS: Tales of the Legendary Lost Mines of the American West, by Harry Sinclair Drago. (276 pages, hardback) True tales of high adventure, about genuine lost gold and silver mines. Includes the Lost Dutchman, Adams Diggings, the Gunsight, and the Breyfogle. Regular price $5.00. **Special! $2.95**

205—GOLD RUSH ALBUM, Editor in Chief, Joseph Henry Jackson. (244 pages, hardback) The complete story of the greatest treasure hunt in history—the 1849 California Gold Rush; 352 authentic first-hand pictures accompany the text and help recreate this vivid and unforgettable epic of the West. Index and maps. Regular price $10.00. $5.95

206—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TREASURES by Rascoe. Over 80 Treasure Tales! Considered by many to be the best True Clue Treasure book ever done on this rich old state. A best seller at $4.00. **OUR SPECIAL PRICE $1.75**

207—TREASURE HUNTING WITH A METAL DETECTOR, by Marvin & Helen Davis. Pictures (many in beautiful full color) and prices of hundreds of Treasures, Coins & Relics. Metal detector instructions by recognized authorities. Published at $6.75. **NOW ONLY $2.95**

432—EL LOBO AND SPANISH GOLD, by C. E. Ricketts. True adventures of Richard Thompson by an author as colorful as El Lobo himself. Hardbound. A beautiful volume for gifts. $8.50

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ INDIANS ◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

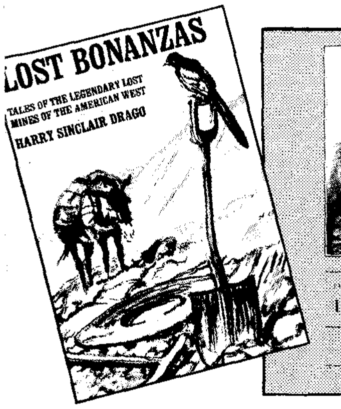
301—BREEDS AND HALF-BREEDS, by Gordon Speck. (361 pages, hardback) Accounts of the interpreter-guides (almost all with some Indian blood) and the part they played on the Northern and Western frontiers. Over 50 illustrations and 15 maps. Regular price $7.50. **Special! $3.95**

A RANGER LEGACY
A RANGER LEGACY
TEXAS FOLK MEDICINE
1,333 Cures, Remedies, Preventives & Health Practices
COWPOKES, NESTERS, & SO FORTH

304—THE CUSTER MYTH, by Col. W. A. Graham. Illustrated with over 100 photos, maps, drawings, as well as the Dustin Bibliography. It gives a colorful account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, the events leading up to it, including the aftermath, and the famous Benteen letters and Indian accounts. Regular price $10.00. **Special! $5.95**

305—INDIAN AND ESKIMO ARTIFACTS OF NORTH AMERICA, by C. Miles. Over 2,000 examples, including 7 color plates, all of the major kinds of North American native-made artifacts—tools, weapons, pottery, basketry, boats, regalia, etc. from as far back as pre-Columbian times. Size 8¾ x 11¼. Regular price $25.00. **Extra Special! $7.95**

306—THE LAST CAPTIVE—Herman Lehmann's story in his own words and commentary by author, A. C. Greene. Lehmann, abducted by Indians in Mason County, Texas when eleven years old, became an Apache warrior, an outcast, and later the adopted son of Quanah Parker. A classic of American frontier narratives. Here is your opportunity to have the complete, authentic Herman Lehmann life story in this distinguished volume with many pictures. Published at $8.95. **ONLY $7.50**


LOST BONANZAS
TALES OF THE LEGENDARY LOST MINES OF THE AMERICAN WEST
HARRY SINCLAIR DRAGO
PANCHO VILLA

308—**FIGHTING INDIAN WARRIORS, True Tales of the Wild Frontiers,** by **E. A.** Brininstool. Accurate accounts of Indian battles, more dramatic and exciting than any fiction. (353 pages, hardback.) Originally $5.95. **Our Price $2.95**

309—**INDIAN MASKS & MYTHS OF THE WEST,** by Joseph H. Wherry, award winning author and Indian authority. (273 pages, hardback.) Authoritative mythological index and many illustrations. A must for a real insight into Indian culture. Published at $10.00. **Our price, only $5.95**

310—**DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN** by John Stoutenburgh, Jr. *Here at last is a comprehensive book of Indian dialect, lore and history* that clarifies terms often used incorrectly. (Hardbound, 459 pages.) Originally $10.00. **NOW ONLY $2.95**

311—**I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO** by Jason Betzinez with W. S. Nye. Authentic, exciting text, pictures, maps. Index. **$2.95**

313—**GEORGE CATLIN AND THE OLD FRONTIER, A Biography and Picture Gallery of the Dean of Indian Painters** by Harold McCracken. 36 full-color, 130 black & white reproductions. Published at $18.50. We're proud to be able to offer this beautiful volume. **$6.95**

314—**OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY THE INDIANS IN THEIR WARS WITH WHITE PEOPLE,** by Archibald Loudon. Every buff's Indian shelf needs this reprint of the rare, 1808 classic. Eastern tribes. This is a chronicle of grisly atrocities, cruelty and torture on both sides of the struggle. Absorbing reading. Two volumes in one. Over 650 pages. Hardbound. **ONLY $6.00**

TREASURE HUNTING
the Metal Detector
THE STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS
BY WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB
TEXAS OUTLAW
BILL LONGLEY
A TEXAS HARD-CASE
GOLD RUSH ALBUM
LOST MINES & BURIED TREASURES
g the Old Frontier

THE AMERICAN WEST

402—**THE BEST OF TRUE WEST,** edited by Joe A. Small. (317 pages, hardback) In this sampler of the West, you will find a wide variety of stories about our heritage—a colorful, exciting panorama by such gifted writers as J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop and Walter Prescott Webb—selected to excite, *inform, and always, to entertain. Pen and Ink* sktches. **Only $6.95**

406—**TEXAS UNDER ARMS: 1836-1846,** by Gerald S. Pierce. (268 pages, hardback) The first complete study of all the important military establishments of the Republic of Texas. It gives the history, function, location and occupancy of more than 30 principal military towns, 53 public and private forts, and 130 military camps and posts. Maps. Regular price $10.00. **Only $8.50**

407—**TEXAS FOLK MEDICINE,** compiled and edited by John Q. Anderson. (91 pages, hardback) A collection of 1,333 folk cures, remedies, and preventatives of old-time "do-it-yourself" doctoring. Woodcuts. **Only $5.00**

408—**THE HOUSTON STORY,** by Ed Bartholomew. (240 pages, softbound) A chronicle of the City of Houston and the man, Sam Houston, from the battle of San Jacinto to the War Between the States, 1836-1865. (Second printing Sept. 1951.) **Only $2.50**

409—**COWPOKES, NESTERS, & SO FORTH,** by Judge Orland L. Sims. (297 pages, photos, hardback) Written in his eighties the Judge was as outspoken as ever and his wit just as biting. It will inform, amuse, entertain, offend, or maybe please you to the point of recommending the book to others. Regular price $8.50. **Only $7.25**

412—**REMEMBER GOLIAD!,** by Clarence Wharton. (149 pages, hardback) A facsimile of the rare, privately-published volume which sells among book collectors for $125.00 and upwards. The moving story of Goliad where 342 American boys and men died in one of the most dramatic battles ever fought. Pictures and a new index. Regular price $7.00. **$4.95**

415—**THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL,** by W. H. Ryus. (159 pages, hardback) A true account of incidents that happened along the old Santa Fe Trail in the 1860s. (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

416—**NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO IN 1881,** by C. M. Chase. (233 pages, hardback) Reprint of twenty-eight letters written by the editor of the *Vermont Union*, Lyndon, Vermont. The original is quite scarce. Chase gives his views on "wicked" towns in Kansas, mining areas, Indians, the morals of Raton, etc. Territorial history with plenty of adventure. **Only $2.95**

417—**STUBBORN FISHERMAN.** It is Western Americana on the Texas and Southern Gulf coasts—a must for those who want all sides of pioneer life. Instead of a horse "Florida Roberts" rode a fishing boat through dangerous waters, and often some very well known figures were at his side. Regular price $6.95. **$4.95**

418—**THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST** prepared under the direction of the noted historian, Jay Monaghan. (608 pages, hardbound.) A truly beautiful book for gift giving. Authentic text, profusely illustrated in black and white and color. A front cover drawing by *Frederic Remington.* Indexed. A must for everyone who enjoys reading about the way the West really was. Published at $22.50. ***Our Extra Special Price $9.95***

Order Today

419—**PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS,** or **"Gordon's Stockade Party in 1874"** by David Aken, one of the party. A thrilling narrative of Dakota adventure, hardships, laughable episodes, and startling experiences. Hardback. **Only $2.95**

420—**SADDLES AND SPURS, Saga of the Pony Express,** by Mary Lund Settle and Raymond W. Settle. Many unpublished photographs and a fascinating, accurate narrative. (217 pages, hardback.) **$2.95**

421—**BEFORE BARBED WIRE.** Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton collaborated on the text that accompanies 125 photographs by L. A. Huffman, *the frontier photographer who has been called the* Brady of the West. 254 pages, hardback, 8½"x11". Makes an outstanding gift. Was $10.00. **Only $5.95**

422—**THE FRONTIER YEARS,** with 125 photographs from the famous L. A. Huffman originals. *A truly beautiful book,* 8½"x11". 272 pages, hardback. Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton, authorities on the period, provide the text. **A REAL BARGAIN $5.95**

423—**THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF FREDERIC REMINGTON,** commentary by Owen Wister. Over 200 illustrations, a beautiful hardbound, 192 page edition. **AN EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. $4.95**

426—**ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI** by Bernard DeVoto. A beautiful book, a powerful and vast narrative of the winning of the West. Almost 100 illustrations—a third of them in color. (483 pages.) Indexed. Published at $12.50. **A REAL BARGAIN $5.95**

429—**THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER.** A fascinating account of a colorful career with the great and near-great and events *that shaped the destiny of the frontier.* 332 pages. This beautiful hard-bound volume will make a memorable gift. Rare Villa and Obregon pictures. Published at $12.50. **A REAL BARGAIN $7.90**

434—**U. S. WEST, THE SAGA OF WELLS FARGO,** by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, two of this country's most eminent authorities. Many excellent pictures. Indexed. 320 pages. A beautiful book, hardbound. Will make an exceptional gift. **$5.00**

435—**SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOG, 1902 EDITION.** 1,162 pages. Early day "Wish Book" will be treasured by young and old for its pictured merchandise—and those prices from the "good old days." **$4.75**

ANTIQUES AND COLLECTING

703—**HOW TO RESTORE AND DECORATE CHAIRS** by R. R. Blanchard. 111 photos, sketches, detailed patterns. Amateur's complete guide to restoration, finishing, supplies, stencil designs, etc. Hardbound. **SPECIAL $3.95**

706—**OLD DOLLS** by E. St. George. 77 photos, dolls and doll houses, collectibles. A delightful book by a recognized authority. **A REAL BARGAIN, $1.95**

707—**CANDLE MAKING AND DECORATIONS, A Step-by-Step Guide,** by Valerie Janitch. A beautiful book with color illustrations. Candle making for decorations, lasting art and beauty—and for fun! **Only $2.95**

433—**LARGE PRINT BIBLE—KING JAMES VERSION.** A beautiful, durable Bible with print so large it can easily be read by the youngest and the oldest. We will mail the Bible postpaid. Hardbound. **ONLY $8.25**

WESTERN BOOK COMPANY
P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

LIST BOOK NUMBERS AND PRICES BELOW

#________ $________
#________ $________
#________ $________
#________ $________
#________ $________
#________ $________

Enclosed is $________. List book numbers and prices below, or on a separate sheet of paper if you do not wish to damage this magazine. Please include 25¢ postage per book for U.S.A. orders—all others 50¢ per book. Book orders $30.00 or more shipped postpaid.

Name________________

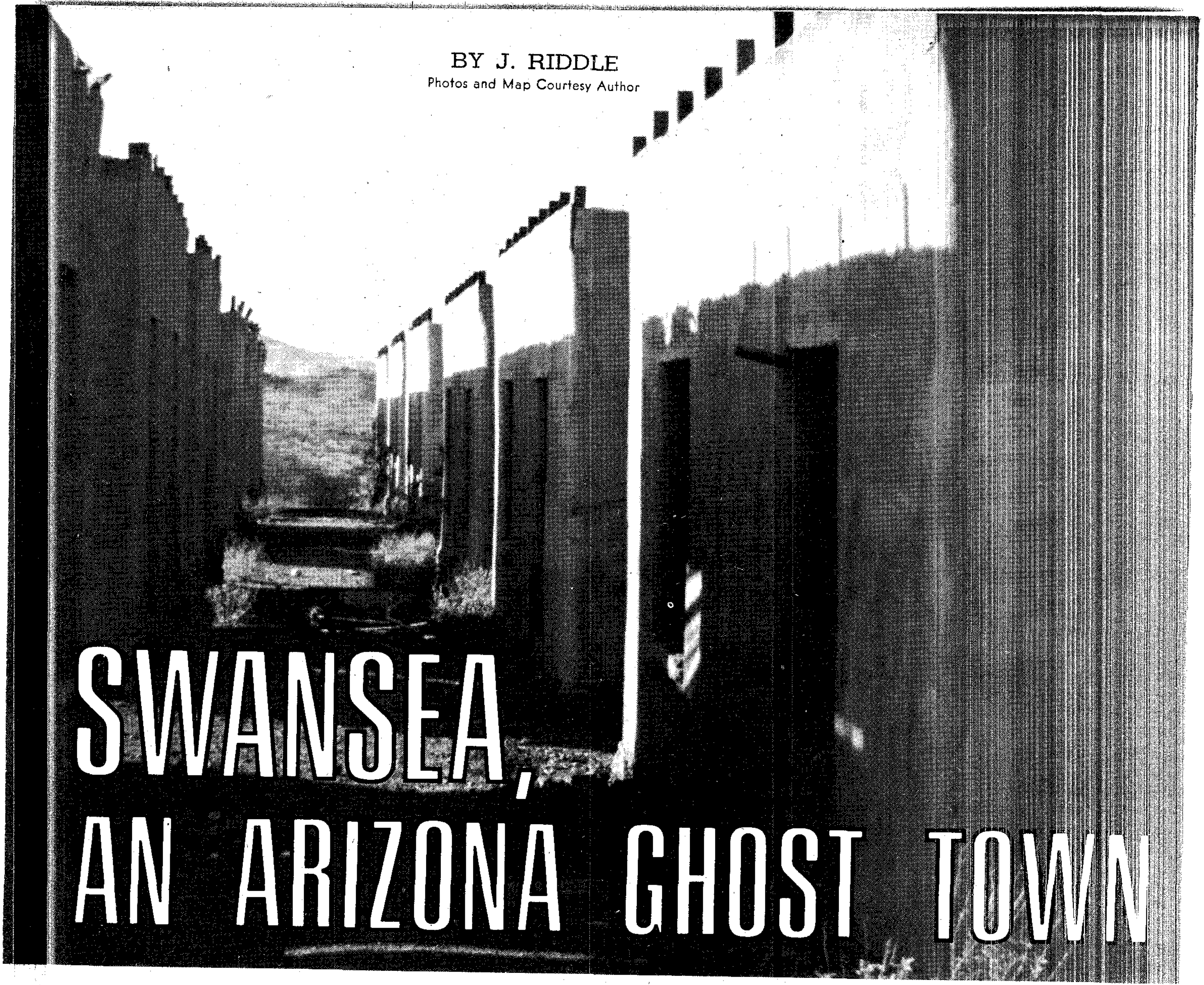
Address________________

State________________ Zip________

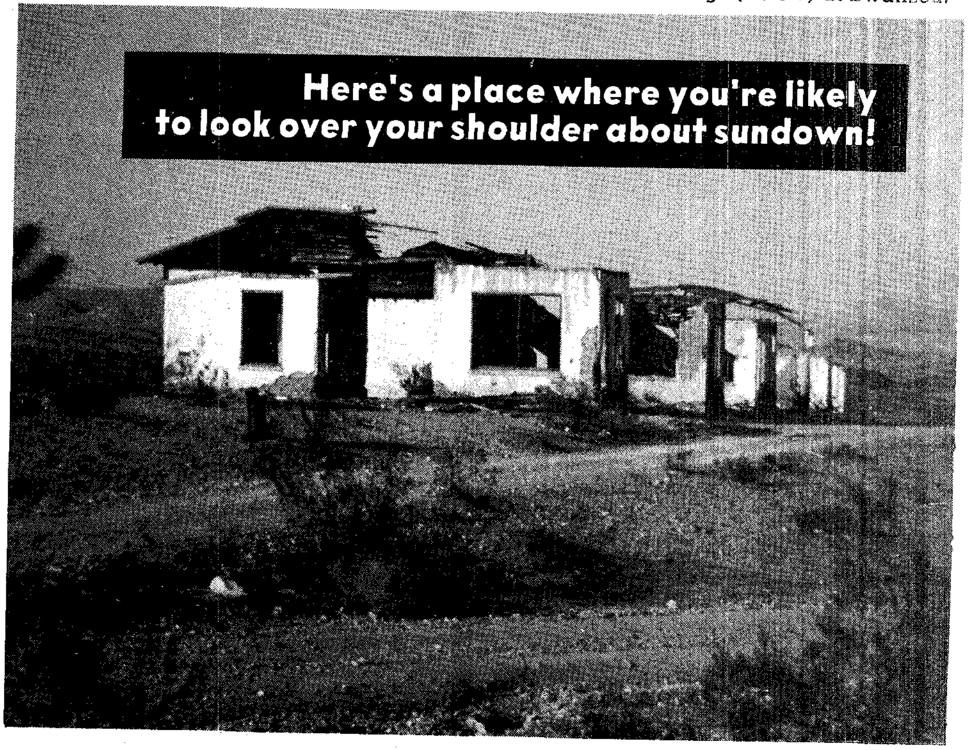
SWANSEA, AN ARIZONA GHOST TOWN

BY J. RIDDLE

Photos and Map Courtesy Author



Apartments (above) and other buildings (below) at Swansea.

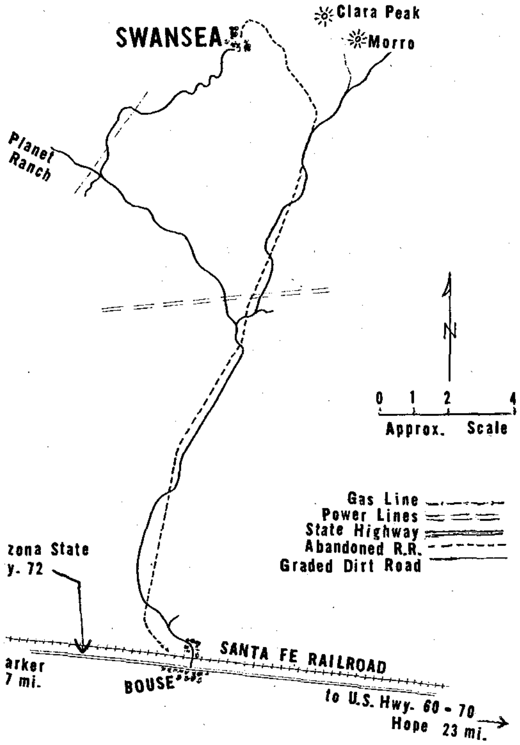


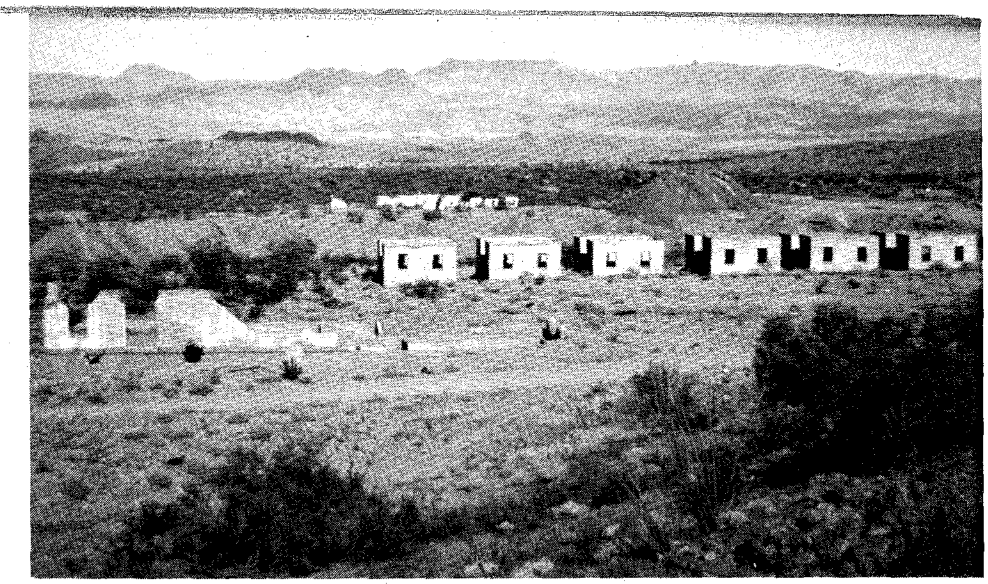
Here's a place where you're likely to look over your shoulder about sundown!

LEAF GOLD and purple glass are valuable and attractive additions to any desert vacationer's collection, and both can be found in west-central Arizona near the almost forgotten mining town of Swansea. Because of its remoteness, poorly marked road, and being hidden by hills, the crumbling adobe and brick buildings of the old camp are seldom visited.

We were first attracted to the old camp by friends who were expert glass collectors. They found a virtually unexplored dump which yielded dozens of old bottles, attesting to the thirst developed by the miners. Other dumps were noted but at the time of our visit, early in 1974, few had been dug into and the chances for glass collectors to add to their treasures are good here.

No record is available of the discovery date of the Swansea copper, manganese and gold ore body, but since it was close to the famous Planet Mine on the Bill Williams River, a reasonable date seems to be before 1870. Extensive development work was done by 1900 and by 1910 six shafts had been sunk, some as deep as 400 feet, and over 4,000 feet of drifts and crosscuts driven. The ore blocked out

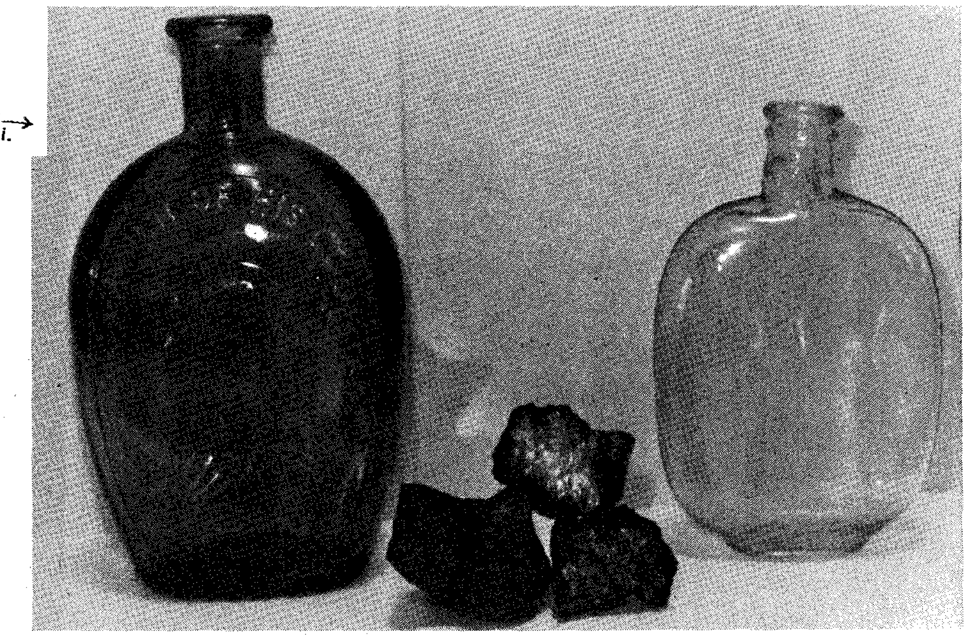

SWANSEA
Clara Peak
Morro
Planet Ranch
N
0 1 2 4
Approx. Scale
Gas Line
Power Lines
State Highway
Abandoned R.R.
Graded Dirt Road
zona State
y. 72
arker
7 mi.
SANTA FE RAILROAD
BOUSE
to U.S. Hwy. 60 - 70
Hope 23 mi.



Above: Swansea buildings and mine dumps. The Bill Williams River flows through the valley. Left: Map of the area. Below: Old bottles and specimens of leaf gold found near the Swansea.

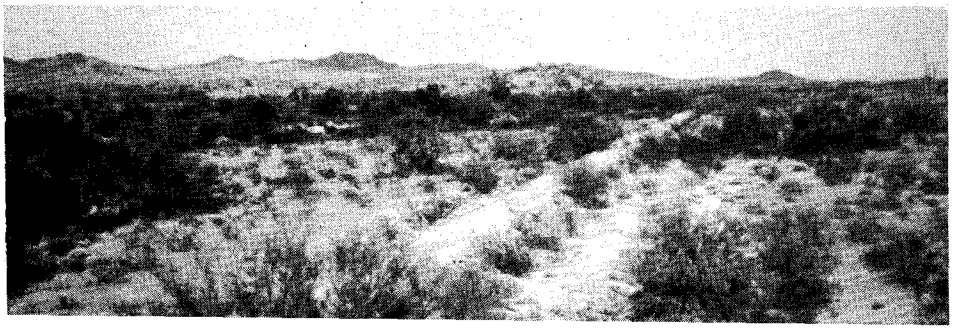
warranted the erection of a 700-ton smelter. A railroad, known as the Arizona and Swansea, connected the mine with the Santa Fe, Arizona and California Railroad at Bouse. Water was pumped nearly five miles from the Bill Williams River to Swansea, named after that well known Welsh metallurgical center.

For those interested in prospecting—the ore lies in a faulted block of amphibolite and limestone, capped by granite gneiss. The limestone has been irregularly replaced by specularite with chalcopyrite and pyrite. The ore ran 2 to 3% copper. Malachite, chryscolla and azurite were found near the surface. Manganese is plentiful and some nice specimens can be found on the dumps. Most of the gold occurred as fine particles. Leaf gold was found northwest of Swansea at the Moro and Clara Peak mines and is more plentiful in the shallow mines southwest of Bouse. Attractive specimens of leaf gold are offered for sale by a rock shop in Bouse.



The Moro and Clara mines are different as the ore occurs above the gneiss in a conglomerate and tuffaceous material.

Presently under option to the Duval Mining Company it is probable, with the high prices for gold and copper, that operation will start up again. The company warns of the dangerous caving ground around the old open shafts, and rockhounds should beware. Mine open-



Left: Abandoned railroad grade, looking north at mile 14.2. Below: Purple glass near an old railroad construction camp.

ings are scattered over twenty acres with several large dumps.

An interesting and little explored part of the early activity in this area are the railroad construction camps. We located several such sites. Since horses were used for the grading operations the camps were established every few miles to avoid losing time getting to work areas.

Two blacksmith shop sites were found, with scraps of hand-forged iron, horseshoes and drill steel scattered about. A watch was picked up near one camp, and the use of a metal detector around these camps and the buildings at Swansea should turn up coins and other artifacts. A few chalcedony desert roses were found near Clara Peak and one arrowhead. Though most of the railroad ties were taken when the line was abandoned, a few were left in inaccessible sections and have withstood the weather surprisingly well.

A sketch map from the U. S. Geological Survey Bulletin by Bancroft shows the old wagon road north of the railroad. It is probable that this road was used as early as 1880, and the Planet Mine may have been supplied by it. Only a short section of it was followed but many pieces of purple glass were found where the freighters discarded their empties. It would be interesting to trace it through to the mine.

To aid in exploring, a mileage record is given beginning at the railroad crossing at Bouse:

Mile 0.8 pavement ends
2.55 ranch road intersection, keep left
2.75 cross railroad grade
3.60 well and stock tank on right
6.50 cross railroad grade, campsite found west of there, behind sand dunes
7.60 campsite, hand-forged iron on left
12.25 deep open dug well, campsite on right
12.40 road forks, keep left
13.3 power lines
18.55 cross roads, take road to right or north. Sign—23 miles to Parker; 8.5 miles to Planet ranch
20.35 cross gas line
21.05 BCC mine road, keep right
21.6 cross gas lines
23.6 road narrows, grades are steep
25.5 Keyhole rock on right
26.2 Swansea site

To follow the old railroad grade:
12.40 take road to right or east
12.50 road forks, keep to left
12.9 power lines
13.9 scale pit
14.45 cross railroad grade
14.55 campsite east of railroad grade
16.05 cross railroad grade
17.0 road follows grade, campsite to east
18.0 road leaves railroad grade

It is doubtful if even a four-wheel drive vehicle can follow the old wagon road that parallels the railroad grade from here to Swansea.

19.0 sidetrack and loading ramp for ore from Clara Mine
19.5 railroad grade enters canyon, this section was not explored.

This part of Arizona has many little known mountains, and tales of lost mines in the area are numerous. One of the best known is that of the Peg Leg Mine said to be in the Bill Williams River area. Also authenticated is the account of a Yuma businessman who bought $8,000 in gold nuggets from a prospector who was mining north of Yuma. The source of this gold has never been found.

Then there is the story of a Spanish mission near the river north of Swansea. An old Spanish map shows the Bill Williams River, which they called the Santa Maria, and proves that the Spaniards explored it before 1750, and its course was used extensively by early traders. Freighters supplying Prescott and the nearby army post used the Bill Williams route for years. This led to the discovery of the famous Planet Mine, and no doubt the ore at Swansea was found soon afterward.

So the explorer today should keep in mind that white men were in this area probably as early as 1700, and some roads were well traveled by 1870. It is possible an observant visitor might find evidences of the Spanish, as well as relics of a later day.

Whether your interest lies in photography, minerals, artifacts or wildlife a trip to the ghost town of Swansea should be a rewarding one. Use the customary precautions regarding desert travel and have fun.

Grey Owl

(Continued from page 33)

ing. Under her influence he gave up hunting and guiding to devote the rest of his life to protecting, writing and lecturing about wildlife.

Grey Owl became noted as being the first man in history to have tamed an adult beaver and was eventually permitted to create a beaver sanctuary in Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan, where he made his home until his death at the age of fifty.

He had been living as an Indian and with Indians for twenty years before he became famous. The misunderstanding about his nationality came about when he was to give a lecture in Montreal in 1931. The event was billed "Full-blood Indian Gives Lecture On Wild Life." Grey Owl didn't object and just said, "Why spoil the story?"

In 1937 he was received by King George as an Indian. Clad in buckskin and moccasins, his hair in plaits to his shoulders, Grey Owl made an impressive and romantic figure on the lecture platform, his voice bringing alive the wilderness and its inhabitants—both animal and Indian—to his audience.

Anahareo was herself a fiery-eyed and fiery-tempered girl when she left her home in Mattawa, Ontario, after marrying Grey Owl in an Indian ceremony, to join him in the bush in wintertime—to live in a tent and eat frozen bannock, lard, and fried sow-belly with him. In her story *"Devil In Deerskin,"* she tells of their tempestuous relationship in the northern Quebec brush, Ontario, and northern Saskatchewan.

Archibald Stanfield Belaney served in the Canadian Army 1914-18.

At times she would leave him at a moment's notice to pursue her own liberated life. She drove dogs for a drilling outfit, prospected for silver, and was as close as twenty-eight days to making a strike when someone beat her to it. The claim was all staked when she arrived. She made a 600-mile journey in a 16-foot canoe by herself when she was just twenty-five years old, taking a route in northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba which included the Churchill River, a very treacherous strip of water that demands a lot of respect and a good canoeman.

The death of Grey Owl and the revelation that he wasn't an Indian caused some surprise, but the park superintendent stated, "I care not whether he was an Englishman, Irishman, Scotsman or Negro. . . . He will be remembered for his efforts to eliminate cruel practices in the capture of fur-bearing animals, and for his courageous stand in regard to blood sports."

Grey Owl's daughter, Shirley Dawn, encouraged her mother to write his story (published by New Press, Toronto, Canada) to set history right. She is most anxious that the public shall now think of her father, not as a controversial figure but as a man who was a pioneer in conservation, long before it became fashionable.

While some people may still consider Grey Owl a fraud, one thing is sure, Canada has profited, and undoubtedly the world, too, by the deeds of this Englishman who turned Indian.

FREE! FREE! FREE!
LIST OF BARGAIN PRICED BOOKS!
Relics, Indians, Horse, Adventure. Also, real bargains in true Western and Treasure magazines.
* WESTERN BOOK CO. *
Box 3338 — Austin, Tx. 78764

SPANISH FORT TREASURE

By B. F. DEARMORE

Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

THE Fort Worth (Texas), *Gazette* of November 3, 1884, relates that "two bushels" of Spanish coins and other treasures were found near Spanish Fort. Like so many other Texas treasure stories, however, it leaves its tale somewhat incomplete—because the discoverer of the treasure was called away before the *Gazette's* correspondent was able to complete his interview.

For the benefit of those who might be tempted to start digging around Spanish Fort, the truth of the article is somewhat doubtful. In my opinion, there is no properly authenticated account of the discovery of any Spanish treasure in Texas, despite the numerous legends to that effect, and the innumerable expeditions to recover such riches.

The *Gazette* article does have some historical background, however, in that Spanish Fort was one of the earliest and most northern outposts established in Texas by a European power. Remains of the old fort have long since disappeared and the fate of its garrison is shrouded in mystery. The *Gazette* treasure article apparently offers the theory that the original owners of the treasure took refuge in a huge cave near Red River, that they lived there for some time as shown by the bones of buffalo and other animals, and that finally they probably ventured out and were slain—leaving their riches to be found more than a century later by a party of panther hunters.

The *Gazette* article carries a Spanish Fort date line and the information that the article is by "special correspondent to the *Gazette.*" The headline declares: "A Large Cave Discovered in The Bluffs Along the Red River; Two Bushels of Spanish Coin And Other Valuables Found."

THE STORY, for what it may be worth, follows: "Your correspondent arrived in this unusually quiet village this evening from Gainesville to find considerable excitement on account of the discovery by some hunters of a large cave in the bluff on Red River, containing a vast treasure and many old Spanish relics. It has long been known that the Spaniards had a settlement here in this beautiful bend of the river at a very early date, perhaps shortly after the settlement made at Santa Fe. The sites of the old forts are yet to be seen in the valley and many old relics, such as crude hoes, picks, copper kettles, etc., have been found, and in one case a piece of an old brass cannon was ploughed from the soil.

"After supper at the Inman house I wended my way to the Cow-boy saloon, the proprietor, Mr. John Schrock, being one of the party that made the discovery of the cave. I found quite a large number of men present to hear the story told by Mr. Schrock.

"'On late Friday evening, Wm. Shackelford, Walton Crain, W. F. Cole, Sherman Joins and I went over Red River into the territory to hunt a couple of panthers which had been seen a few days previously on South Mud Creek. While returning on Sunday evening, our dogs jumped a cat in the thicket about two miles above here on the river; after a lively chase of half an hour the cat took refuge in a cave at the base of a cliff of rocks about fifty feet high which fronts the lower valley of the river. We had little hope of getting the cat as we had treed cat in this very place before. The cat had entered between a mass of large rocks which had evidently fallen from the face of the cliff. We decided that by a united effort we might remove a large stone so that the dogs might enter after the cat. We succeeded in removing the large stone, after which we found the hole passing through a mass of small stones. These we soon removed and found a large opening into the cliff which the dog entered and to our surprise, we heard them fighting the cat far back in the rock. Enlarging the hole a little I entered the cave but could proceed but a few feet on account of the pitch darkness of the interior. We knew by the faint sound of the fight that the old cat had about passed in his checks.

"'We hastily gathered some dry resin weed, from which we constructed a torch, which by replenishing would serve us several minutes. We had proceeded into the cave but a short distance when we found a solid rock wall in our front, but here the openings bore to our left into a passage, triangular in shape, about fifteen feet high, and ten feet wide. We followed this about twenty feet, when the passage bore off at right angles to our right a few feet, and then opened . . . [*omitted because of a tear in the fold of the paper*] . . . which I at first thought to be a stone, but while getting up from my recumbent position, and while mending my frail light, which came near being extinguished in my fall, I happened to glance at the object which caused my fall. I was attracted by an exclamation from Shackelford, who was rattling some kind of metal between his feet. This we found to be old, thin pieces of copper which we decided afterwards had been the bindings for an old pack-saddle. We then found that the object which had caused me to stumble was nothing more or less than an old brass howitzer about three and a half feet long.

"'We hastily secured the cat, which was near at hand, and retraced our steps, for our light was nearly out. On emerging we decided to come to town and get lanterns and explore the cave. We agreed to tell no one of our discovery and come back after dark, which would not be a great while as the sun was now very little above the horizon. We secured a lantern apiece and arrived at the cave about 9 p.m.

"'We soon got to the old cannon, which we found to be about one-third buried in the ground; we found that the old howitzer was at the entrance of the cave proper, which here expanded into magnificent dimensions. The whole cave appears to have been formed by the displacement of sand formation between two strata of hard sand rock, which formed a smooth floor and ceiling to the cave about fifteen feet apart, and the extent of the cave we found to be about forty feet wide and about one-hundred-thirty feet long. On entering the cave we kept to the right hand side of the cave. As we proceeded the ceiling gradually approached the floor at this point, and here we found a considerable number of bones which we believed to be those of buffalo and deer. We also found several pieces of charred wood and two old copper kettles. This had probably been the kitchen, the smoke escaping through a rift in the rock here, which probably passed out to the face of the cliff.

"'From this point we passed to the rear part of the cave where we made our find, which consisted of a considerable number of old pack saddles, and agricultural implements and a few old wicker baskets which were badly decayed. But the thing which attracted our attention at once was the sight of six large boxes all of the same size and shape. They were about five and one-half feet long, two feet wide and eighteen inches deep, the lids being held fastened by crude copper hasps. We found little trouble in prying up the lids.'

"'What did you find?' interrupted several present.

"'Well, we found them filled with all kinds of tricks. We found quite a lot of old arms such as swords and blunderbusses, a few old swords, and stilettos, some old quilted coats of mail and a complete wardrobe for an old convent. But the contents of the third box which we opened was the one which excited us. This one had a partition which cut off about two feet from one end and in this we found two bushels of Spanish money and bullion. The gold consisted of old Spanish doubloons, and was contained in five leather sacks. The silver coin was principally in Spanish rix-dollars. There was also three silver bricks and two golden crucifixes of considerable value.'

"Mr. Schrock was called off by someone at this point of his narration and I did not get to speak with him again, but I learned that the value of the treasure is estimated at $25,000 and that the young gentlemen, who are well known here, expect to place most of the objects found on exhibition at New Orleans. The theory concerning the cave is that the Spanish settlers took refuge there in this cave for a time from the Indians, and afterwards left the cave and were murdered by the Indians. This theory seems plausible, because the mouth of the cave was evidently closed from the outside."

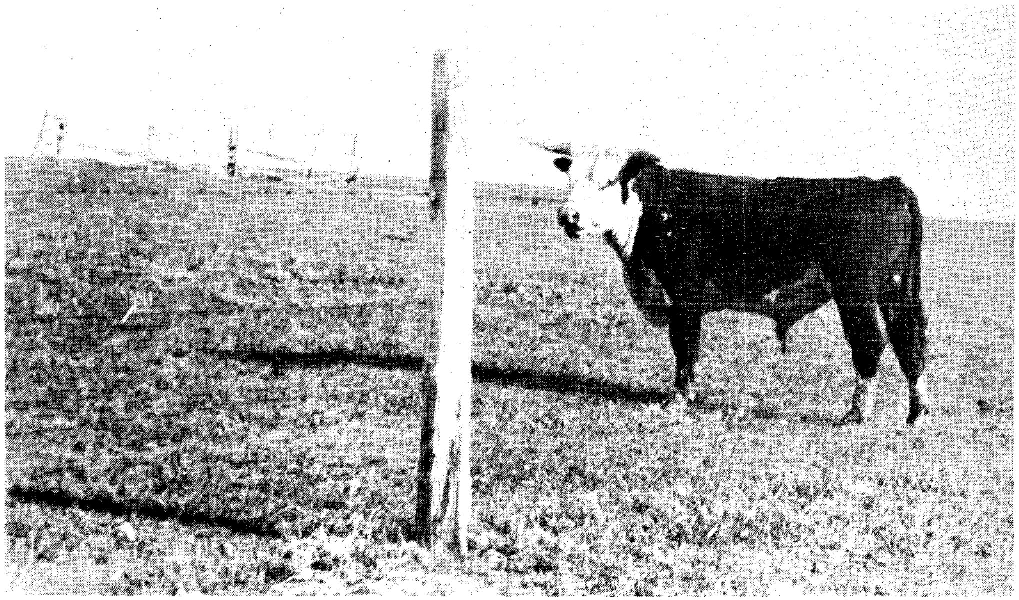
Foreclosure Country

(Continued from page 14)

Walt and Aunt Mary who were with him the last years could no longer stay with him because of their health. This was what brought him to the bitter decision—he was too old to herd or do the many jobs that had to be done around the ranch. There were tears in his eyes when he told us to arrange for a buyer.

"Soon then came the day when Papa counted his sheep through the chute for the last time. The total realized was a pitiful return for all the hard years, but he put what he got into bonds and came up to the Black Hills to live with us in Lead."

I VISITED him many times at Aunt Eleanor and Uncle George's place, after he was forced off the ranch. His memory was very clear even into his nineties. He took a great delight in recalling embarrassing things that had happened to me—especially if there was someone around to watch me being roasted.



The bull that froze in the barn during the severe 1918-19 winter.

"Robert, remember the time you went to the Buttes for a load of coal?" His sharp blue eyes would be laughing at me over his pipe, prodding until I countered with a rueful: "You mean the time I had to risk my neck for a ton of lignite and pay for it besides?"

Sure, I remembered—I remembered my new wife made up a nice lunch. Then she, her young visiting brother (Carl "Tonto" Johnson), and I drove away toward the Slim Buttes for a day of—as we thought—picnicking and fun.

I envisioned driving under a tipple and having my wagon filled. Actually the mine turned out to be a one-man operation. The owner stayed in the mine and picked the coal loose from a five-foot vein, dodging rocks that fell out of the poorly shored back of the mine as he worked. The buyer (me) had to load the coal into a wheelbarrow, push it out of the mine, and shovel it into the wagon. The owner had a carbide light; the buyer did not. The tunnel was very small and supported by the flimsiest of timbers. I poured sweat that day, and not just from the work.

Then there was that hot afternoon Grandpa said was right for filling the shed with buck and nanny coal. Maybe so, but I was killing all the time I could greasing the wagon and trying not to let on that I didn't know what buck and nanny coal was when he came by and let me off the hook.

"Robert, you'd best take the corral panels loose from the south end of the sheep shed so you can work into the corral from the edge!"

It was good advice. The tramped, sun-dried buck and nanny coal came off in nice layers when it was mined right.

Grandma and Grandpa talked Bohemian a lot and I knew they had some fun at my expense because I couldn't understand a word of it. Maybe they thought they were saving my feelings by discussing my dumbness in Bohemian but I always knew when they were discussing me. Their eyes filled with gentle humor and their looks were guarded. Grandpa kidded me openly after I was older, but I wish now that they'd let me into their lives more deeply at a time when it was rich with their shared memories of the Old Country, of faraway Prague and Vienna where Grandpa had apprenticed in the tailor trade.

They followed a Bohemian paper that came once a month. Their yearning to see how a serialized story was progressing usually sent someone horsebacking towards Murchison every three or four weeks with a seamless grain sack to bring home the loot, which besides Grandpa's Bohemian papers, also included some English language papers with black headlines about the Hindenburg Line, the Argonne, Belleau Woods. Also there might be a new Sears-Roebuck catalogue. Murchison was the end of the line post office for the RFD Star Route that came down from Buffalo to the north. It was a twenty-mile round-trip, which made going for the mail an all-day ride, especially in the winter when one's horse had to buck a lot of snow.

GRANDPA was proud of his well and of the fact that his womenfolk didn't have to go outdoors to get water. An addition to the kitchen portion of the house was built around it. Water was pumped directly into an inside supply tank. The only trouble was, the water level in the well often dropped too low.

Grandpa wanted to deepen the well but first the pipes had to be pulled, and they had been wedged in by a partial collapse of the sides. After every kind of block and tackle had been used without success, Uncle George proposed blowing the pipes loose with dynamite and when Grandpa consented, a stick of fused dynamite was lowered into the well through the pipe. This might have worked if the charge had gotten below the end of the pipe, but the blast went off at some point short of the intended mark, splitting the pipe and riveting it in the ground forever. And worse than this, the blast sealed the precious water veins and Grandpa had to haul water with a barrel and stoneboat from the shallow ravine well located a quarter-mile away, all the remaining years the ranch was in existence.

It was soon after this that I overheard Grandpa remark philosophically to Grandma how lucky it was that his prettiest daughter, Annie (my mother) hadn't homesteaded because if she had he would have been hemmed in on all four sides and unable to graze his sheep to the vital Moreau River water.

I remember the buttoned-down double-breasted sheep shed that Grandpa saved up for so long to build and then overbuilt, using first-grade lumber and lap-siding, until it was almost as tight as a house. Crowded together inside, the woollies got too warm and, when turned out to forage in the snow and bitterly cold weather, they got the heaves and sniffles. Many died from pneumonia. Grandpa learned the hard way that the sheep were better off in a corral, out of the wind. Later he used the shed for spring lambing.

And there were the stories—usually told after a good meal when the men lit up their pipes and cigarettes. The calamity stories were always dressed up in a wry, humorous way. It wouldn't have been Harding County for Uncle George to simply state that the thermometer read forty-five below during the last blizzard. He had to say, "It got so damned cold that young bull I paid such a fancy price for froze standing up in the barn. Martin and I snaked him out into the light and Ed took a picture of him with his new Christmas camera!" (Ed was George's boy and Martin Blomberg was a brother-in-law from the Slim Buttes.)

So, some pictures and the remembering—Grandpa's, Aunt Eleanor Murray's and mine—are about all there is left, that and the land that was lost. Aunt Eleanor says good riddance. But Grandpa—Grandpa loved his badlands. I think he's still there. I think I can hear him whistling for his sheep dog—or maybe it's just the wind. There's forever a wind in Harding County, South Dakota.

A Search for Stolen Bullion

(Continued from page 15)

xty-four years after the ore was buried d lost.

FIRST contacted Sage Books (Publisher) and secured the address of John arshall. My first question to him was, s it a true story?"

"It happened exactly as we printed it the book," he said.

Then I requested the name and address the "kid"—or his relatives if the kid ere no longer living.

The kid was still very much alive, just eventy in 1962. I corresponded with him nd he agreed to mark a map for me as to e spot where the miners left him on e trail while they took his mules and ent off a-ways to bury the ore.

Wouldn't you get just a little bit exted if you had a map marked by somee who was on the scene when $40,000 as buried, and the map "spotted" you ithin one-fourth to one-half mile of the che? Yes.

Now you are going to wonder why, if had such a map, I waited until 1974 to look for the treasure. Well, I live Colorado and I have been high in the ockies and I know first-hand just hat a man is up against.

I would give you readers the name and ldress of the "kid" but he died in ugust 1964. I know that his wife, if she still living, can't give any more information than is in the book. When I sent a cond map to him, his wife returned it me with the following notation: "Evintly you have not learned that [my sband] died early in August. I'm rerning your map. I'm sorry I cannot lp you."

With a map marked with an X on Indian idge what more did I need? Well, I eded to know where the Burnt Timber lats were. I needed to know where the ail was on Indian Ridge. I needed to ow where the Monteloros Switch on the io Grande Southern was. I needed to ow where the trail from that switch me out on Indian Ridge. I even needed know where Indian Ridge was. Oh yes, had the map with an X but I also knew I went on top of Indian Ridge by mylf I would not recognize the trail travel by the kid, the miner, and the mules cause of so many game trails crossg and criss-crossing the area. I also ew I wasn't going on Indian Ridge by yself, not even for $40,000. So more search was in order.

TOOK my family for a ride on the narrow-gauge between Durango and lverton, Colorado. I asked the engineer out Monteloros Switch. He told me I s so far off that I was even on the ong railroad. He told me I was riding e Rio Grande Western and the railroad wanted was the old discontinued Rio ande Southern. He also told me Johnny umb, a retired engineer of that line, s living in Durango at that time.

I found Mr. Crumb and he explained actly where the Monteloros Switch is relation to the present highway been Dolores and Rico. "Take the Dolo River Highway 145 to Ridgeway. The ghway bridge at the dividing line of Dolores and Montezuma Counties is the location of the old Monteloros Switch."

I began to think I was about ready to go dig up that $40,000. Only one more item was needed—a guide to keep me from getting lost. I knew exactly where that item was—my good friend Roscoe Rose, and old elk hunting guide at Lewis, Colorado. I called Roscoe and asked him if he could put me on top of Indian Ridge. He could, and he would, so we set the date.

My wife and I left Springfield, Colorado on August 29, 1974 and headed west. Our first stop was around Pagosa Springs where I made my fourth search for the lost or buried French gold of Treasure Mountain fame. Then on to Mesa Verde we went for our third excursion in that park, all the while sleeping and eating as close as you can get to old Mother Nature in a small motor home.

On Monday morning (Labor Day) we pulled into the yard of our guide while the roosters were still crowing. It was about thirty-five miles on to Indian Ridge and Roscoe could spend only one day with us. He assured me that would be long enough for him to show me exactly where I wanted to go.

Boy-o-boy, if he could do that I would have it made. The spot I wanted to go was where that $40,000 was buried! Roscoe grinned and said, "Well, I can put you where the X is marked on your map, but that might be a half-mile from the gold." He added, "I believe you know how many rocks and trees are in a half-mile in these mountains."

Roscoe needed an hour or two before take off, so I told him I would go on and check if a rancher might be running stock in the vicinity we wanted to search. I always do this in any area I go into. Saves the rancher's time lost from his work when he has to check on strange vehicles on his range. (It might also keep me from being run off the property!)

I found the rancher, Russel A. Hindmarsh, who told me he had been running sheep there but had moved them out the day before. We hunkered down at the foot of the Monteloros Switch trail and had a good visit, but he had some fence to build and I needed to meet Roscoe and his wife at the Roaring Fork Creek turn-off. Sometime I hope to get back to take up where we left off.

We didn't have long to wait at the Roaring Fork Creek turn-off until Roscoe and his wife arrived. After leaving the highway we had only eleven miles to go to put us at the north side of Orphan Butte on Indian Ridge. I was in low gear seven of those eleven miles. The last four and a half miles were solid rocks, put on the road by some logging crew.

Roscoe stopped his vehicle at one point and, coming back to mine, pointed and said, "There is Orphan Butte. Look at it good for it is the landmark that may save your life if you should get lost up here tomorrow, or however long you stay."

WE WENT on to the end of the logging road and left our wives and vehicles there. Roscoe and I then headed out for a long walk. He showed me the

the budget-priced way to find your own coins, gold, silver, copper, rings, guns and buried treasures!

the coin hustlers

the new light-weight T-R metal detector that does so much for so very little!

COIN HUSTLER I $59.95
Approx. 30 hr. battery life

COIN HUSTLER II $79.95
Approx. 75 hr. battery life
Includes battery check light

COIN
HUSTLER II

LIGHT! LESS THAN TWO POUNDS!

WIDE-SCAN WATER-PROOFED LOOP

BUILT-IN SPEAKER

USES DRUGSTORE BATTERIES

AMAZING DETECTION ABILITY!

DEALERS: CALL 503: 357-7117

PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG AND THE NAME OF MY NEAREST DEALER

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE__________ZIP__________

COMPASS ELECTRONICS CORP.
Box 366 • FOREST GROVE, OR. 97116 DEPT 625

Indian sweat bath (arrow) with fire rocks in the foreground found by the author during his first search.

trail from Monteloros Switch, the Ryman Gulch trail, the Pasture Gulch trail, the Salt Creek trail, and where each of these crossed on intersected the Indian Ridge Trail. We found the ruins of an Indian sweat house. We found some old signs still on trees along the Indian Ridge trail which were put there by the Forest Service several years ago to guide the stockmen along the Center Stock Driveway.

We also found downed trees all over the area and in such positions as to make scoping the ground with a metal detector all but impossible. If I could have been with the "kid" when all those trees were still standing, and with the metal locators of today, working a grid pattern out one half-mile from my spot marked X would have been sheer enjoyment.

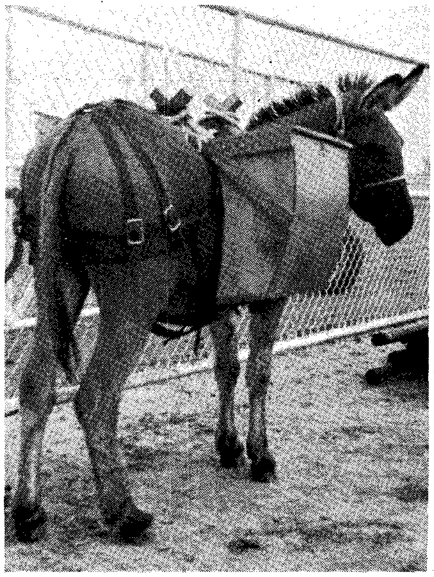
About an hour of daylight was left when Roscoe said, "It's time to go if we're going to find our way before dark."

I tried to lead the way back out to Indian Ridge trail, knowing that I might have trouble finding the spot for more checking the next morning all by myself. I blazed a trail from the spot where we were all the way to the trail. I didn't use the usual tree blazes, but a combination of things—including the carcass of a dead sheep. Like I have said many times, marks and signs on rocks and trees are meaningful only to the person who made them. My marks needed to last only overnight, and all I ever leave in an area where I hunt is just my tracks.

We made it back to our vehicles where our wives had the coffee hot. At that time of day and at that altitude and at that time of the year in cool Colorado, coffee is not too hard to live with. Then Roscoe and his wife started back down that four and a half miles of solid rock road, plus six and a half miles of dirt road before they would be back in civilization again.

I told Roscoe that if we didn't get out and call him by a certain day for him to get some bloodhounds and come and get us, as he was the only person in the world who knew just where we were.

My wife cooked supper while I pondered over my map with that spot marked X and the area we would be checking the next day. After supper my foam rubber mattress made me think how things have changed in the sixty-four years since the kid and the miner slept not far from the very spot we were sleeping.



The author hopes maybe during the next search for the lost gold he can use this "critter" to haul the ore out to his car.

I drifted off to Dreamland high on top of Indian Ridge, listening to the night sounds of old Mother Nature and wishing that something like a forest fire had cleared away my search area. It was a prophetic wish, for *so far* all those uprooted, overturned, rotting and tangled trees have kept my metal locators from presenting me with that $40,000 of buried gold ore—which I *know* is there!

Letter Rip

(Continued from page 4)

once a lake, but its design and the attempt to salvage it.

This craft looks like a fugitive from a flooring factory, the tongue and groove flooring being used for both the flat bottom and the gunnels. It would seem that keeping it watertight would have kept half the crew busy. The scow has all the grace and style of Grandma's charcoal-burning sad-iron. About twenty feet long, it is mostly bow. A sharp prow gradually retreats to the stern, which is about ten feet wide. If most of the parts weren't hanging together, it would appear that someone had cut a larger vessel in half. The stern section is still there with the tiller, made from a flat board and a plumber's concoction of miscellaneous fittings.

The bottom is reinforced to the gunnels with a strip of galvanized sheet metal at the corner, running full length of the sides and across the stern. The ribs, which seem a little for apart for real strength do have small angle irons at the intersections from horizontal to vertical.

So here we have a very strange craft How was it propelled? Was it built wide so that it could be poled in the shallow waters by two men while one man steered with the tiller? There was no indication that it ever carried a sail or had a keel. It was wide enough to carry a sail, but it probably would have gone sideways as well as forward. There couldn't have been an engine, it would have fallen through the bottom and the tiller would have been in the way of the screw. Had oars been used, it would have been a two-man job or the oars would have to come from a Grecian slave galley.

So here was a boat or scow, at least twenty-five miles from the nearest people in Nixon—unless perhaps it dated from the days of Gibson on the Pyramid slough. This would still be seventeen miles away. Whoever it was spent a lot of time building it and certainly they weren't of shipbuilding stock. They must have launched their craft and bailed constantly until the lake went dry. It may be that the reason the lake is dry is that it all leaked into the boat.

Now the mystery grows. Someone, possibly the owners, tried to salvage it. They brought six by six timbers, railroad ties, a set of wooden spoked wheels and a set of steel disc wheels, which we can assume placed the salvage operation in the early twenties. One of the steel disc wheels has rusted clean half-off, so it has been quite a while. Considering that it is a soft mud flat, surrounded by a very sandy beach, the logistics of getting this down from the old road a half-mile away could have been a problem.

What, oh what, were they going to do with this craft? If they put it on the Truckee River, its broad beam would have dammed the flow except in flood time. If it were set afloat on Pyramid Lake for fishing duty, the first stiff breeze would have broken its massive creaking hulk. Surely it would not pay to haul it to the then new Lahontan Reservoir or even farther to the Carson Sinks for a little duck hunting.

Nope, as with many other fast-fading mysteries of the desert, somebody sure went to a lot of work for no perceptible reason!—Mason Coverston, 1258 High Street, Auburn, California 95603

Wants Fiddling Facts and Fables

Each year millions of dollars are spent to finance research of questionable value Yet, for the past sixteen years, hundreds of attempts to obtain financial support for the only major research project to preserve one of the lost arts of our American heritage have failed. For some reason unknown, fiddling—our traditional folk art—does not attract the attention of the government or private foundations or persons able to help obtain such assistance.

Thirty-seven years ago folks had to hunt to locate an old-time fiddler, and the situation has not improved greatly The fiddlers are passing on to "Fiddler's Green" faster than the young are learning the demanding art and skill.

Your help is needed to add to the cor

WANDERLUST #6

ANACONDA ADVENTURE

WANDERLUST is the only magazine being published which is devoted **strictly** to true swashbuckling travel adventure all over the globe!

Related by actual participants—illustrated by on-the-scene photographs when possible, or artists' sketches when not—WANDERLUST offers escape reading to balance your daily fare of reality. Men and women still roam this earth who are attracted by the strange and the dangerous, and we bring you their stories. There's even a laugh or two—at no extra cost!

In this issue your passport is waiting for: ANACONDA ADVENTURE (Amazon) . . . HE STALKS THE MAN-EATING TIGERS OF BANGLADESH . . . CRETE'S CAVE DWELLERS FIND TRUE MEANING OF LIFE . . . CATMAN OF MAZATLAN (Mexico) . . . WITH PENICILLIN AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS (Panama) . . . OUR SHIPWRECK ISLAND MADE A MAN OUT OF ME (Baja Archipelago) . . . and a few last-minute side trips!

CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RATES! 6 issues—$3.00. **EXTRA SPECIAL!** 12 issues—$5.00.

The Curse of the San Andres

BY HENRY JAMES

By popular request we'll be running this long out of print, hard to find book about a treasure that has been in the headlines for the last two years. As reported in the Gallup, New Mexico *Independent*, August 8, 1974, "There's probably gold in the hills of White Sands missile range . . . Currently publicized guesses on the value of the treasure, if it exists, run as high as $225 billion. 'They've got the decimal point out of place,' says Henry James [the author]. But he did not say how many places the decimal may be off. James, a mining engineer, did a geological investigation of the Victoria Peak area in 1949 and returned in 1950. 'I went 85 feet down into the fault, as far as I could go,' he said. 'Where there's smoke, there's usually at least some heat. There's bound to be *something* there'."

* * *

Other articles will cover a wide area of treasure activities both in the Continental U.S. and abroad. Don't miss it!

(See GOLD! back issues on page 52)

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 3338 — Austin, Texas 78764

Subscribe Now

Enclosed is $____________ for my subscription to **WANDERLUST** for (check one):
☐ 6 issues for $3.00 ☐ 12 issues for $5.00

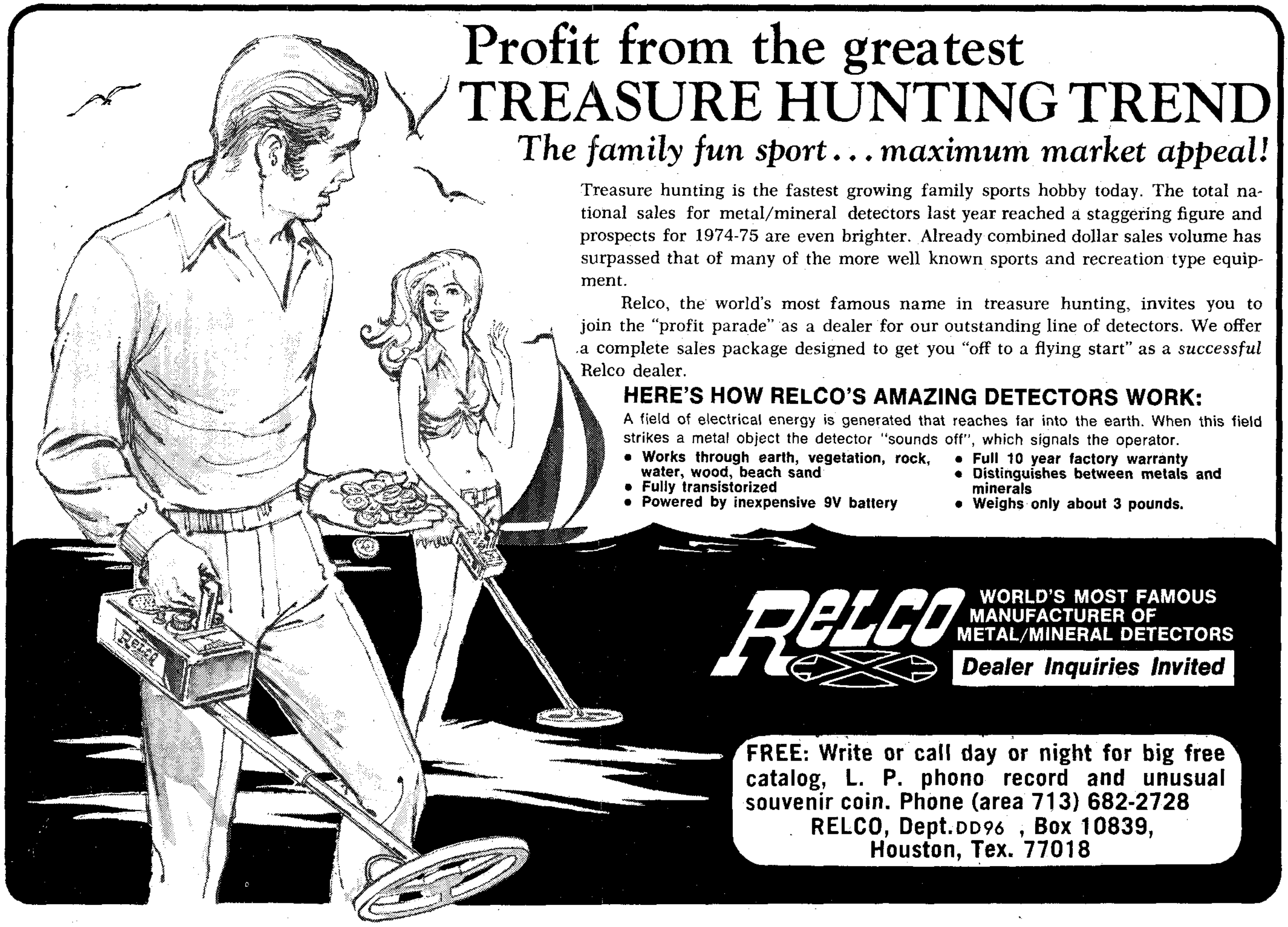
✳Start my **WANDERLUST** subscription with issue no. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (circle one).

Enclosed is $____________ for my subscription to **GOLD!** for (check one):
☐ 6 issues for $4.00 ☐ 12 issues for $7.50

NAME ________________________

ADDRESS ________________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ________



Profit from the greatest

TREASURE HUNTING TREND

The family fun sport... maximum market appeal!

Treasure hunting is the fastest growing family sports hobby today. The total national sales for metal/mineral detectors last year reached a staggering figure and prospects for 1974-75 are even brighter. Already combined dollar sales volume has surpassed that of many of the more well known sports and recreation type equipment.

Relco, the world's most famous name in treasure hunting, invites you to join the "profit parade" as a dealer for our outstanding line of detectors. We offer a complete sales package designed to get you "off to a flying start" as a *successful* Relco dealer.

HERE'S HOW RELCO'S AMAZING DETECTORS WORK:

A field of electrical energy is generated that reaches far into the earth. When this field strikes a metal object the detector "sounds off", which signals the operator.

- **Works through earth, vegetation, rock, water, wood, beach sand**
- **Fully transistorized**
- **Powered by inexpensive 9V battery**
- **Full 10 year factory warranty**
- **Distinguishes between metals and minerals**
- **Weighs only about 3 pounds.**

RELCO

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MANUFACTURER OF METAL/MINERAL DETECTORS

Dealer Inquiries Invited

FREE: Write or call day or night for big free catalog, L. P. phono record and unusual souvenir coin. Phone (area 713) 682-2728
RELCO, Dept.DD96 , Box 10839,
Houston, Tex. 77018

of verified fiddling facts and get them out to the public in reference-text form. Statements are being printed similar to this, and found in college students' papers and public newspapers: "Any old man sawing on a violin is an old time fiddler!" This was published by an inaccurate, ignorant small town newspaper editor. It is the sort of error that multiplies and spreads.

This is the *truth*: being a fiddler requires special talents which not every person possesses. A fiddler does not "saw" on a violin. Sawing with the bow proves the lack of fiddling skill. There are several stages of advancement between the first note one draws on a fiddle and becoming a real, honest-to-goodness fiddler. The first stage is "scratcher," second stage "sawers," third "squeakers," fourth "fiddler," and fifth is "master fiddler."

When one really gets involved in the study of fiddling, the subject is a very complicated one. After all, mastering the fiddle is a most difficult task and not for the easily discouraged. Contrary to some folk tales, the fiddle is not mastered by selling one's soul to the Devil. Such stories could easily have been started by those who were unable to master fiddling.

In the early settlement days in North America there were frequent community get-togethers, dancing parties, barn raisings, husking bees and the popular Kitchen Sweat. Many times the fiddler was perched in the kitchen sink while fiddling. If not careful, some joker would fill the fiddler's pockets with water.

As fiddlers settled in various communities, regional styles developed and have been handed down from one generation to another. People made do with the amount of skill possessed by their local fiddlers—but if he could not fiddle a dance rhythm, changes were rapidly made.

The "Complete Book of Fiddling" is nearing completion. We hope to get it on bookstore shelves by early 1976 as a Bicentennial offering. However, there is a great deal of need yet for fiddling experiences, fiddlers, and fiddle makers and repairmen, biographical information, folklore about fiddling and fiddlers, tales about fiddling tunes—in short, anything about fiddling and our fiddling heritage since 3,000 B.C. anywhere in the world. Anyone with knowledge of fiddling overseas is especially invited to share this folk-fiddling knowledge.

Since, traditionally, the fiddler is considered one of the common people and performing for the enjoyment of the common people, it seems this research project to prepare a reference book about fiddling to honor the fiddlers who have contributed to our heritage must be done by common people. Anyone wishing to contribute information is urged to mail it to me.—De Lores De Ryke, 6141 Morrill Avenue, Lincoln, Nebraska 68507

Billy, the Kid Leroy

I read recently that William Bonney, alias Billy, the Kid, sometimes used the name Billy Leroy. This brought to mind a story my mother told me many years ago.

Mother was born about five miles up the Madison Valley from Gallatin City at the three forks of the Missouri, May 20, 1869. She was the daughter of Mary and Jacob Hopping who ran a horse ranch on the place established by her grandfather, Stephen Allen, one of the first settlers on the Madison. The frame house he built still stands, modernized and with a front porch added, as the home of the foreman of the great Montana ranch that, until the last year or so, was known as the Kay Cattle Company. This property now belongs to a multi-millionaire from Florida who has built a mansion on the bluff across the river.

Mother said that when she was about twelve years old her father employed a couple of riders, one of whom went by the name of Billy Leroy. She said Leroy was a top hand and that the only time he flashed a gun while there was when he threatened to kill his riding partner because that individual was teasing her by snapping his rawhide rope to scare the pony she was riding. She said Leroy told his partner, "If that child gets hurt you are a dead man!"

Soon after Leroy left, a reward notice was posted for William Bonney at the

Three Forks post office and there was no doubt that the picture on it was of Billy Leroy who had worked at the ranch. This is the only reference I have ever heard of Bonney at one time sojourning in Montana. Perhaps someone else knows more. I am sure Mother didn't dream the tale.—D. O. Merriman, 246 East Colusa Street, Orland, California 95963

Horsehead Crossing and Castle Gap

I have just read the article, "That Topographical Ghost—Horsehead Crossing," by Clayton W. Williams, in your Winter '74 issue, and enjoyed it very much. When I was about thirteen or fourteen years old, I went with my grandmother and step-grandfather, J. W. Schooler, to the Pecos River. They had a couple of days visiting with Bob Schooler, the son of Mr. Schooler. This was about 1916.

They told me, just before arriving at Bob's camp, that he would have a gallon syrup-bucket with beans cooking, with ashes and coals of fire piled up around the bucket and a large prickly pear used for the lid. The pear would not fit tightly and would let steam escape as the beans slowly cooked. Sure enough, this was his method of cooking beans. We had brought ripe tomatoes and other foods with us, and had them all prepared when Bob came in from riding all day in the pasture. Water had to be carried or hauled from a windmill because alkali in the Pecos River water made it unusable.

We saw Horsehead Crossing on this trip. I remember seeing the skulls of heads of horses on the banks of the river. The water was running very swiftly at that time, and there was no timber or trees of any kind near the river, and the water had a reddish-muddy look. I visited Horsehead Crossing again a number of years later and it still was a muddy, swift stream.

I believe Bob Schooler was working on the Tippett ranch, where he worked a number of years until a horse fell on him and broke his ribs. He came to San Angelo, Texas and died there shortly afterwards.

In the same article, Mr. Williams mentions Castle Gap where a hoard of gold was supposed to be buried. My husband then, Bob Waits, who ranched between McCamey and Crane, Texas, had a few sections of land leased near the ranch of Caton Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs had about seven or eight sections of land in which Castle Gap was located. Ed Welch had taken care of this ranch for Mr. Jacobs, but Welch became ill with heart trouble about he last of 1946, and had to give up the ob and move to San Angelo. Bob Waits ook over the job of running the ranch or Mr. Jacobs. Bob always loaded his horse in the back of the pick-up truck and n arriving in the pasture, unloaded the horse and rode horseback to check the heep.

The old campground where the stageoach stopped over in Castle Gap, was uilt up with dirt to about four feet bove the normal ground, and rocks were laced all around the outside of the large mound. Here the passengers from the tagecoach camped and slept. They slept ar above the ground because the rattlesnakes were so numerous in the country around there.

There was one unmarked grave right by the camping ground, where someone had dug quite recently. In re-covering the grave, they had accidentally left out an arm bone of a girl or young boy.

There was also an Indian moccasin track petrified into a large rock at the edge of the creek that had flowed below the camp. In those early days there had been a spring of water; that was the reason for making this spot an overnight camp or resting spot. When we saw the camp there was no spring to be found, but mud-wrens had made nests recently on the rock cliff, so it showed there was still a spring of sorts in that dry area.

While Bob rode out the pasture, I busied myself finding beautiful shells of all types which were petrified into rock. These were ocean shells at one time. This is a very dry, almost desert place now, and it seemed so strange to find prehistoric ocean shells there. One specimen was quite large and seemed to be a curved shell or backbone of an ocean creature. There were also shells petrified on rocks or embedded in rocks. There were a number of purple and yellow rocks, and also iron balls. We later had many of these large rocks placed in a rock fence at our home in San Angelo, Texas.

Bob said he wasn't really looking for treasure, but couldn't help glancing around the pasture after a hard rain to see if there were any signs of hidden gold that might show after the soil was washed away in places. Many people came at all times wanting to know if they could go in and search for the hidden treasure; many more came in without anyone's permission. One man got caught in a narrow cave and had a hard time getting out.

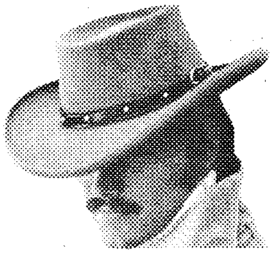
Some of the gold hunters had dug a deep well, diameter of about five or six feet, where they were sure the treasure was buried. They did not refill the well, and Bob had to look in the well for sheep about every two or three days, because sheep would graze to the edge and fall in. He had to rope each one and pull it up to the surface. Bob Waits was six feet, seven inches tall; he died with a heart attack on July 1, 1964 in San Angelo.

I truly enjoy and value all your magazines.—Mrs. E. C. Allison, 519 E. 10th Street, San Angelo, Texas 76901

Studying Predators

I am preparing a book about predatory animals, and it occurs to me your readers would know a lot about the subject. I am most interested in the coyote, wolf, mountain lion, bobcat, bear (polar, grizzly and black), and the golden eagle. Other predators with which I may deal more cursorily are the different species of fox, weasel and raccoon families, the hawks and the owls.

One chapter will describe the man-predator conflict as the frontier moved West. I am particularly anxious to have references to first-person descriptions of encounters with wolves, coyotes, cougars, bears, etc. in pioneer journals, early correspondence, etc. It would be refreshing to find a few such descriptions that re-


THE CASINO

A little bit of the Old West . . .
. . . A lot of Today.

A unique offering by RESISTOL®. The hat for all seasons and all reasons. Dressy • Distinctive • Casual • The finishing touch to any man's appearance. Finest quality imported fur felt. Self conforming. Water resistant. 3-1/2 inch brim. Studded leather band. Available in tan, black or white. Sizes for men & women 6-5/8 to 7-7/8. $30. ppd.

Make check or MO payable to: SUNDOWN HATS Dept. 2W Millbrook, N.Y. 12545

MONEY SAVING OFFERS

FROM SCOTLAND

GENUINE Handwoven Harris tweeds, sent direct to you for only $3.00 per yard, a savings of about $3.00 per yard. New and exclusive patterns and colours.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, suitings and plaids, 54 inches wide, only $4.00 per yard—a savings of about $5.00 per yard. Any length sent. Tailoring service for ladies and gentlemen. Swatches sent FREE on request.

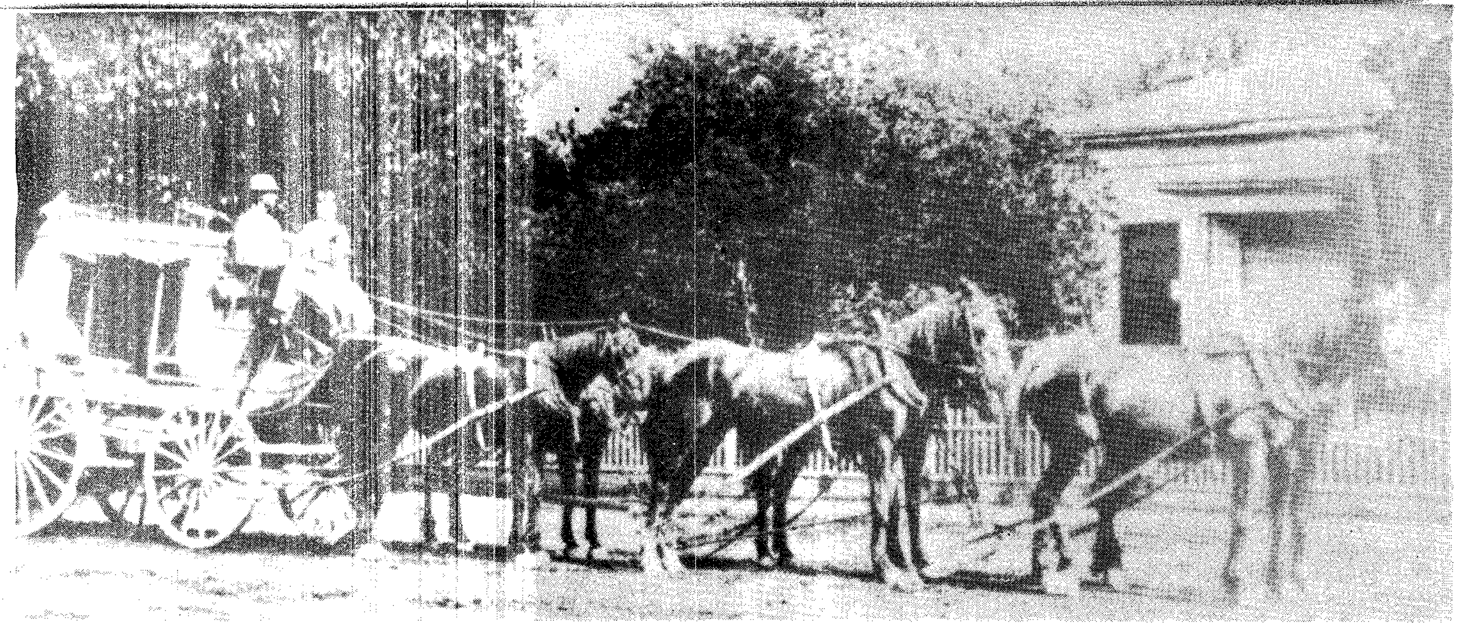
IRISH Knit Aran sweaters and cardigans in white, off-white, blue, green, brown, red and fawns. Size 34″ to 42″ chest, $28.00. Ladies' and children's garments in traditional Fair Isle designs also available. Price list FREE on request. Money refund guarantee covers all transactions.

MacGILLIVRAY & COY WEAVERS
Muir of Aird, Benbecula,
Outer Hebrides, Scotland

THE TRUTH WAGON!

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

Look for this symbol for the best in exciting, carefully researched Western Americana. It's the truth—as factual as us mere mortals can make it. And when you find the magazines with this symbol covered up on the newsstand, PULL 'EM OUT, PARDNER, so others can find them easily. It sure helps, and that's the truth!



Mail stage in which Mrs. Miller carried gold from Chico to Nimshew, California shown with stage driver Calvin Hess in 1909.

veal an attitude sympathetic, or least open-minded, toward the animals.

If anyone with information on these subjects would write directly to me, they would earn my very sincere thanks and proper acknowledgment.—Francois Leydet, 145 Laurel Grove Avenue, Kentfield, California 94904

Mining Town Memories

I just got the back copies of OLD WEST I sent for, and thank you. I'm sending a picture of my mother's cousin, taken in 1909. The stage driver's name was Calvin Hess, and this was a mail stage twenty miles from Chico, to Nimshew, California, a gold mining town. Miners sent their gold dust by Hess to get it changed into money. I was twelve years old, and it was up to me to take it to the bank where they weighed it and paid $8.00 an ounce.

The stage went up Honey Run Grade, which is still there. The story goes that a boy and girl were out walking when a bear took after them. The boy climbed a tree and hollered, "Run, Honey, run!"

My mother was born in Toadtown, also a mining town, August 13, 1871. Her father was a miner, and they stopped several times at an old hotel run by Jim Day who had a large family. The adults all went to work and left the children with the oldest girl who was about sixteen years old. She lined all the children up and threw hot cakes to them as she cooked them. My mother says she can't remember if she caught any or not. —Mrs. Mabel Miller, 833 Western Avenue, Petaluma, California 94952.

The High Cost of Sentiment

I have often enjoyed comments and pictures on hieroglyphics, and here's why. In 1927, a man I'll call Jimson (an alias) had an Indian Trading Post in Carson City, Nevada. He was a showman. In the store were many artifacts and pictures. There were large pictures of an old Indian woman, Dat-so-la-lie, the basket weaver, whom Jimson used as an attraction at the St. Louis World Exposition about 1906.

Anyway, I had just become a Nevada resident and I bought a beautiful ten-inch beaded basket from him to send to my boss' wife. It cost me $25. In the basket was a printed sheet explaining the meaning of the chevrons and symbols. The basket message was to the effect, "I am going south with the birds to see you, then return in the spring with them. I bring joy and presents!"

A short time later I stopped at the Indian School at Stewart, about two miles south of Carson City. I ventured into a small gift shop and saw baskets similar to the one I had purchased from Jimson, but the price was only $7!

I asked the pleasant girl behind the counter about the translation of the symbols and if these were truly basket messages. Her reply was, "I don't know what they mean, and no one else around here that makes them knows either. You would have to take it to Mr. Jimson and he will translate it all for $15!"

Her smile changed to a sort of sneer, and mine faded altogether.—Howard F. Steiner, Rt. 1, Box 700-6, Tuolumne, California 95379

The Bland-McElroy Feud

(Continued from page 11)

every one within this jurisdiction, who engages in mob violence, may expect to suffer the consequences, as long as I am on the bench."]

"My Uncle Date Miller, Pa's older brother, had also been a witness at Fort Smith against the mob. He too lived in a dugout near Grandma's claim. Uncle Date had three boys and he had built a small sleeping room for them out of peeled poles right beside the dugout where he and Auntie slept.

"Just a little while later, after Pa was killed, my Uncle Date and his wife and one of his children were killed in their home. They had just come back from Fort Smith after testifying against the Bland-McElroy gang. The murderers were never caught but we had a good idea who they were.

"Just after this, a Dr. Beggs, who lived just across the line in the Creek Nation, was shot down in his home. Dr. Beggs had testified that one of the mob had been at his home the day after the killing of Dutch John and had bragged about it.

"By now Ma and Uncle Al knew that the gang meant to kill us all before the trial came up again so they decided to get out for good. Ma took us kids to Fort Scott, Kansas and about two years later she married a man by the name of James Sherrell and they moved to Southwest City, Missouri where life was a lot better for Ma. But years of starvation had sapped her strength and in 1904, just ten years after Pa was murdered, she died of consumption and was buried in the Southwest City Cemetery.

"After Ma died I came back to Tulsa to live with an aunt and have lived here ever since."

* * *

The records show that Dr. Bland started to acquire land as rapidly as possible and at the time of this mob violence he had located several rich farms and had tenants on them. All of this time he was carrying on his practice of medicine. The testimony before Judge Parker showed clearly that an alliance existed between Bland, McElroy and their friends. It showed that they had banded together against the Millers and that they had circulated the reports that the Millers were harboring criminals and were, in fact, themselves outlaws. The records show that neither Sherman's father nor his uncle was ever indicted for anything.

More witnesses were called when the accused were tried the second time than for any federal case at Fort Smith up to that time. One hundred and fifty witnesses were sworn in. There was a tremendous amount of evidence for both sides, with the government charging that the Bland-McElroy faction had persecuted the Millers in an effort to get them to leave the country so they could get possession of the rich bottom lands they held. The government also charged that the Bland-McElroy group was a constant menace to law-abiding citizens of the Creek Nation—the exact charges the Bland-McElroy faction had levied against the Millers for several years.

The defense claimed that the Millers were desperate outlaws, that they harbored the Bill Doolin gang and other outlaws. The lawyer for the defense

Don't Walk Over A FORTUNE!

GEMS and **MINERALS** – that anyone can find, and this new Long John Latham magazine tells you **WHERE** and **HOW** to find them!

59-Carat Emerald Found In North Carolina Cornfield!

VALUED AT $100,000—

The above headline recently electrified the nation—and it could happen to you. For the very first issue of **Rockhound** carries the full story of Wayne Anthony's rich find, and tells you **WHERE** and **HOW** to look for emeralds, if you want to try your luck. But you won't have to go to North Carolina to look for gems and minerals. If you know what to look for, you can find them right in your own back yard. Remember—

YOU, TOO, CAN FIND VALUABLE GEMSTONES!

NOT SOLD ON Newsstands

ROCKHOUND

WHERE AND HOW TO FIND GEMS & MINERALS

DECEMBER, 1971
Special
$2.50
Collectors Edition

HE FOUND
AN EMERALD
WORTH
$100,000
IN NORTH CAROLINA!
SEE
"The Fabulous Emeralds of Hiddenite"
P. 22

BEACHCOMBING FOR AGATES
Page 21

OUT WHERE THE ROCKS GROW LIKE ROSES
Page 44

The rock that Billy hit while pitching horseshoes with his dad is now in the National Museum. It is the "Punch Jones Diamond," and weighs 34 carats.

Are You Passing Up "Real" GEMS Near Your Home?

Valuable gemstones are all around us—in abandoned quarries, in road cuts, along rivers and creeks, on the beach, and even in your back yard. Scattered among the dirty rocks and stones we kick about every day are stones of beauty and lasting value. Some are only colorful, some are semi-precious, and some are worth a small fortune—such as the 34-carat diamond that Billy "Punch" Jones found in West Virginia while pitching horseshoes with his dad.

Now you can enjoy and profit by gem-hunting no matter where you live, for this brand-new magazine—a gem hunter's guide, in truth—tells you where to go to find gems and minerals, and how to identify what you find. Cash in on this lucrative hobby by subscribing to **ROCKHOUND!**

If you want to try before you buy . . . SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE COPY! Please enclose 25¢ to help defray cost of postage & handling.

CLIP-OUT

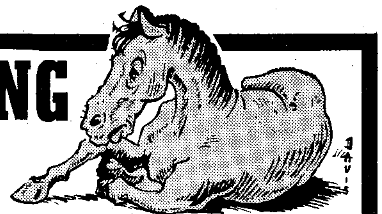
ROCKHOUND
P.O. Box 328-S, Conroe, Texas 77301

Dear Long John:
Enclosed please find $________ Send **ROCKHOUND**
☐ 2 years (12 issues) for $6.00
☐ 1 year (6 issues) for $3.50
(Texas residents, please add 5% sales tax. Non U.S. add $1.00)

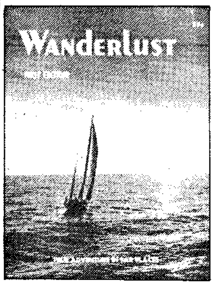
Name________________________
Address________________________
City____________ State______ Zip______

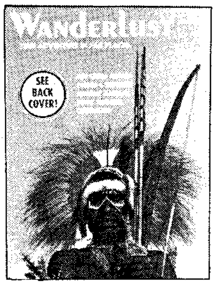
If you don't use this card,
GIVE IT TO A FRIEND!

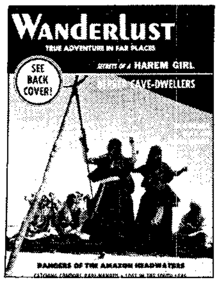
THE PONY EXPRESS QUIT RUNNING
... AND THERE AIN'T NO WAY

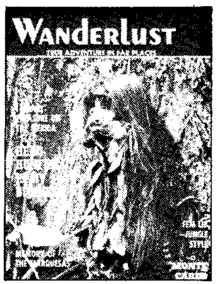


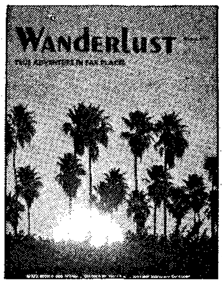
to get these special issues from here to there except to ask for a little help on the increased costs of postage and handling. **POSTAL RATES FOR MAGAZINES ARE GOING UP AS MUCH AS 150%**—and there's not much we can do about that but holler! We **CAN** send the issues of your choice for 50¢ each, plus 25¢ postage per order. You don't need to cut the magazine—just list the ones you want. **FOR A SPECIAL BARGAIN,** order all 12 for just $4.50 and we'll ship 'em postpaid.


WANDERLUST #1

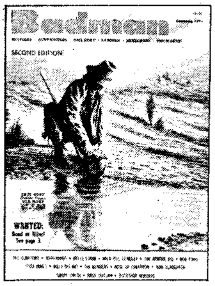

WANDERLUST #2

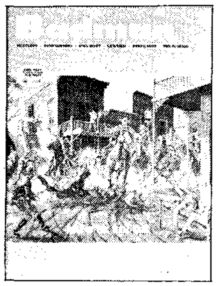

WANDERLUST #3

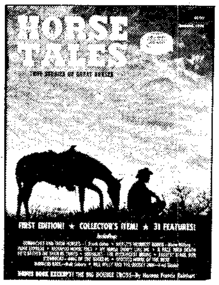

WANDERLUST #4

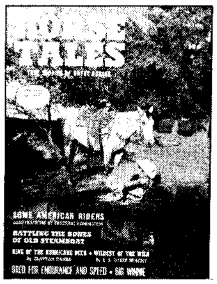

WANDERLUST #5

BADMAN #1

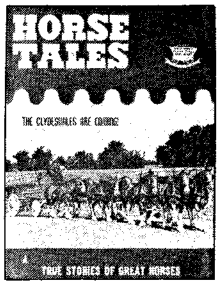

BADMAN #2


BADMAN #3


HORSE TALES #1


HORSE TALES #2

HORSE TALES #3


HORSE TALES #4

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

sought desperately to impress the jury **that even if the defendants were guilty as charged they were justified because of the bad character of the Millers.**

The sentence imposed upon Dr. Bland and McElroy was twelve years each in the State Penitentiary. The others were given nine years each. Notice of appeal was served and under a previous order by Justice White of the Supreme Court, Judge Parker fixed their bond at $10,000 each.

In the early part of 1897, after the Fort Smith court had lost its power, the Supreme Court approved the appeal and granted a new trial. Most of the witnesses were dead or had been frightened out of the country. The prosecuting attorney was not able to bring a new case to trial and the charges were dismissed. Thus ended one of the most noted cases ever to come before the old Fort Smith Court.

The Boyds of Carretas

(Continued from page 19)

Father and Grandberry remained at the ranch; John, Hammy and I went with the herd. All the way to the border, we knew that if either Mexican army encountered us they would probably take our cattle.

On these drives I usually went alone to Columbus and arranged with the Customs Officer to meet the herd at a gate west of the town some distance, in order to shorten the drive.

Juan Favella always helped. He was a large man, and intelligent and efficient. He acted as trail boss, even though John and Hammy were along. The men called him *Caporal.* He was always apprehensive that two of the cowboys Father had employed to bring the cattle from Big Spring might attempt to steal the herd. Father learned later that they were both fugitives from the States and had been sent by Cavett to hire on. Their names were Williams and Bolton.

Father had repeatedly made overtures as to payment for the ranch. He employed a Mexican attorney in Juarez to negotiate with Cavett but was unable to get court action. The judge postponed the case time after time. It seemed impossible to get a deed. Meanwhile, Father maintained a herd sufficient to meet his obligation at any time.

FINALLY, Father received notice from his attorney that Cavett was willing to meet him in Juarez, sign the deed, and purchase the stamps and affix them to it in order to make the papers legal. We were to get the 3,500 head of cattle into New Mexico, and notify the railway telegraph station in Juarez when it was done. Cavett, or his partner, was to sign upon receipt of a message stating that the cattle had been delivered. We knew how to get stuff across the Line, and we delivered cattle not only for ourselves, but for many of the Mexicans, after the tariff was lowered.

I went with the herd to within twenty miles of the Line, and the men held the cattle in an *escondido.* I arranged to send a message to Columbus, and Juan had a man to receive it and ride to the camp. I arranged for the Customs Officer to meet Juan and the cattle at the Line and sent him money to pay the duty.

When I joined Father and reached Juarez, Cavett did not appear but his partner met us as agreed. We bought the stamps and, with our attorney, walked west on the street where the trolley runs. Suddenly Cavett's partner said, "You fellows go on and I'll overtake you. I want to stop at this little shop. They have the best cigarettes in Mexico."

"Can't you attend to that later?" asked Father.

"Could, I guess. But I'll meet you at the railway station."

"And sign the deed?"

"If the cattle have been delivered."

"They have."

He nodded, then turned back and crossed the street. As he stepped up on the curb, somebody shot him. A Mexican officer arrested his assailant and pu m in jail—and the wounded man died thout signing the deed.

Father immediately telegraphed Juan hold the cattle. He also sent a message his brother in Texas and asked him to me.

When my uncle arrived, the details of e transaction were explained to him. He ankly said that in his opinion, Father as not obliged to pay.

The attorney concurred. "Señor Boyd, u have held this land for years. Many en *with* a deed could not have done so. eeds mean little unless a man can otect his property. Besides, this Cavett he does not show up. That is because does not dare to. Neither do Bolton r Williams come—and they are his en. All are *fugitives*. Why pay now, ter all this time?"

"The dead man must have relatives. nd I have an obligation. I'm going to y if you can find them." The attorney d find them and Father got signatures his deed, but it took time, much time.

A few months later, in El Paso, Father cognized Bolton. He told Hammy and e to stay where we were while he talked ith the man. He wanted us to be able recognize him if we should see him ain.

Strolling casually to the bar where lton was drinking, Father said, "Mr. lton?"

"Yes."

"John Boyd. I'm told that you are oking for me and that you have reatened to kill me."

"No, Mr. Boyd, I never said that."

"I just wanted to know. And I wanted u to know that I'm available any time u wish to settle this matter."

"So far as I'm concerned it is settled, r. Boyd."

From that time on we heard of no more reats from either Williams or Bolton. e learned later that some American ficers had smuggled Bolton out of Mex-. He was a small man, and they disised him in women's clothing. What came of Williams we never knew, but did not molest us.

TILL we had a surplus of cattle. We heard that the *soldados* from Mexico ty—the Federalistas—were confiscatg all the cattle they could find. We had thing to fear from Villa, but there ere bandits in the country who took erything they could steal.

Father sent Mother to San Antonio on visit, without telling her that he ought it was dangerous for her to reain at the ranch. I decided to take my fe to the McGonigall Ranch in Lea unty, New Mexico, to her father and ther, for a visit. She did not want to ave, but did not press me for an exanation.

We left early one morning, spent the ght at Los Ojitos, Lord Beresford's ace, and went on to the border. That ry night the Federalistas came to our nyon. Father received them cordially, d made them welcome.

Juan, John and Hammy were well on eir way on a drive with 2,300 head of ttle, and the rest were scattered in the *condidos*. Father felt sure that the Mexn officer did not realize that a herd had just left the ranch. To Father's relief, they went south when they left. That might give Juan time to reach the Line.

I had given Juan instructions before leaving with my wife, that he was to push right along. We were very short of ammunition and I was to meet him with a supply. I was to arrange also to have the Customs official take pay on the cattle at a gate to the west of Columbus.

"And you must count those cattle honestly, Juan. I don't want any shenanigans."

"Just leave that to me, Don Alfredo. Nobody can out-count Juan." That was what I knew and wanted to avoid!

When I arrived at Customs, the official there told me that the Federalistas had learned some way of our herd's being en route to the Border and were following it. Meanwhile, another band was coming in from the east to head us off. He asked how I was fixed for ammunition.

"We're low," I admitted.

"I'll let you have five hundred rounds. Send a man to meet Juan with it, and get more wherever you can."

I got back to Columbus with a thousand rounds, and left word for the Custom official to meet me at the gate the following morning. I was afraid Juan would get to the Line and enter the cattle illegally.

And I found that he had done so. The tracks showed plainly that a big herd had crossed over, but had returned to Mexico. I figured that Juan had spent the night in the States, then had taken the cattle back so that they could be entered legally. And I found the remuda —all except the horses the men were riding—concealed in a deep arroyo a mile west of the gate.

The official was nobody's fool. He read sign as well as I. "Looks like a herd's spent the night over here and gone back," he said.

"It does at that," I admitted.

He eyed me shrewdly. "I knew you were on the level," he said, "and I hope for your sake that Juan gets them back here before they close in on him."

It was an hour before I saw the first black cattle coming in through the chaparral. Juan brought them across and he and the Inspector counted them out. When I went to settle up with the Customs, they charged me $1.50 each for 1,600 head.

Juan was right, as usual; there was no out-counting him!

Capital Punishment

(Continued from page 17)

put his gun on the table beside him, and ordered some food.

As he ate, officers closed in from all sides, and Deputy Marshal Charles Lidell, Indian Territory, arrested him.

THOUGH the trial had ended in a guilty verdict, not everyone was unsympathetic. Even as he walked onto the scaffold, with hands handcuffed behind his back we heard whispers and mumblings around us—"Why doesn't he jump and run? People would help him get

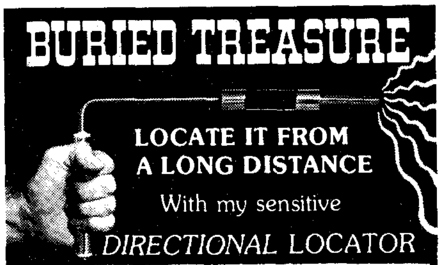
STUD HAT

GAMBLER HAT . . . very sharp looking in lustrous finish high quality wool felt. The modern styling is accented by rugged leather-like hat band and its brass studs and decorative feather. 3⅛" rolled brim. Buffalo brn. or blk. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾. $9.95. Add $1 handling chg. Free catalog.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

OUTDOOR WORLD Division of Western Brands Dept. OW-95

PHONE 303: 586-3361 ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517



BURIED TREASURE

LOCATE IT FROM A LONG DISTANCE

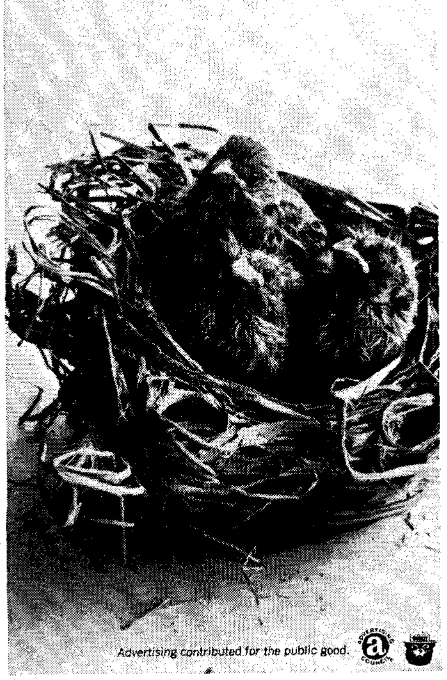
With my sensitive DIRECTIONAL LOCATOR

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE BROCHURE and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON

P.O. BOX 13441-C TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611

See page 5

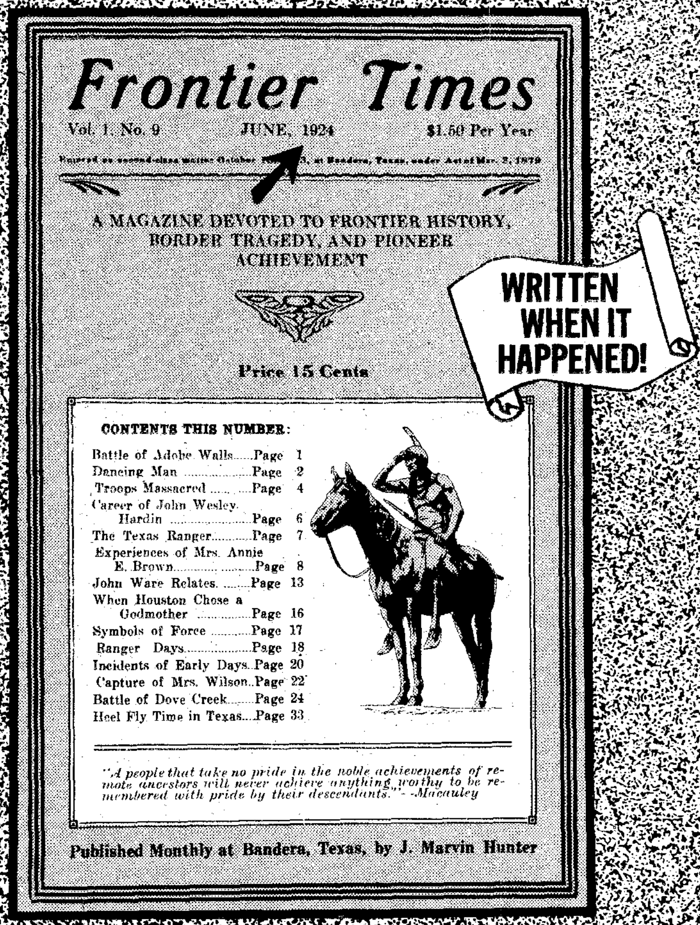


Forest fires burn more than trees.

Advertising contributed for the public good.

DON'T MISS THIS!

IT'S A REAL COLLECTORS' ITEM



Frontier Times

Vol. 1, No. 9 JUNE, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO FRONTIER HISTORY, BORDER TRAGEDY, AND PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT

Price 15 Cents

CONTENTS THIS NUMBER:

Battle of Adobe Walls.....Page 1
Dancing Man .....Page 2
Troops Massacred .....Page 4
Career of John Wesley Hardin .....Page 6
The Texas Ranger.....Page 7
Experiences of Mrs. Annie E. Brown.....Page 8
John Ware Relates.....Page 13
When Houston Chose a Godmother .....Page 16
Symbols of Force .....Page 17
Ranger Days.....Page 18
Incidents of Early Days..Page 20
Capture of Mrs. Wilson..Page 22
Battle of Dove Creek.....Page 24
Heel Fly Time in Texas...Page 33

"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants." --Macauley

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

WRITTEN WHEN IT HAPPENED!

Joe "Hosstail" Small is reprinting Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES **EXACTLY** as it appeared over a half-century ago. You'll treasure the quaint writing style of yesterday, the interesting old ads—even the flaws!

Marvin Hunter was a rare breed of pioneer-publisher. He interviewed actual participants, he set his own type, ran his own press, did his own mailing and drew his illustrations. In a little western town at 2:00 A.M., over fifty years ago, there was often nobody awake but this sleepy-eyed publisher and a coyote or two on the hill. His achievement was a real labor of love.

Subscription Only!

Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3338-0
Austin, Texas 78764

PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

☐ 12 monthly issues $6.00
SPECIAL! ☐ 24 monthly issues $11.00

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY__________ STATE______ ZIP______

away,"—and other remarks.

Crews spoke earnestly, but unemotio ally; he was a very eloquent speaker, fact. It was said that he had been member of a large popular secret frate nity, but had been expelled after he g into trouble.

As he finished his speech, I rememb there were four or five men with hi on the scaffold, among them the sheri the hangman, a medical doctor, and minister. Then, after a short pause, M Crews stunned the crowd. "I'm sorry say this, but it's the last time I'll have tell it. Several years ago out in Californ I was engaged in a gold-mining oper tion, and I had a partner; he robbed a tried to kill me—so he also died with h boots on. Thank you for your kind a respectful interest and attention."

I recall that the preacher read fro the Scriptures, and the audience sang yes, sang! Everytime I've heard that so from that day to this, I've seemed to s that man—the whole scene—with th song sung in a dull, nervous rhyth by the crowd: "Bring Forth the Roy Diadem and Crown Him Lord of All A--men."

The recent decision of the U. S. S preme Court seems to be a comple about face to the old system of justice capital punishment —and time alone w tell whether this drastic change in t penal code was right or wrong as deterrent to the violent crime of murd

Joshua Creffield

(Continued from page 25)

and ruined them, and I only did what a true brother would do."

One cynical reporter consider George's statement and assumed he h just heard the opening argument of t defense. He was right.

The men of Corvallis agreed wi George Mitchell's point of view. O. Hurt summed it up. "Mitchell's w aimed shot," Hurt said, "spared othe the trouble of sending Creffield to eternity that he deserved." Corvallis c izens prepared to journey to Seattle testify in George's behalf, and a C vallis newspaper volunteered to han donations directed at defraying his le expenses.

In Seattle, Maud Creffield buried h husband beneath a plain wooden mark reading, "Died May 7, 1906, Franz E mund Creffield, Aged 35."

HELD as a material witness to his m der, Maud sat calmly in her pris cell. "Joshua will again be in our mids she said, "and Satan will be rebuk My husband cannot be killed. He is o sleeping. Next Sunday, he will arise a become the reincarnation of 'Elijah Restorer.'"

Meanwhile, Seattle reporters discove that whatever Prophet Joshua Creffi had been, he had also been a bigam He had married once before in Seat

George Mitchell's open, boyish f and candor won the sympathy of public. Flowers, candies, jellies, and ja were brought to the King County for him, while at Joshua's camp on

(Continued on page 59)

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Roger M. Hall

We hope you readers don't mind the magazine taking up a little space to pick up a trail for ourselves. Former address was Box 7, Plankinton, South Dakota. Roger, will you get in touch, please?—Pat Wagner, Western Publications, Inc., Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Kelley-Dover

I would like to hear from anyone who would remember the H. P. Kelley family. They lived in Little Rock, Arkansas around 1906 to 1910 and the wife's maiden name was Dover.—Mrs. F. H. McCance, 230 Mosley Street, St. Clair, Missouri 63077

McGillis

I am seeking information about the McGillis family. My grandparents came to Cleveland, Ohio from Montreal, Canada. My grandmother died and some of the children were placed in a children's home where the supervisor was named Sampson. Some of these children were William Allen; Alexander, who was born June 15, 1866; and Archie, who was raised by someone in Hudson, Ohio. William and Alex lived out their lives in northeast Ohio. Their father stayed around Cleveland and then disappeared. He may have gone back to Canada. Some of the others worked on lake boats and may have got off at the head of the lakes and gone West.—William McGillis, 7694 Corinth Court Road, Farmdale, Ohio 44417

Anderson

I'd appreciate information about "Andy" B. Anderson, a very tall, light reddish-haired Swede who worked for a time in Grand Encampment, Wyoming where his son, Emmett is buried. He also worked in Weston, Missouri where his wife, Clara, is buried. He came to America before his folks did, and settled in Stromsburg, Nebraska. The name was changed to Anderson because the family name of Hendrickson was too prevalent. My half-copy of his naturalization papers is dated 1903. He died in Victor, Colorado where he is buried.—Mrs. Mabel M. (Anderson) Horn, 350 E. 4th Street, Perris, California 92370

St. Onge

My ancestors came to the United States from Quebec, and some may still be there. Michael St. Onge was postmaster at St. Onge, South Dakota, beginning in 1876. Henry T. St. Onge was a resident of False Bottom County in South Dakota and died October 26, 1885. At that time he had a son in Montreal whose name I do not know. Henry also had a friend named Joseph Volin. John St. Onge settled in Dakota and had a sister in Canada, name unknown, who married a fellow named Butcher. I will greatly appreciate any information such as birth and death dates, etc.—Patricia St. Onge Tedford, 1717 15 Street South, Fargo, North Dakota 58102

Ritchey-Davis-Newland-Carver-Luton-Coker

My grandmother was Carrie Lonnie Ritchey. Her grandfather, Capt. James Madison Ritchey, and his father founded Ritchey, Missouri. Her other grandfather was Dr. C. Davis from Ritchey, Missouri. Her first husband was William Albert Newland whose parents were John Wesley and Sarah A. Carver Newland from Missouri. Carrie's second husband was Lewis Charles Luton, son of David E. Luton and Rebecca L. Coker who was a Cherokee from Oklahoma. Please write to me if you know anything on these names.—Dixie Fortenberry, Route One, Broadview, New Mexico 88112

Morgan

I am seeking information concerning my great-grandfather, James Choctaw Morgan. I think he was born in Eastland County, Texas around 1880. He married Annie Belle Wood there on February 4, 1901. They had one daughter, Addie Leona. He then left Texas and I have not been able to trace his whereabouts. He supposedly went to Albuquerque, New Mexico but I'm not sure of this and would like to find out where he went after leaving Eastland; if he remarried; when and where he died and where he is buried.

He had a sister, Hattie Morgan, and possibly a brother, Reverend A. J. Morgan. Information on these two people would also be helpful.—Patt Fisher, Star Route 2, Spur, Texas 79370

Looney

My great-uncle, William B. (Bill) Looney, was the oldest of four sons of Tuberville and Martha Bailey Looney. He was born in 1843 in Madison County, Alabama. His three brothers were James B., 1845-1930; John David (my maternal grandfather), 1847-1931; and Henry Hall, 1849-?

The boys' mother, Martha, died in Alabama about 1850. Shortly thereafter, Tuberville left his four sons in Alabama with relatives and went to Goliad, Texas where his mother Nancy Looney, was living. About 1855 Tuberville returned briefly to Alabama and took William back to Texas with him. William was listed in the 1860 census of Goliad County, Texas as a trader, aged 17. There is evidence he was alive in September, 1873, then all trace of him disappears.

I would like to locate where Great-grandfather Tuberville Looney and his father, James Warren Looney, are buried. Tuberville was born about 1820 and died between 1868 and 1873, I'm almost sure. He is probably buried in the vicinity of Goliad where his mother, Nancy, died in 1868.

John Warren, born about 1793, and Nancy were en route in 1848 to Goliad, Texas when he sickened and died near San Augustine or Nacogdoches, Texas. I have heard there is a Looneyville near Nacogdoches. Perhaps this is where he is buried. I hope anyone having any information, especially on my great-uncle, Bill, will please write.—Mrs. George Champion, Box 127, La Luz, New Mexico 88337

Norton-Horton-Jones

My grandmother, Ella Cook, married a man from Europe who had a son named Hershel. Some said, because of trouble in either Holland or Germany, the family name had been changed from Horton or Norton to Jones. Newton Jones and my grandmother had at least eight children. My father, Fred Jones, would be eighty years old. I heard him say many times that he had tried unsuccessfully to locate his half-brother Hershel who ran away from home at sixteen and was never heard from again. My father thought Hershel might have resumed using the name Norton or Horton. If alive, he might remember Aunt Amy and Uncle Jack Beavers. She and my grandmother were sisters.

My grandfather worked in the coal mines in Alabama and is buried there at American Junction. He would be over a hundred years old. Both my grandparents had passed away before my father married, so my mother never knew either of them and is of no help to me in getting information about the family.

Two of my father's sisters were named Pauline and Maude; and Robert, Newton and White were among the brothers.—Mrs. Bettie Wren, 1237 S. W. 37, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73109

Chapman

My grandmother, Martha Chapman Bass, was the daughter of Uriah Chapman, and both of them are buried at the Willow Hale Cemetery in Madison County, Texas. Grandma Chapman Bass was part Alabama-Coushatta Indian. Some say she was born in Mississippi, others that she was born in Newton County, Texas. She passed away in 1917. My grandpa, Jasper Bass, was born in Natchez, Mississippi. If anyone knows anything about them, please let me know.—Mrs. Lila Brooks, Box 187, North Zulch, Texas 77872

Shields-Goad

William Shields was born in Alabama in 1822. His father was born in Virginia

(Continued on page 60)

Dynamite Plots and Ballots

(Continued from page 21)

His eyes vacant, he stared. "I dunno," he said. "I dunno."

He looked toward the house. "Are they dead?"

No one answered.

THE MORNING following the explosion, Ed P. Greer, a prominent Republican publisher of *The Courier* in Winfield, some ninety miles west of Coffeyville, walked up the street. He turned into the Farmers Bank. R. R. Frye came in behind him.

"Ed, did you hear of the explosion in Coffeyville?" he called.

Ed whirled around, surprise on his face. "No," he said. "No, I didn't."

A conductor on an early train had brought the news to Winfield and Greer listened interestedly as Frye related what he knew about it. Then the newspaperman turned abruptly and walked out of the bank. He returned to his office and closed the door behind him.

Ed Greer didn't know what to make of it, and it caused him much concern. He was involved deeply in trying to get a Republican ticket elected in the upcoming election. Only recently he had made a number of trips to Topeka and around the state. He had some inside knowledge of what was going on, things the average Kansas farmer didn't know about.

He drummed his pencil on his desk, frowning. The Coffeyville explosion could have dangerous consequences, especially to the hopes of Lyman U. Humphrey who sought the governor's chair.

A short time before, on October 4, Greer had published an exposé on a rival newspaper in Winfield, *The Americ Non-Conformist.* Published by two brot ers, Henry and Leo Vincent, it was t principal voice for the Union Labor Par in that section of the state. In pa through the efforts of the Vincents, t Union Labor Party had a strong ticke Many believed that the party could ups the strong Republican organization.

In Topeka, Greer had met secretly wi high Republican leaders. Much of t material for his exposé was prepar there. Back in Winfield, he set out discredit the Vincents and thereby muff the Union Labor Party's voice. His fir exposé had been followed by a seco one, published on October 18, the da of the explosion in Coffeyville.

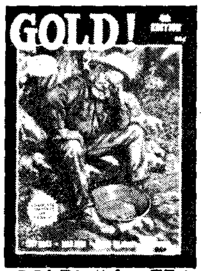
Politically, the year 1888 was unusu in Kansas. Republicans were generall swept into office without much effor

GOLD! BACK ISSUES

GOLD! #1—$1

GOLD! #2—$1

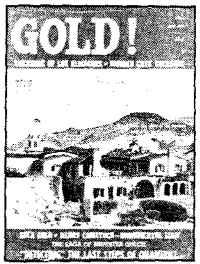
GOLD! #3—$1


GOLD! #4—75¢

GOLD! #5—75¢

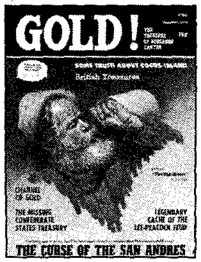
GOLD! #6—75¢

GOLD! #7—75¢


GOLD! #8—$1

GOLD! #9—$1

GOLD! #10—75¢


GOLD! #11—75¢

PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

Prospectors, TH'ers, Collectors, Old-timers, History Buffs, and Dreamers—(we're all dreamers)! Almost everybody enjoys exciting, true tales of treasure, mysteries of fabulous lost mines, ghost towns and enormous wealth still waiting to be found! A great gift!

GOLD!-BI
P.O. Box 3338
Austin, Tx. 78764

☐ GOLD! #1
☐ GOLD! #2
☐ GOLD! #3
☐ GOLD! #4
☐ GOLD! #5
☐ GOLD! #6
☐ GOLD! #7
☐ GOLD! #8
☐ GOLD! #9
☐ GOLD! #10
☐ GOLD! #11

Please find enclosed $________for the issues marked above. (Please add 25¢ per order for postage.)

NAME________________________

ADDRESS________________________

CITY____________STATE____________

ZIP____________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

This year, however, they were opposed ot only by Democrats, but by two other arties, the Union Labor Party and the United Labor Party.

The national ticket seemed destined to o Republican. But on state, congression-l, and local levels, considerable doubt rose. The Union Labor Party was waging a vigorous campaign. Upsets were possible. In Winfield the Vincent rothers' editorials for the Union Labor Party candidates were hard-hitting and ersuasive.

The powerful Republicans at first ought to pass off the *Non-Conformist* as radical sheet. Ignore it, and it'll go way, they hoped. But it didn't. Its voice rew louder.

Led by Greer, Republicans began branding the Vincents as anarchists. They would overthrow the government, Greer claimed. He often pointed out that hey were dangerous to the community nd to all law-abiding citizens.

At the Union Labor Party's state conention in Wichita, there were rumors f a secret organization within the party, ne which controlled and dictated its olicies. Greer learned of the so-called rganization when George W. Poorman, printer on the *Non-Conformist*, got into n argument with the Vincents and went to the *Courier* publisher volunteering to ig up information on the secret group. Greer encouraged him.

Poorman claimed to have infiltrated he group in South Haven, Kansas. He ushed back to Greer and turned over a opy of the secret handbook of the body alled the Vidette. Using it for background, Greer came out with the first xposé, charging the Vincents with being he Vidette's leaders. The group was ccused of taking blood oaths, of being evolutionary, treasonable, and using seret codes and signs. Poorman wisely left Winfield immediately.

Greer was summoned to Topeka for more ammunition on the Vincents and the Union Labor Party, reportedly furnished y the Republican State Central Committee. Material for a second exposé was sent to other newspapers in the state so hat all could come out with the blockuster at the same time. Election time was drawing near.

SOON it was known in Winfield that a dynamite bomb had been the cause f the Coffeyville explosion. And its olitical overtones were quite apparent; here were too many coincidences about . First, it occurred the day of Greer's second exposé of the Vincents. Secondly, he box which exploded had been desned for Winfield. The man it was addressed to, L. Louden, did not exist in Winfield. Then who was to pick up the box when it arrived?

Republicans charged that the Vincents had shipped the box. They planned to ow up the *Courier* building with it, referably while the publisher was inde.

But those who did not look with favor pon Greer accused him and the Repubcans of sending it. When it arrived, hey had expected to blow up part of he *Courier* building while no one was round, making it appear that the Vincents were as violent and dangerous as they had been painted.

Meantime, over in the Hackney Building, two blocks from the *Courier*, the Vincents were dipping their quills into the inkpots and vigorously attacking Greer and his party. Backing the brothers was another Winfield paper, *The Telegram*, a Democrat paper.

All Winfield newspapers sent copies of their stories to other papers, in and out of state. National interest began to stir.

THE SMOKE had hardly cleared at the Upham home before lawmen were seeking clues to the explosion. One of the first on the scene was Montgomery County Deputy Sheriff N. M. Clifford of Coffeyville, but the house was virtually surrounded when he arrived. "There was much screaming and pushing and shoving," he recalled later. "I called in the city marshal and ordered him to keep everybody off the porch and from looking through the windows. There was perhaps a crowd of 150 there then."

From Upham the deputy got a description of the man who had left the package at the express office. The city marshal was told "to look the crowd over for a man about 45 years of age, wearing a black slouch hat, full black beard of about four week's growth, black suit of clothes, well worn."

Then the deputy hurried off to check every hotel, boarding house and restaurant in town to see if such a man had been there. At the Southern Hotel he got a lead. Two men had registered, one of whom matched the description given by Upham.

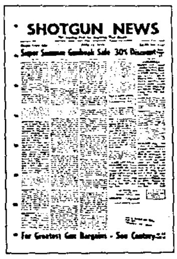
"But they have already gone," the landlord said. "I think they headed towards Valeda."

Working fast, the deputy had a box made up like the one that had exploded. He had it shipped to "L. Louden" in Winfield. Then, wiring the sheriff in Winfield to expect him the next morning, he took the first train out. There was a chance someone would claim the box when it reached Winfield. He wanted to be there.

Valeda was little more than a settlement some thirteen miles east of Coffeyville. The night of the explosion, I. M. Waldrop, agent for the Missouri Pacific Railroad and Pacific Express Company had just pushed himself away from the suppertable. It was getting dark when he started back to his office at the depot. Shortly after he arrived, two men came into the waiting room. They asked about a ticket to Chetopa, Kansas, and wanted to know what connections they could make from there.

As the 10:36 p.m. train chugged out, Waldrop stood outside the little depot shaking his head in disbelief. The conductor had just told him about the explosion. He had met Upham a number of times and he was still shocked when he walked back in his office. All at once he cried out, "My God! Those men at the station!" He heard the train whistle far off. He wondered if they were on it.

Deputy Clifford arrived in Winfield about 10 o'clock the next morning. At the sheriff's office he was disappointed to find that no leads had turned up, and



5000 FIREARMS BARGAINS

Are you a gun trader? Gun collector? Or are you just plain interested in guns? If you are, you'll profit from reading the bargain-filled columns of SHOTGUN NEWS, now published twice each month. It's the leading publication for the sale, purchase and trade of firearms and accessories of all types. SHOTGUN NEWS has aided thousands of gun enthusiasts locate firearms, both modern and antique—rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers, scopes, mounts . . . all at money-saving prices. The money you save on the purchase of any one of the more than 5,000 listings twice a month more than pays your subscription cost. You can't afford to be without this unique publication.

Free trial offer!

Money Back Guarantee.

As a special introductory offer, we'll send you the first issue of SHOTGUN NEWS free of charge with your one year subscription. That means you get 25 big issues. What's more, if you're not completely satisfied, just tell us. We'll immediately refund your money in full and you can keep the issues you already have. Fair enough? You bet! Fill in the coupon below and mail it today!

SAMPLE COPY • 75c

THE SHOTGUN NEWS OW3
Box 1147, Hastings, Nebr. 68901

Yes, send me the first issue of **SHOTGUN NEWS FREE** and start my subscription for one year. $5 enclosed—to be refunded if I'm not completely satisfied.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City, State, & Zip . . . .

he set out on his own to see what he could learn.

At the express office he told the agent about the decoy package which was to arrive. Then he had the agent slip a six-shooter under the counter within easy reach. "If anyone claims that box, pull the gun on him and place him under arrest," the deputy said. "Then send for an officer."

At that moment a man loaded with packages entered. Deputy Clifford saw his fake box among them. He went outside and waited, but no one came for it.

Clifford walked uptown. Soon he was hearing a lot about the trouble between Greer and the Vincents. Everyone in Winfield was talking about it, connecting it with the dynamiters. The deputy returned to Coffeyville.

Detectives of all types turned out to break the case. Pinkerton men showed up in Coffeyville and Winfield in assorted disguises. They had no better luck than the others. Weeks passed without any arrests.

Dr. Wood did his utmost to save the victims' lives. He even moved into the Upham house in order to care for them around the clock. Gradually, they improved. After many weeks, the doctor smiled and told them, "You're going to be all right now."

They remembered little of the explosion—just that they had stood near a box. That suddenly it had "hissed."

In the meantime, the election had passed. The new governor of Kansas was Lyman U. Humphrey, a Republican.

UPHAM had grown up in and around Boston, Massachusetts. The December after the explosion, he left for the East. He went to work in Maine, expecting to send for his family when they were well.

The express company had paid him $700 prior to his leaving Coffeyville—enough to create some gossip. Perhaps Upham himself had set off the bomb, intending to kill his wife for property she owned. But detectives found nothing to back up the rumors. They called them "disgusting."

Of course, Republican party members were eager to forget the explosion. But over in neighboring Labette County, I. D. Highleyman of Chetopa was still hard at work on the case. By the middle of November the detective thought he had enough evidence to bring charges.

He went to Independence, the seat of Montgomery County, sixteen miles north of Coffeyville. The county attorney there, Samuel C. Elliott, listened impatiently as Highleyman attempted to get him to file charges against Poorman and C. A. Henrie, the latter a Topeka man.

The detective claimed it was they who had fled to Valeda the day of the blast. Furthermore, he had heard that Governor Humphrey planned to appoint Henrie, who was not even a Republican, to a clerkship in the state labor department. This would be his payoff for taking the box of dynamite to the express station, Highleyman said.

The county attorney coughed and suddenly arose from his chair, reaching for his hat. He had an engagement and had to leave, he said. Highleyman was flabbergasted. Especially when the shocked Elliott snapped that he was satisfied that no crime had been committed. "Forget it," he the same as told Highleyman.

Plainly the county attorney wanted to hear no more about the explosion. Besides, his term was running out. And wherever lawmen showed up, they met with similar rebuffs. It appeared that their investigation would never get past the county politicians.

Despairing, most interested partie gave up. Not the Vincents, however. I the *Non-Conformist* they kept demandin the facts behind the Coffeyville outrag The state legislature was even calle upon to investigate it, but refused.

Months passed. Then, gradually, th public picked up the cry of the Vincent A day came when the state's lawmaker had to do something. During the 189 legislative session, a joint committee wa selected to get at the bottom of the explosion, once and for all.

On Friday, February 13, 1891, th committee members filed into Senat Committee Room No. 5 in Topeka an opened its hearing. Spectators flocked t the sessions, and it was moved to mor spacious rooms. Day in and day out th hearing went on. Nearly 100 witnesse everyone the committee could find wh knew anything about the matter, wer summoned to testify under oath.

During this legislative session, the Alliance Party was in control. It was, i general, a reformation of the Union Labor Party, the same the Republican claimed was controlled by the Videttes.

The hearing finally centered its prob on two probable causes of the explosion (1.) It was the work of the Nationa Order of Videttes. The Vincents had plotted to blow up the *Courier* plant; (2.) I was a Republican conspiracy directe by the Republican State Central Committee and Republican leaders.

Attempts to show that Upham plotte to murder his wife soon were droppe An attempt to show that chemicals in hi darkroom had blown up also met wit failure. On May 9 the gavel sounded i the hearing room. The investigation wa finished.

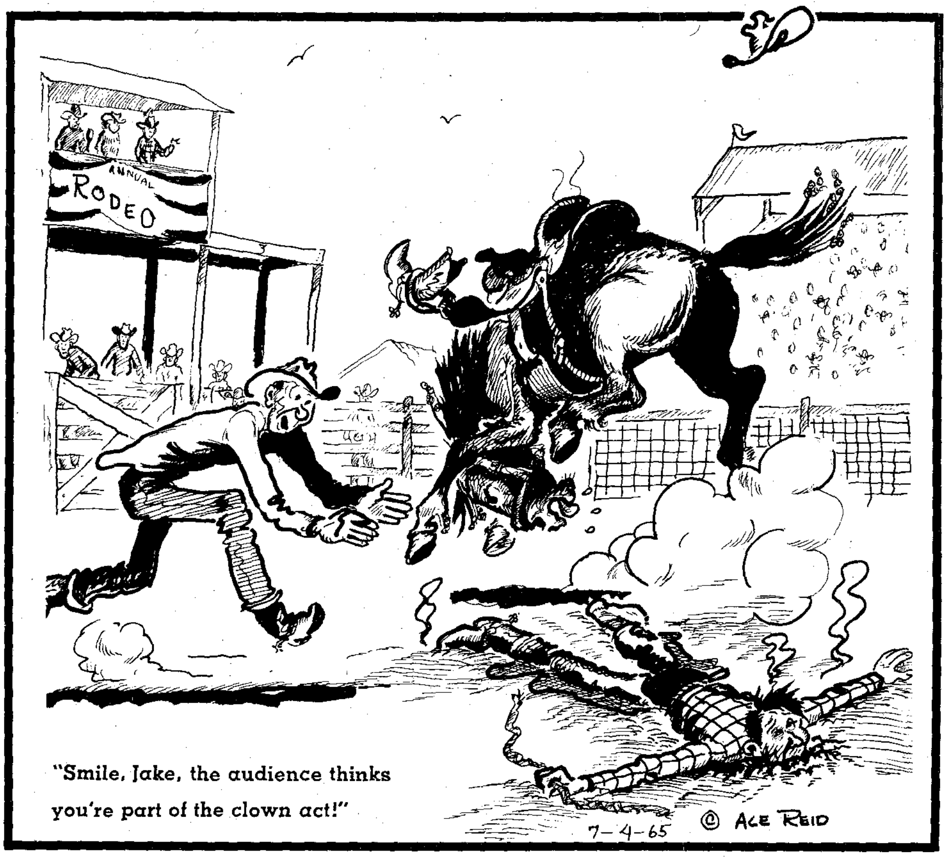
Across the state, citizens anxiousl awaited the verdict of the committe At long last the guilty would be punishe —but they were wrong.

The three Republican members, C. E Kimball, J. G. Mohler, and C. N. Bishof denied vehemently that Republicans ha been connected even remotely with th explosion. It was concluded that Henri was not the man seen in Valeda, that h had no connection with the explosio whatever. That Governor Humphrey ha appointed him to a job in the bureau o labor was admitted; but it was not a pay off. The report had only one recommendation—one which was to dra laughs from many lawmen when the heard it. The recommendation was tha in the future law enforcement agent handle such cases, not the state legislature! And they bemoaned the fact tha $12,000 had been spent on the hearing.

Alliance Party committee member Ezra Cary, M. Senn, G. W. Crumley an T. M. Templeton, saw it differently.

Upham, leaving Coffeyville after th explosion, "leaves the impression on ou minds that there was an influen brought to bear on him, which in th first place would prevent him from test fying, when the Vincents made their e forts to prosecute the guilty parties. . . .

Of Henrie's unexpected political ap pointment, they noted that no labor organ ization had sought his appointment to th labor commission. Furthermore, he wa not even a Republican; yet a Republica



"Smile, Jake, the audience thinks you're part of the clown act!"

7-4-65 © ACE REID

vernor had gotten him the job, though any qualified Republicans wanted and tively sought the job.

"It is impossible to think of any ex- anation of C. A. Henrie's appointment, cept that he knew about the damnable ot of preparing and sending the box, d that for the purpose of keeping him lent, the position was given him. The fusal of the legislature of 1889 to in- stigate the explosion seems to us a nfirmation [that the Republican party as connected with the Coffeyville ex- osion]."

It continued, "There was a conspiracy the part of someone to do certain ings for the purpose of breaking the nks of the Union Labor Party and lding strength to the Republican Party the political campaign of 1888."

As for Henrie, "he had some connec- on with the preparation of, and deliver- l said box at Coffeyville, to be shipped y express to Winfield to be exploded . . and under the excitement following e explosion, a raid would probably be ade on the office of The *Non-Conform- t.*"

It called Henrie's appointment "a re- ard for the part performed by him, d to prevent him from revealing what knows of the affair which would im- licate other parties."

Senator Edward Carroll, the lone Dem- rat on the committee, found it difficult believe Henrie's appointment was an nest one but called the whole affair political quarrel. Officially, the ex- osion at Coffeyville was a closed mat- r.

It was summer. Kansas sodbusters tched up their mules to the plows and ent back to the fields. No one would er be punished for the Coffeyville out- ge—except, of course, those innocent of e crime (whoever they were). For in- cence is no match for suspicion and nuendo, if the guilty party is never dis- osed.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 7)

e where winter mountain-climbing avado is required. Excellent black and hite photographs reveal the charming laskan scenery and show climbers in tion and rescuers retrieving frozen d fallen bodies. This is a busy book out an iron man tempting fate as he orks to make a living. Very good.

ANOTHER MINORITY

During the past years, our nation has ifted from a rural to an urban econ- y. Now about eighty percent of the pulation lives in urban areas and the w generation has little knowledge of r dependency upon farms and ranches r our food and much of what we wear. nd McNally & Company's new book, *e American Farmer* ($12.95) by Rich- d K. Seim helps bridge the gap from ban to country life. An album of large ar cut black and white photographs Charles Brill gives the reader a full urse on farm and ranch life during the ur seasons. This panorama of the farm d ranch covers plowing, planting, cul-

(Continued on page 58)

THE
TEXAS ARMY
A History of the 36th Division
in the Italian Campaign
By ROBERT L. WAGNER
Cloth, 300 pages, photos and maps
$10.50 postpaid

SALERNO • ALTAVILLA • PERSANO • SAN PIETRO
CASSINO • THE RAPIDO • VELLETRI • ROME

These are immortal names in American military history—due in great part to the men who became known as "T-Patchers." The invasion of Italy in 1943 was one of the more important compromises between conflicting British and American strategies in World War II, and the 36th Infantry Division—The Texas Army—was *fated to play a crucial role in the agony of The Boot. The disastrous Rapido River* crossing of January 1944, which very nearly shattered the Division and which ultimately resulted in a Congressional investigation, was the low point of the campaign. Fortunately, no comparable misuse of troops was to follow, and under the able direction of the man who had led them so long, Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker, The Texas Army executed the breakthrough at Velletri in June, delivering Rome into Allied hands.

The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

ROBERT L. WAGNER, Capitol Station P.O. Box 13488, Austin, Texas 78711
Mail ______ copy(ies) of The Texas Army, A History of the 36th Division in the Italian Campaign. Enclosed is my check/money order for $______.
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

NATIONAL TREASURE HUNTERS LEAGUE
"The Largest Treasure Hunting Organization In The World"
METAL DETECTORS
OVER 100 MODELS & 15 BRANDS TO CHOOSE FROM
— AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL —
BOOKS & MAPS
— DEALER INQUIRY WELCOME —
WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF OUR TREASURE MAGAZINE PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 53, Mesquite, Tex. 75149
(214) 328-1223
11602 Garland Rd., Dallas, Tex. 75218
(214) 328-0140

OLD WEST Binders!
Only $5.50 each. Postpaid
- Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of OLD WEST at just $5.50 each, postpaid.
- OLD WEST is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Almost all back issues available!) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf. Order Now!
- See OLD WEST back issue ad in this magazine.

OLD WEST BINDERS
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764
I am enclosing $______. Send ______ binders at $5.50 each to the following:
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______

Presses and printing are too complicated to explain, but what's important is that we've got a large number of some issues, and only a few of others. IT'S NO GIMMICK! List your choice of back issues (of those marked 60¢) on these two pages and the following page, and get in on these bargains.

WAREHOUSE SALE....
over 50% off!

IMPORTANT: Scarce issues ($3.00 each) are not included in our Warehouse Sale. Sorry . . . Get 'em now, we're going to have to go up soon.

Order 5 or more @ 45¢ each
(A 25% savings)

Order 20 or more @ 35¢ each
(Almost half-price)

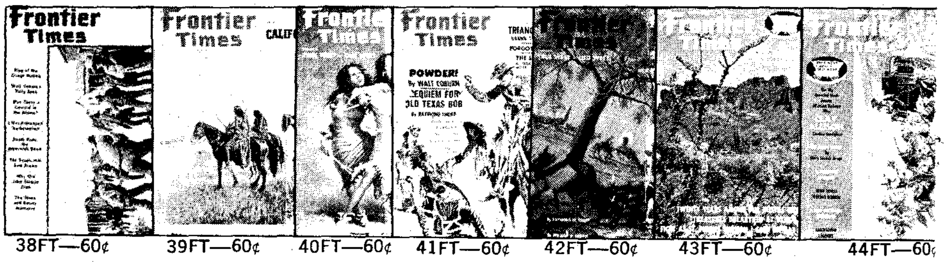
Order 30 or more @ 30¢ each
(You SAVE 50%!)

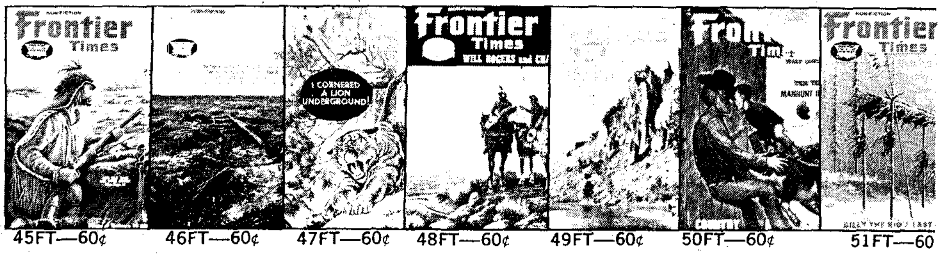
Order 40 or more @ 25¢ each
(OVER 50% OFF!)

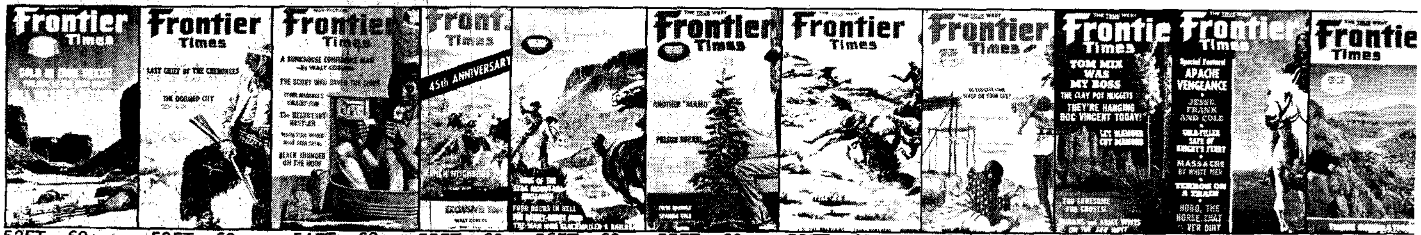
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
— WAREHOUSE SALE —
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

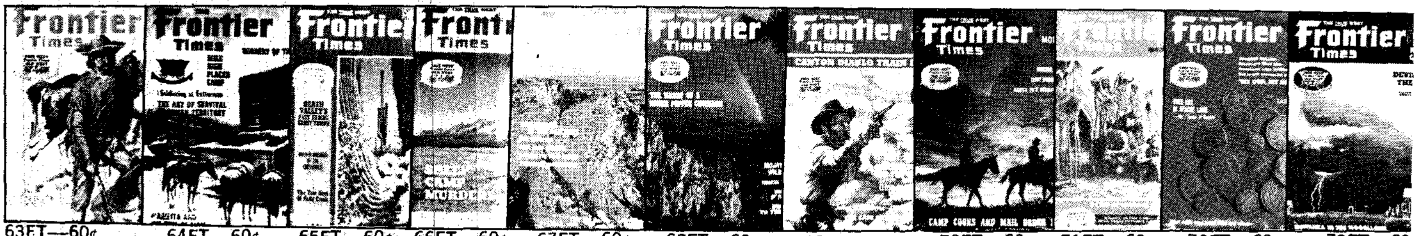
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Frontier Times
Henry Plummer's Golden Loot
31FT—$3.00 32FT—$3.00 33FT—$3.00 34FT—60¢ 35FT—60¢ 36FT—60¢ 37FT—60


Frontier Times
POWDER!
REQUIEM FOR OLD TEXAS BOB
38FT—60¢ 39FT—60¢ 40FT—60¢ 41FT—60¢ 42FT—60¢ 43FT—60¢ 44FT—60¢


Frontier Times
I CORNERED A LION UNDERGROUND!
45FT—60¢ 46FT—60¢ 47FT—60¢ 48FT—60¢ 49FT—60¢ 50FT—60¢ 51FT—60


Frontier Times
45th ANNIVERSARY
TOM MIX WAS MY BOSS
APACHE VENGEANCE
52FT—60¢ 53FT—60¢ 54FT—60¢ 55FT—60¢ 56FT—60¢ 57FT—60¢ 58FT—60¢ 59FT—60¢ 60FT—60¢ 61FT—60¢ 62FT—60


Frontier Times
63FT—60¢ 64FT—60¢ 65FT—60¢ 66FT—60¢ 67FT—60¢ 68FT—60¢ 69FT—60¢ 70FT—60¢ 71FT—60¢ 72FT—60¢ 73FT—60

Frontier Times
GHOST TOWN
74FT—60¢ 75FT—60¢ 76FT—60¢ 77FT—60¢ 78FT—60¢ 79FT—60¢ 80FT—60¢ 81FT—60¢ 82FT—60¢ 83FT—60¢ 84FT—60

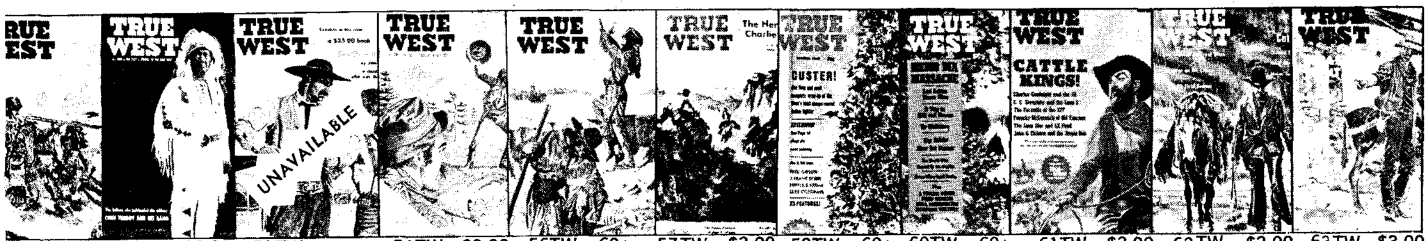
Frontier Times
Special Treasure Edition!
85FT—60¢ 86FT—60¢ 87FT—60¢ 88FT—60¢ 89FT—60¢ 90FT—60¢ 91FT—60¢ 92FT—60¢ 93FT—60¢ 94FT—60¢

Get 'em now

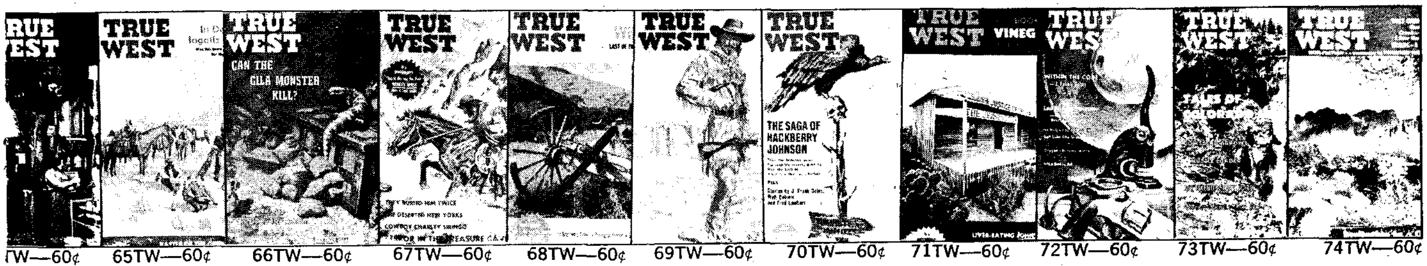
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

FIRST...IN THE FIELD OF WESTERN AMERICANA!

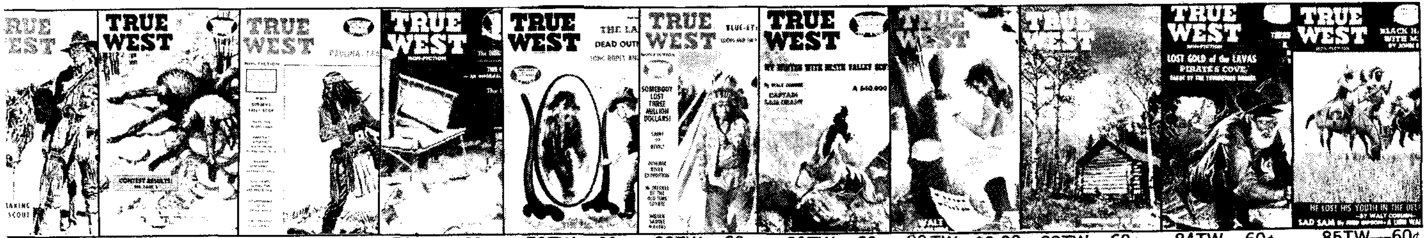
MEN • RANGE WARS • GOLD RUSH • INDIAN FIGHTS • GHOST TOWNS • FRONTIER LIFE • BURIED TREASURE



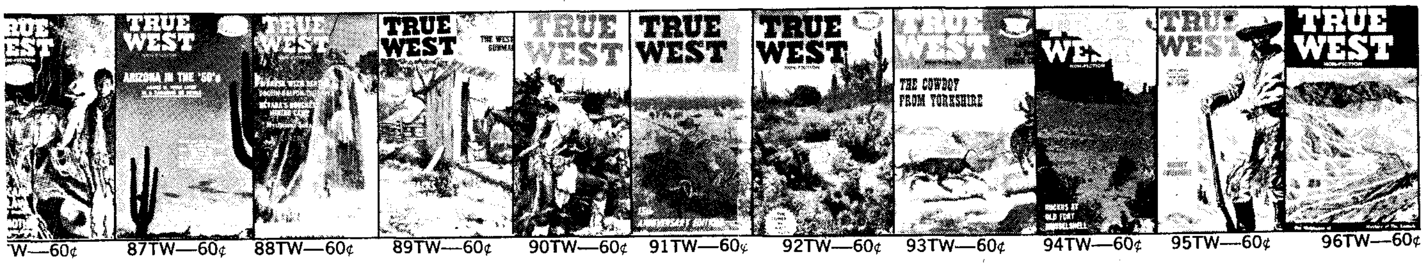
TW—$3.00 50TW—$3.00 51TW— 54TW—$3.00 56TW—60¢ 57TW—$3.00 59TW—60¢ 60TW—60¢ 61TW—$3.00 62TW—$3.00 63TW—$3.00



TW—60¢ 65TW—60¢ 66TW—60¢ 67TW—60¢ 68TW—60¢ 69TW—60¢ 70TW—60¢ 71TW—60¢ 72TW—60¢ 73TW—60¢ 74TW—60¢

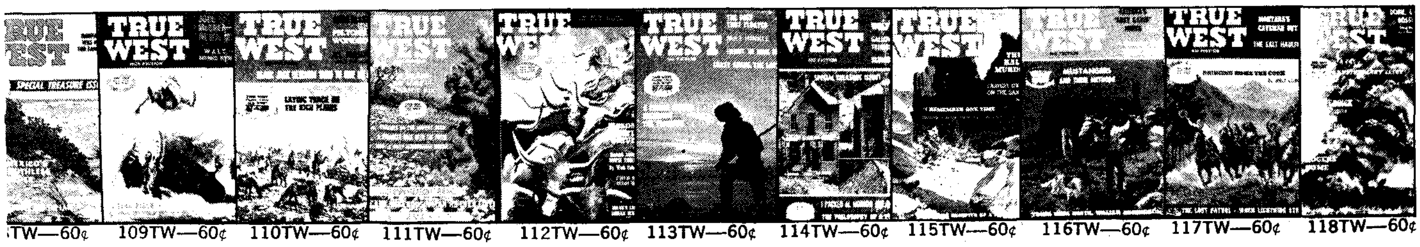


W—60¢ 76TW—60¢ 77TW—60¢ 78TW—60¢ 79TW—60¢ 80TW—60¢ 81TW—60¢ 82TW—$3.00 83TW—60¢ 84TW—60¢ 85TW—60¢



W—60¢ 87TW—60¢ 88TW—60¢ 89TW—60¢ 90TW—60¢ 91TW—60¢ 92TW—60¢ 93TW—60¢ 94TW—60¢ 95TW—60¢ 96TW—60¢

TW—60¢ 98TW—60¢ 99TW—60¢ 100TW—60¢ 101TW—60¢ 102TW—60¢ 103TW—60¢ 104TW—60¢ 105TW—60¢ 106TW—60¢ 107TW—60¢



TW—60¢ 109TW—60¢ 110TW—60¢ 111TW—60¢ 112TW—60¢ 113TW—60¢ 114TW—60¢ 115TW—60¢ 116TW—60¢ 117TW—60¢ 118TW—60¢

19TW—60¢ 120TW—60¢ 121TW—60¢ 122TW—60¢ 123TW—60¢ 124TW—60¢ 125TW—60¢ 126TW—60¢ 127TW—60¢ 128TW—60¢

OLD WEST
back issues
→
next page

OLD WEST WAREHOUSE SALE!

See preceding pages for details and prices on our Warehouse Sale bargains —

✶ SAVE OVER 50%

UNAVAILABLE
UNAVAILABLE

OW1—60¢ OW2—60¢ OW3—60¢ OW4— OW5—60¢ OW6—60¢
OW7—60¢ OW8—60¢ OW9—60¢ OW10—60¢ OW11—60¢ OW12—60¢
OW13—60¢ OW14—60¢ OW15—60¢ OW16—60¢ OW17—$3.00 OW18—$3.00
OW19—60¢ OW20—60¢ OW21—60¢ OW22—60¢ OW23—60¢ OW24—60¢
OW25—60¢ OW26—60¢ OW27—$3.00 OW28—60¢ OW29— OW30—60¢
OW31—60¢ OW32—60¢ OW33—60¢ OW34—60¢ OW35—60¢ OW36—60¢
OW37—60¢ OW38—60¢ OW39-60¢ OW40-60¢ OW41-60¢ OW42-60¢

tivating, harvesting and storing, a
shows machinery that the modern oper
tor uses for muscle to do ten times t
work achieved formerly with horses a
mules. The livestock are still there, ho
ever, and better than they used to b
There are sleek dairy cattle in gre
pastures and palatial barns. Glossy-hid
beef cattle are shown on glimmering pa
tures and in mechanized feed lots. Soci
life still is an important part of rur
life where recreation, picnicking, hors
back riding and motorized sports are t
rule. Very good.

RELIGIOUS FOLK ART

Santos and Saints (Calvin Horn, In
$10.00) by Thomas J. Steele, S. J., is
handbook to a form of religious folk a
practiced in New Mexico and much a
preciated and sought after by artis
anthropologists and collectors. The Ne
Mexico Spanish people of the eighteen
and nineteenth centuries practiced C
tholicism in a way that required a lar
number of images—statues and pai
ings of saints and divine persons. Si
the supply of holy images from Mexi
and Spain was inadequate, the New Me
icans produced sacred art for themselv
These are the objects now called *sant*
—carved and painted figures and paint
pine panels. All were made almost e
clusively from home crafted, local m
terials. Although *santos* as folk art ha
considerable aesthetic appeal, they d
not exist merely for art's sake. A *san*
entered intimately into the life of t
family or community to which it b
longed. Fr. Steele explains the tr
religious meaning and use of *santos*, ho
they were made and by whom. In sever
long appendices he provides a list of
the saints represented by New Mexi
native *santeros*, a *santo* identificati
chart, and a list of *santeros* who ma
santos. Anyone interested in New Mexi
folk art will find this book informati
and useful.

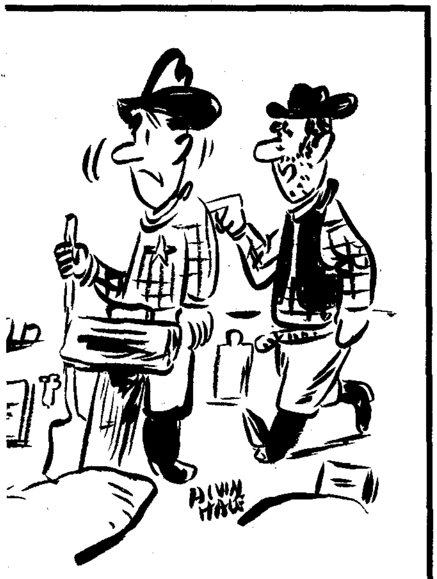
NATIVE AMERICANS

American Indian Tribes (Dodd, Me
and Co., $5.50) by Marion E. Gridley
a brief treatment (192 pages) of
appealing but complex subject—the l
cation and development of the Indi
tribes of North America. The auth
groups the tribes in eleven geographic
areas including the Plains and Mou
tains, the Southwest, the Northwe
Coast, Canada and seven other regio
Each of these chapters discusses hig
lights of the history and developme
of the principal tribes that lived or st
do live in that part of North Ameri
Included are comments upon their w
of life, their arts and crafts, famous i
dividuals, and how the tribe fares toda
At the end of each chapter are lists
the tribes known to have lived in th
geographical area, the major linguis
stocks, present-day reservations and t
non-reservation Indian communities.
is abundantly clear that there are st
many Indians of great variety and th
they are people of intelligence, creati
ness, inventiveness, and adaptability.

COLORFUL CALIFORNIA COAST

Some of the most beautiful, rugged a
awesome scenery in the United Stat

urs on our Pacific Coast. In *California* *Golden Coast* (The Viking Press, 4.95) Phillip L. Fradkin, aided with otographs by Dennis Stock, takes us a thoughtful journey down the Cali- nia coast, avoiding the tourist traps d stopping at places like Pelican ach, Point Conception, Prairie Creek, int Reyes, Big Sur, Point Lobos and Channel Islands. His greatest in- ests are in natural scenes and natural jects and in three short chapters he ites feelingly of deserted beaches, undering surf, bleaching driftwood, nd-shaped trees, and small towns and iet farming valleys. The sixty color otographs match the mood of the text. fourth chapter describes the havoc ought upon much of the California astline by unregulated economic and using development and the aroused in- rest of Californians in keeping the ast from further destruction.



he guys at the pool hall tell me you ched my twin brother. Does that an I'm free?"

WATER FOR THE TEXAS HIGH PLAINS

Land of the Underground Rain (Uni- rsity of Texas Press, $9.95) by Donald Green reports in depth on irrigation the Texas High Plains, 1910-1970. sistant professor of history at Central iversity in Oklahoma, Green provides t only a comprehensive study of pump igation in Texas, but his book is per- ps the most complete coverage of entieth-century pump irrigation writ- n on any area in the United States. At cattlemen's meeting in Dallas in 1887, lonel William E. Hughes, a prominent ncher stated: "The ranchman of the ains was not to be a permanence. He ver so considered himself. His mission s to precede the agriculturist and ck farmers, and until a change in the der of things should make agriculture ofitable, or possible, it was his to tablish and maintain in valuable indus- ." The next step in development was monstrations of crop growing by large nches such as the XIT, and eventually, farms were established in Floyd, Hale, Crosby and other counties. The great drought of the 1880s did not altogether stop farming, and leaders soon became interested in irrigation. Green traces the history of irrigation in America as well as in Texas, the troubled future for irrigation on the High Plains, and possible solutions to the dwindling water supply. Well written and annotated, Green's book is an important agricultural history and a contribution to the understanding of the finiteness of resources.

Joshua Creffield

(Continued from page 50)

Oregon Coast a handful of starving women tried to exist on mussels and edible plants. They sought shelter with the family of one girl, but her father turned them away. A timber cruiser discovered them accidentally, and took word of their plight to the newspapers.

O. V. Hurt set out to rescue them. One was his daughter May, another his daughter-in-law with her five-months-old baby. A third, Donna Mitchell Starr, was wanted in Seattle to testify at her brother's trial.

Onlookers jammed the court to watch O. V. Hurt weep on the stand and recount the ways Prophet Joshua Creffield had destroyed his family. The man had gained wonderful powers over his followers, Hurt said. He would keep them rolling on the floor ten to twenty-four hours at a time. He made the women burn their clothes and wear their wrappers, and during the rolling ceremonies, even the wrappers came off.

Nineteen-year-old Esther Mitchell testified against her brother. "Creffield always treated me properly as he did all of his other followers," she maintained. The charges of adultery raised against Creffield by Starr had been false. Of the prophet, she added, "They sent him to the pen to break up our religious camp." Of her brother she said, "He never helped me. I believe he should be hanged."

The grand jury failed to agree with Esther. Finding George guilty of justifiable homicide, the jury acquitted him. Spectators greeted the decision with cheers and applause. Men rushed forward to pat George on the back.

Two days later, Esther went down to Union Station to see George off; hoping she would forgive George, two of her other brothers had suggested the farewell. The light coat she carried over one arm concealed a pearl-handled revolver. She spoke briefly with George, then as he turned to board the train she pulled out the gun. Esther placed the muzzle beneath his left ear and fired. Death was instantaneous. As George had done, Esther awaited arrest calmly.

She and Maud Creffield had conspired to kill George. Because it seemed likely Esther would have the best opportunity, she gained the right to make the first attempt. She had succeeded. The police immediately arrested Maud as an accomplice to the crime.

"He was a holy man," Esther said of Prophet Joshua Creffield. "My brother was of the world and defiled. It was

"THE WESTERN POLO"

MANY OTHER STYLES

Made To Order Only

This tall, handsome boot offers the maximum in leg protection. Available in a wide variety of imported French and U.S. leathers. Your choice of top, heel and toe styles. Prices depend on leathers you choose. Made to order only. Write for FREE CATALOG and ordering instructions.

WESTERN HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, SOCKS, ETC.

JOE HALL, Box 17971, El Paso, Texas 79917

HEARING AIDS

Huge savings on tiny, all-in-the-ear, behind the ear, eyeglass and body models. New space age models are so tiny and well concealed your closest friends may never even notice. FREE HOME TRIAL. Low as $10 monthly. Money back guarantee. Order direct and save. Write today for free catalog and confidential booklet.
PRESTIGE, Dept. T-37, Box 10947, Houston, Tex. 77018.

READ ABOUT THE NEW GOLD RUSH

and all of the other activities of prospectors and miners in the new monthly paper, the Western Prospector & Miner. $5.00 per year. Sample free. Box 146, Tombstone, Az. 85638.

LIVE-CATCH TRAPS

MUSTANG

Write for FREE CATALOG

Low as $4.95

Traps without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pets, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, turtles, quail, etc. Save on our low factory prices. Send no money. Write for free catalog and trapping secrets. MUSTANG MFG. CO., Dept. N-11, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018

$$TREASURES$$

Find buried gold, silver, jewelry and coins with patented metal detectors that can distinguish metallic trash, such as tin cans, from treasure. Some trash like aluminum cans are not even detected, saves unnecessary digging. Also has push button and automatic tuning, ground pickup eliminate feature, great range, etc. FREE CATALOGUE.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 33, 4729 No. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

right that he should be punished for what he did, but the law set him free."

The law determined not to treat George's murderers with such leniency. King County officials found both Esther and Maud insane. Maud died in her jail cell of self administered strychnine. In accordance with her last wishes, O. V. Hurt had his daughter laid to rest beside her husband, Franz Edmund Creffield.

Blame for George Mitchell's death shifted from the still young, still lovely Esther Mitchell to the dead woman. Esther never ceased maintaining Prophet Joshua had always behaved properly toward her. After three years in an eastern Washington asylum, she was released. A few weeks later she died quietly in the home of friends on the Oregon coast not far from the prophet's doomed settlement.

And with Esther Mitchell's death ended the strange, twisted story of Prophet Joshua Creffield and the Brides of Christ.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 51)

and his mother in Tennessee. His wife, Mary, was born in Indiana in 1825. Her father was born in Florida and her mother in Ohio. Their children were: Sarah, 1847, married Avants; Elizabeth, 1855, married Dick Story; Rebecca Jane, 1853, married William Wood; William 1859, Cindy, 1862, married Blevins; Samuel, 1863, Evaline, 1870, married Billy Walters; Martha, 1858, married Jacob Avants. Shields lived in Milam County, Texas during the 1880 census. William was in Texas early, and I'd like to know if he married in Texas and who his wife was. I'd also like to hear from anyone who knows about the Goad family.—Ruth Trousdale, 2214 Sage, Carlsbad, New Mexico 88228

Burlingame-Beebe

Henry S. Burlingame, 1820-1890, was born in Essex County, New York. By the 1840s he was living in Carroll County, Illinois. In 1843 he married Mrs. Harriet Beebe Bartlett. The 1850 Carroll County census lists Henry and Harriet as living with his father, James R. Burlingame, born about 1790 in Rhode Island. His brothers, James R., and Seymour, were born about 1813 and 1822. Seymour was married to a Lucy E. Beebe, the sister of Harriet, I believe. James R., Jr. had at least three sons in 1850: Charles, born 1836; Franklin, born about 1838; and Edgar, born about 1841.

Harriet and Lucy Burlingame are believed to be the daughters of William Beebe, born about 1791 in New York. They also had a brother, William O., born about 1820. The Beebes also lived in Carroll County.

In 1852 Henry and Harriet Burlingame traveled to Oregon, with Harriet dying someplace in Wyoming. Henry went on to Vancouver, Washington, remarried and became a prominent citizen of the town. In 1871 he moved to Colfa Washington where the Territorial Go ernor appointed him County Commi sioner.

Tradition has it that his brothers an the relatives on the Beebe side al traveled West, but I've never found trace of them and would welcome an information.—Gary Burlingame, St Route, Arlington, Oregon 97812

Weaver

I am seeking information on Norma and Laura Weaver and their daughte Flossie Bettie Jane Weaver, who was m wife. Flossie passed away on March 2 1971, and while I was under the strai of her long illness, I lost many of ou personal papers.

I am especially interested in learnin about Flossie's mother, Laura Weave who was living at Fort Wayne, Indian in the early 1920s. She had also lived i Michigan, and I'd like to know he maiden name, when and where she w born, her parents' names and where or any of them are buried. I will answ all letters and return postage.—H. M Elkins, 1317 S. 262nd, Kent, Washingto 98031

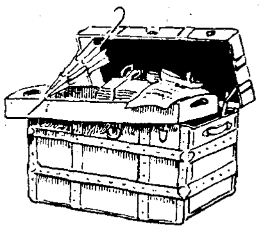
McLaughlin-Banks-McNeil-Newbrey-Dear

David McLaughlin was born Octobe 10, 1830 and his wife, Anna E., was bor September 17, 1832. They had five chi dren and were living in Dover, Illinois i 1856. David had several brothers in th

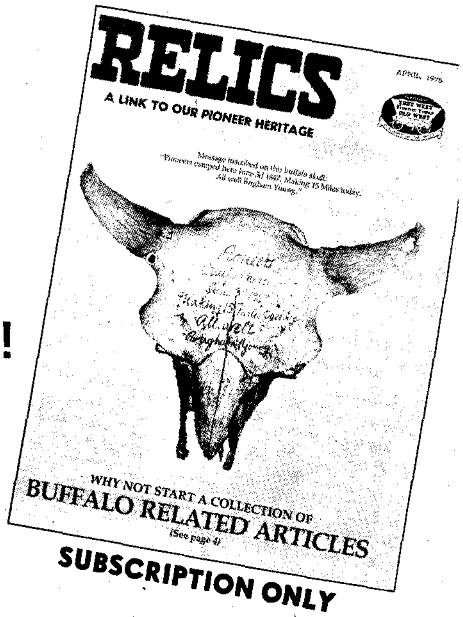
R E L I C S

LOOK!

A TREASURE CHEST OF INFORMATION!



This magazine is devoted principally to the treasures, artifacts, relics and collectibles intimately associated with the expansion and development of the United States.


RELICS
A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE
APRIL 1975
Message inscribed on this buffalo skull: "Pioneers camped here June 3d 1847, Making 15 Miles today. All well Brigham Young."
WHY NOT START A COLLECTION OF
BUFFALO RELATED ARTICLES
(See page 4)

SUBSCRIPTION ONLY

RELICS, P.O. Box 3338 Austin, TX. 78764

(check one)
☐ 1 year subscription (6 issues—$2.50) ☐ NEW
☐ 2 year subscription (12 Issues—$4.50) ☐ RENEWAL

PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY________________STATE________
ZIP________

☐ 1 Binder—$5.50

CLASSIFIED

(25¢ per word, cash with order)
Send all ads or correspondence to—
MILDRED HOLLEY
Classified Advertising Mgr.
.O. Box 3338 Austin, Tx. 78764

Books & Magazines

IZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide.
ge folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place
ne glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations,
. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose,
lif. 95126.

VADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide.
ge folded map, 800 place name glossary, rail-
ds, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox,
6½ Yosemite, San Jose, Calif. 95126.

EE! SEND FOR FREE List of our Bargain Priced
estern Books. Badmen, Lawmen, Cowboys, Indians,
asure. Fascinating, exciting books about the West,
at special Bargain Prices. Write to WESTERN
OK CO., Free Book List, Box 3338, Austin, Tex.
64.

LT COBURN STORIES. FREE LIST. Over 45 Walt
burn stories are available in back issues of TRUE
ST and FRONTIER TIMES. Walt grew up on the
burn ranch, the Circle C, a neighbor and blood
ther to the Assiniboines. He knew Charlie Russell
many of the men whose names are synonymous
h the West. Tom Mix spent his last evening on
th in the company of Walt and friends. For Free
, write Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338,
tin, Tex. 78764.

RE, ORIGINAL HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES. Not
issues; not all mint, but good condition. $3.00
a specific issue. Only $2.50 for an issue of our
n selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send
at's available.) These are the ORIGINALS. Ad-
ss correspondence to Susan Washburn, Western
blications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tx. 78764.

UTHWEST HERITAGE BACK ISSUES. Rare op-
tunity to acquire back issues of a worthwhile
gazine which has recently ceased publication. A
st for any Western Americana library. No complete
exist except in private collections. Soon all
ilable back issues will be gone. Exciting history;
utiful original art. We have only the following
will fill on a first-come, first served basis: Vol.
#1, Winter 1966; Vol. 1, #2, Spring 1967; Vol.
#3. Summer 1967; Vol. 2, #1, Winter 1968; Vol.
#2 Undated. $2.00 per copy plus 25¢ postage and
dling. Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338,
tin, Tex. 78764.

UTHERN CALIFORNIA TREASURES by Rascoe.
er 80 Treasure Tales! Has been called the best
e-Clue treasure book ever done on this rich old
e. A best seller at $4.00—our SPECIAL PRICE,
5, plus 25c postage and handling. Western Book
, Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

E MEMOIRS OF EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER.
distinguished author-historian-adventurer's fas-
ating account of his colorful career. He knew
great and near-great, and observed many of
events that shaped the destiny of the frontier.
pages. A beautiful and most unusual hard-
nd volume that will make a memorable, treasured
. Includes rare pictures and first hand reports of
a, Obregon and Tinker's sojourn in Mexico during
Revolutionary days. Published at $12.50. An ex-
tional value at our special price. $7.90. WESTERN
OK CO., Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

ENTION TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES back is-
collectors. We have a limited number of the fol-
ing unavailable issues for $3.00 each. We have
than a dozen copies of some. They must be sold
a strictly first come-first served basis. TRUE WEST
18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33,
36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 49, 50,
53, 54, 55, 57, 61, 62, 63, 82. FRONTIER TIMES 1,
, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17,
19, 21, 22, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33. OLD
ST 17, 18, 27. WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

NTED—HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES, published in
dera, Texas by J. Marvin Hunter. Vol. 1, Nos. 1
3 and Vol. 3, Nos. 2 and 6. Mary Sanders, P.O.
3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

K ISSUE MAGAZINES. We buy, trade and sell
stern, Railroad, Plane, Car and Pulp magazines
200 more titles. 1890 to 1975. S.A.S.E. Everybody's
kshop, 317 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

MAPS AND ATLASES of your state. Enclose a
np for catalog and Northwest Treasure News.
istensen, Drawer C, Sprague, Wash. 99032.

STERNS, MYSTERIES, ROMANCE, GOTHICS. 33¢-
eahc! Free lists. Discount Books, 3121-C Rendale,
mond, Va. 23221.

Western Merchandise

PEARL and METAL Snap **Fasteners for Western Shirts. Many styles and colors. Free catalog. Campau** Company, P. O. Box 518-G, Rosemead, Calif. 91770.

"O. K. CORRAL FIGHT" 18x25" color reproduction by Artist Don Percival plus copy of Tombstone's 1881 Epitaph Newspaper covering every detail. Plus color photo of Wyatt Earp's revolver. $5.00 postpaid. C. W. Dearborn, 620 N. Palo Verde, Tucson, Ariz. 85716.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE Silver Dollars, 1880-81 S, 1883-84-85-1899-1900-01-02 O mint. Uncirculated, $10.00 each. Coin Catalog 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

Real Estate

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive 'Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U. S. Send $2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-KM, Wash., D. C. 20009.

Treasure Hunting

GOLD AND SILVER. Locate ¼ mile away. Pamphlet free. See what others are finding with my sensitive locater. E. C. Anderson, Box 13441-CXC, Tampa, Fla. 33611.

TREASURE FINDER LOCATES buried gold, silver, coins, Treasures. 6 powerful models. Instant financing available. Write or call for free catalog. Phone (713) 682-2728 day or night. Dealer inquiries invited. Relco, Dept. AA32, Box 10839, Houston, Tex. 77018.

PROSPECTING, EXPLORATION, TREASURE HUNTING, Mining—Equipment, Kits, Books. Free Catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651.

FIND BURIED TREASURE or sunken treasure at great distances. Write for free literature. Marks Mfg., Dept. C-9, Box 838, League City, Tex. 77573.

NEW DEVELOPMENT in treasure locators. Modern technology applied to proven method gives better range and sensitivity. For brouchure and specifications snd 25¢ to Aztec Instruments, Box 1566TR, Irving, Tex. 75060.

Recipes

WINEMAKERS . . . FREE Illustrated Supply Catalog **of Yeast, equipment. Recipes. Continental, Box** 68016-W, Indianapolis, Ind. 46268.

REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI GRAVY. Recipe from Italy. Prize possession. Send $1.00 to Roma Kitchens. P.O. Box 23, Melrose, Mass. 02177.

Indian Relics

IROQUOIS MASKS, **rattles, dolls; also** Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. Lists 50¢. Irografts, Box 7, Ohsweken Reservation, Ontario, Canada.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS. ALL CHOICE Select. Collected along the plains of the Rio Grande and Mexico. Samples 25 for $4.00. 100—$10.00. 1000—$80.00. Please add 50 cents for postage and handling. Oscar Cavazos, Jr., 3010 Salinas Ave., Laredo, Tex. 78040.

AUTHENTIC PLAINS INDIAN and Mountain Men Buckskin outfits, moccasins, tomahawks, knives, shields, lances, squaw dresses, war bonnets, powder horns, beaded rifle cases. Catalog $1.00. Tecumseh's Indian Trading Post, Strausstown, Pa. 19559.

Business & Employment

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to receive 100 letters daily, each containing $1.00? Will send copy of the plan plus 6 formulas for $1.00. Rush dollar to S. Bantle, 19940 Hiawatha St., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

$30.00 PER HUNDRED addressing envelopes. Immediate earnings. Beginners. Instructions, $1.00 (refundable). Donald Cole, 128 N. 16th St., Middlesboro, Ky. 40965.

Miscellaneous

BLACK JACK PLAYERS. Be a winner. Not a gimmick —it really works. Money back guarantee. For pamphlet, send $5.00 to Wenger, Box 721D, Superior, Mont. 59872.

CONFIDENTIAL CARE for pregnant, unwed mothers. Edna Gladney Home, 2308 Hemphill, Fort Worth, Tex. Tel. (AC 817) 926-3304.

TEXAS ROCKSLINGER! Handle made from beautiful maple wood. Quarter-inch surgical tubing with leather pouch. TEXAS ROCKSLINGER imprinted on both sides. Very professional. A nice gift or just keep it yourself! Postpaid only $3.25. Rockslinger, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

MAPS. OLD STATE, RAILROAD, COUNTY Maps 70-110 years old. SASE. Northern Map, Dept. FT, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

WANT TO STOP SMOKING? If you've got the will power and determination you can. Follow this simple method. Thousands have quit. You can too. 100% money back guarantee. Free details. Write Spencer Namon Co., Box 515-AOW3, Olney, Tex. 76374.

MYSTIC ANSWERS. 2 questions, $1.00. Mayahouse, Box 9831-W, Fort Worth, Tex. 76107.

FIDDLERS, NATIONAL CHAMPION. National contest albums and other top fiddlin' records. Write The Fiddlers, Box 216, Payson, Ariz. 85541.

WANTED—OLD POSTMARKS on envelopes and postcards wanted. Poor collector will pay postage and bonus, 1880 thru 1960. Miller, Box 2443 C. S., Pullman, Wash. 99163.

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS. Air tours of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona. Camping, hiking, riding, rafting. Geology, archaeology, history. Free brochure. P.O. Box 945, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

REMEMBER RADIO Westerns? Lone Ranger, Cisco Kid, Gunsmoke, Hopalong Cassidy. Catalog $2.00 (refundable). Catalog plus two complete programs, $5.98. Specify cassette, 8-track, or reel. American Radio, Box 3493-OW, Riverside, Calif. 92509.

POWER SPARK—$4.95. Cars and trucks—gasoline economy, pep. Improve mechanical upkeep. 2-year guarantee. Christensen, 4205 Fullerton, Chicago, Ill. 60639.

AMERICANA INVESTOR! 225 beautiful Nevada Gold Mine stock certificates over 50 years old. Suitable for frame and resale profit. Sellers loss—no time. Buy lot, $300.00. Sarno, 14325 Wilkie Ave., Gardena, Calif. 90247.

LOG CABIN, rustic furniture building instructions. 304 pages, illustrated. Satisfaction guaranteed. $3.95 postpaid. Glenn Smith Enterprises, Box 1513, Dept. 52, Akron, Ohio 44309.

HAVE YOU EVER ADVERTISED IN TRUE WEST & FRONTIER TIMES?

If a classified ad will not provide enough space to introduce your product to a great new market, send for our display rates. We'll shoot the information to you pronto!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
RATE CARD
Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

YOU'RE THE SOLUTION TO WATER POLLUTION

GOOD TROUT FISHING!

Vacation and rest in the cool Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. Beautiful, clean, modern log houses —completely equipped for cooking—linens furnished.

Rainbows 'n' Browns
On the Chama River below El Vado Dam

Make reservations early to insure accommodations. Groceries, tackle, licenses, bait, liquors and beer.

Carl R. and Gladys Cooper, Mgrs.

EL VADO RANCH
Box 500 **Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico**
Tel. (Area Code 505) 588-7354

Civil War, some with the Union, some with the Confederate Army. He died in 1862, but was he killed in the war, and if so, was he Union or Confederate?

After his death Anna married John Shoup and they had four children. I have been told that Anna was buried in a cemetery somewhere south of Densmore, Kansas. I'd like to know her maiden name, where she and David McLaughlin were born, his brothers' names and if they were born in Ireland.

I'd also like information concerning William S. and wife, Sarah Cole McNeil, parents of James Harmon McNeil, born in Hopkins, Missouri, 1867. John Newbrey, and his wife, Mary Long Newbrey, early Kansas settlers, were the parents of George Newbrey, born in Brown County, Ohio 1847. He died in 1908 while homesteading near Cope, Colorado. Thomas Dear and his wife, Mary Glasco Dear, were parents of Maggie Dear, born near Peoria, Illinois in 1851. Joshua Banks was born near Ashland, Ohio in 1831 and his wife, Salina Caroline Johnson Banks was from Kentucky. The Banks had sixteen children, one of whom was my grandmother, Ruth Jeanette Banks McLaughlin. Joshua was one of the early settlers on the Kickapoo Reservation and reared his family near Whiting, Kansas.—Merna McLaughlin Keyes, P. O. Box 768, Limon, Colorado 80828

Dillard-Martin-Roe or Rowe Frazier-Bennett-Bottoms

I am interested in correspondence with people who are related to Dillard, Martin, Roe or Rowe, Frazier, Bennett and Bottoms.—Vera Frazier, Box 218, Lordsburg, New Mexico 88045

Dealy-Frost-York

I would like to obtain information of David Dealy's wife, parents and descendants. David was born February 11, 1793 in North Carolina and was one of the first settlers in Jackson County, Missouri in 1823. He died four miles northwest of Lone Jack, Missouri, December 12, 1876. He and Rebecca, his first wife, had twenty-six children. Her maiden name isn't known, but she was born in North Carolina or Kentucky, June 4, 1796 and died April 28, 1852 in Lone Jack, Missouri.

His second wife, Rebecca York Frost, whom he married August 21, 1852 was the mother-in-law of his son, Evermont, and the widow of John Frost, Jr. Rebecca was born about 1812, probably in Surry County, North Carolina. Her sister Nancy married Lewis William; sisters Julia and Emily married Sam Howe and John Powell. Brothers may have been named Mark, Jonathan and James, and her father Jonathan or Henry York.—Mrs. Rodney W. Cole, 116 Howe Street, Anaconda, Montana 59711

Prescott

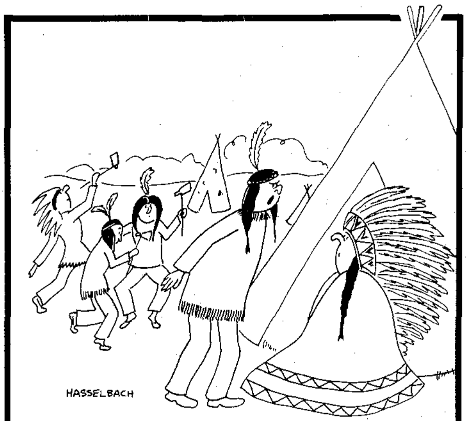
Does anyone know the whereabouts of a Paul Leonard Prescott, last known to have lived in Odessa, Texas? He had four children. Leonard Paul Prescott, Pat Prescott Bonsack, Wanda Prescott Joyce—all last known to have lived in Fort Worth, Texas. A Bill or William Prescott was last known living in Oklahoma or California.

Paul Leonard Prescott had two more children by another marriage. Their names are unknown but they are believed living in Arkansas.

Would also like to contact anyone who knows of Katherine Thompson, last known to be living in Texas.

John L. Sullivan, son of C. L. Sullivan of Gentry, Arkansas, was last known to be in the Tulsa area. He may be living in Muskogee or Okmulgee, Oklahoma now. His wife is Edna May Hance Sullivan.

My children would like to know more about our family, so anyone having information on the above people, please write.—Angeline Prescott, 912 West Center, Rochester, Minnesota 55901



"Rain Dance, Harvest Dance, War Dance! When can we ever dance just for the heck of it?"

Province-Sickler-Deal

I would like to hear from any descendants of the Province (Provence-Provance)-Sickler-Deal families who came originally from areas of lower New York State, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Various families migrated west and lived in Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, among other states.

My great-grandfather, Joseph Yard Province (1825-1885), married Permelia Jane Stephens (1829-1917). They were homesteaders in Custer County, Nebraska. After about a year of homesteading there, Great-grandfather Province was shot and killed in 1885 by cattle rustlers. They were parents of thirteen children—places and dates of birth, deaths, families, etc. of whom are yet to be found. Anyone having information about any of these families, please write. All correspondence will be appreciated and answered.—Mrs. C. E. Gray, 6312 Fort Street, Omaha, Nebraska 68104

Monroe-Jost-Cox-Bogart

I am searching for information on my grandfather, Addison Pinneo Monroe, born about 1859. He married Angeline Jost in May 1888 at Evergreen, Jefferson County, Colorado. Anna was born to John Jost and Lovina Alfretta Cox in May 1873, in Colorado. Addison may have been killed, falling under a wagonload of lumber in Price, Utah in July 1812. Some say he was shot or maybe went by the name of George D. Monroe. His brother, William, married Cordelia Cox.

My great-great-grandfather, Willia Cox, was born in 1822. He married Alfretta or Angeline Bogart, born 1824 They had children, Amanda, Millisa, Lovina, Cordelia and William H. who wer born in Clinton County, Iowa. Anothe child, Ada A., was born about 1867 i Colorado.

I am deeply interested in findin information on these families. I woul like to hear from anyone who is interested. I will answer all letters.—Nelda Park 1647 West Stratford Avenue, Salt Lak City, Utah 84119

Mounier

My maiden name was Mounier, an up until recently my family was onl aware of the descendants of my grandfather, Auguste Honore Mounier and hi brother, Frank, Sr. Surprisingly, w have found Mouniers in Colorado an California. I am most interested to lear if there are more Mouniers in the Western states, as I have reason to believe they could very well be descendants o my great-grandfather's many brothers August and Frank came to the Unite States in the late 1800s. Little is know regarding the Mouniers. Please help.—Mrs. Joe S. Gillespie, R. R. 5, Mount Vernon, Illinois 62864

Sissel

I would appreciate any informatio about my great-grandfather, John Bake Sissel, born in Arkansas. He marrie my great-grandmother August 22, 185 in California. In 1866 he went to a minin boom in Bannock, Idaho (now Idah City). There the family parted.

Would like any information about Joh Baker Sissel or from anyone by the nam of Sissel.—Mary Bridwell, Star Route Callahan Road, Gazelle, California 9603

Editorial

(Continued from page 3)

a print order of 200,000, do you kno what it costs to add eight pages? As yo can see, eight pages consists of just fou sheets of paper, However, the differenc is over $2,000 per issue. You can chec with any printer on this.

Another thing I would like to bring ou here is that most people think we get th full 75¢ for each copy. Let's break i down. After our national distributor get his cut, the city wholesaler gets hi share, and the retailer (newsstand owner) gets his profit, we have 40¢ left pe copy *sold.* Now if we make a 100 sale, this would be great—we could ad those pages—at least until increasin costs from every angle made even *tha* unprofitable—at any rate, *no one* magazine makes 100% sale on the newsstand Did you know that a 50% sale is considered *real* good these days? Newsstand are crowded with titles of all description and with about 1500 titles vying for spac on the stands, look how many have to b left off most stands altogether. Als there are damaged copies, early return by retailers who get too crowded, and dozen other things that keep you fro selling a high percentage. Did you kno that many magazines on the stands se

OK CORRAL

THE LAST CAPTIVE

By A. C. Greene

Herman Lehmann's story in his own words and commentary by author, A. C. Greene. Lehmann, abducted by Indians in Mason County, Texas when eleven years old, became an Apache warrior, an outcast, and later the adopted son of Quanah Parker. A classic of American frontier narratives. No article in our magazines has ever attracted more comment than the account of Lehmann's experiences entitled "Nine Years Among the Indians." Those magazines are unavailable, but here is your opportunity to have the complete, authentic Herman Lehmann life story in this distinguished volume with many pictures.

Hard-bound, 7″ x 10″

Special! Only $7.50 ✶

Please include 25¢ postage per book.

WESTERN BOOK CO.
.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

TAKING BIDS — $9,000 or more. Rare Civil War type ship cannon. Wt. 450 lbs. Send $1 and return envelope for photo & measurements.

8 SOUTH WALNUT-F
NEW BREMEN, OHIO 45869

PULL 'EM OUT!

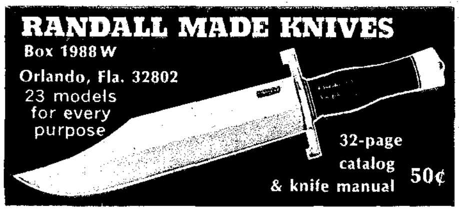
ou can't sell 'em if we can't find 'em!"
is comes from our readers in a flow of
tters that is too constant for comfort! I've
und them myself, sometimes on the bottom
elf, completely covered by other publica-
ns. Now we don't have nutin' against
her publications, but we'd like a breath of
esh air and the sight of light now and then
rselves—so if you find our magazines
vered, we'd sure appreciate your leaving
em in the same approximate spot, but at
ast giving them a show. Sometimes, if you
ke them completely out and put them in
other spot, the wholesaler will get upset
d take them off completely!

TURQUOISE

Western Buckles and Bolos
Prices You Can Afford
Free Illustrated Brochure
Thunderbird Turquoise Company
Box 1252, Douglas, Az. 85607

RANDALL MADE KNIVES

Box 1988 W
Orlando, Fla. 32802
23 models
for every
purpose



32-page catalog & knife manual 50¢

HISTORICAL COLOR POSTERS

Fine Quality - Heavy Parchment
11"x14" Replicas—8 for only $3.98
Kiefers, 2077 Morningview Road
Dubuque, Iowa 52001

SADDLES: From factory to you. Be thrifty, save $100.00 and more. Adults 15″ tree. All hand-tooled heavy steerhide. (Not Embossed) Two-tone tan or antique finish. Padded seats, double rigged, leather covered stirrups. Beautiful white Buck-stitching. Only $125.00 Prepaid. Money-back guarantee. TEXAS SADDLE CO., 107 W. Dewey, San Antonio, Tx. 78212.

Reprints—RARE COPY of *Ulster County* (N.Y.) *Gazette Newspaper.*
175 YEARS OLD

Edged in black to commemorate death of George Washington. Other news and want ads. Send $1.75 to: **PRINTS, 721** No. Avenue K, Portales, N.M. 88130.

OUR LUCKY THIRTEEN OFFER 2 U

One 11″ Antique Style Oil Burning Lamp, One Lucky Bronzed Horse Shoe, One 18″ Decker Spread Antique Barb Wire, Five Little Blue Books, Five Western Paper-Back (new & used) Books—$12.00 plus $1.00 postage. SASE For Price List—**Acme Sales Company, R.F.D. 4, Box 1A, Georgetown, Texas 78626.**

BUFFALO SKULLS

Robes, Indian Weapons, Relics and Regalia. Guns, Arrowheads (Folsom, Sandia, etc.) Buckskin and Buffalo hide items. WESTERN LEATHER HATS. Tough, top quality hats from fine leathers. Many unusual goods. Catalog plus current and future collectors lists $2.00.

M. C. HATHWAY
208 Carlester Dr., Los Gatos, Cailf. 95030

FROM THE KITCHENS OF THE SILVER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

My Western Pastie (pronounced Pass-tee) is a full meal entirely wrapped and baked in its own individual golden crust. They are nourishing, VERY economical, tasty and versatile. If your large family has stretched your budget to the breaking point or if you are active in fund raising projects or you need to supplement your income this recipe is a must.

The supply of these recipes will be limited so rush $2.00 in a stamped self addressed envelope and I will also send you the history of this recipe and how it became part of our Western Heritage.

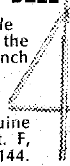
PASTIE, BOX 1087,
WALLACE, IDAHO 83873.

"GREAT FOR PATIOS"

Authentic

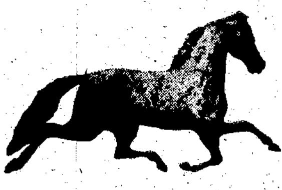
CHUCKWAGON BELL

15″ Carbon Steel Triangle Just like they used in the olden days to call ranch hands back to the ranch. Gives off a pleasant ring that can be heard at great distances. Complete with triangle, clapper and genuine leather hang thongs. **SAGE'S**, Dept. F, Box 369, Monte Vista, Co. 81144.



$10.95 ppd.

SONGS FOR GUITAR! 50 COUNTRY-WESTERN AND OTHER SONGS WITH CHORDS FOR EASY GUITAR PLAYING. SEND $3.00 TO: H. R. RODENIUS, 2613 W. 1st Street, DULUTH, MINN. 55806.



LASSO A THOROUGHBRED FOR YOUR CLIENTS!

OK CORRAL SPECIAL RATES

Only $40.00 per one-inch to appear in ALL THREE —TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES & OLD WEST. For all rate information write:

ADVERTISING
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

in the upper 20% and the lower 30% brackets? Personally, I don't see how they make it. You could just about count on the fingers of both hands the magazines that sell in the 70%, 80% and 90% brackets these days.

Let's say that an issue of FRONTIER TIMES, for instance, sells 50%. We only get paid for *copies sold.* So, that would leave us a net return of 20¢ a copy (on the 200,000 copies sent out) to pay our printing bills, rising postage costs, wages, stories and art work and everything connected with publishing. That is why it is absolutely necessary to make a fair sale on the newsstands today—otherwise, you become another bleached bone on a much traveled trail. Besides which, if there's anything Uncle Sam can't stand, it's a bone with the meat all gone!

Thanks for the suggestions—I sure wish we could publish magazines so thick that it would take a month to read one. That would make me smile like a jackass eating briars!

"I personally don't give a hoot if you kill FRONTIER TIMES so long as the insides read the same under any title."—William C. Ogrosio, Jr., Manchester, Missouri.

Many share your sentiments, Bill, but here is a man who doesn't.

"I'm cussing plenty! The very idea of you cutting out FRONTIER TIMES and going all TRUE WEST! If you can't weather the storm, go on up to $1.00 per copy on the newsstands—just about all the others are and look what junk most of them put out at that. I like TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST just as they are rather than republishing the rare old books. I am a driver for Brown Express so if you get a call at 3 a.m. (that is the time of night I come through Austin) and hear somebody cussing, you will know who it is!"—Leo R. McCarver, Dallas, Texas.

Go ahead and cuss, Leo, but couldn't you make it about three o'clock in the afternoon? Cuss words sure sound turrible at three o'clock in the morning! By golly, you are the *first* who is against printing rare old books!

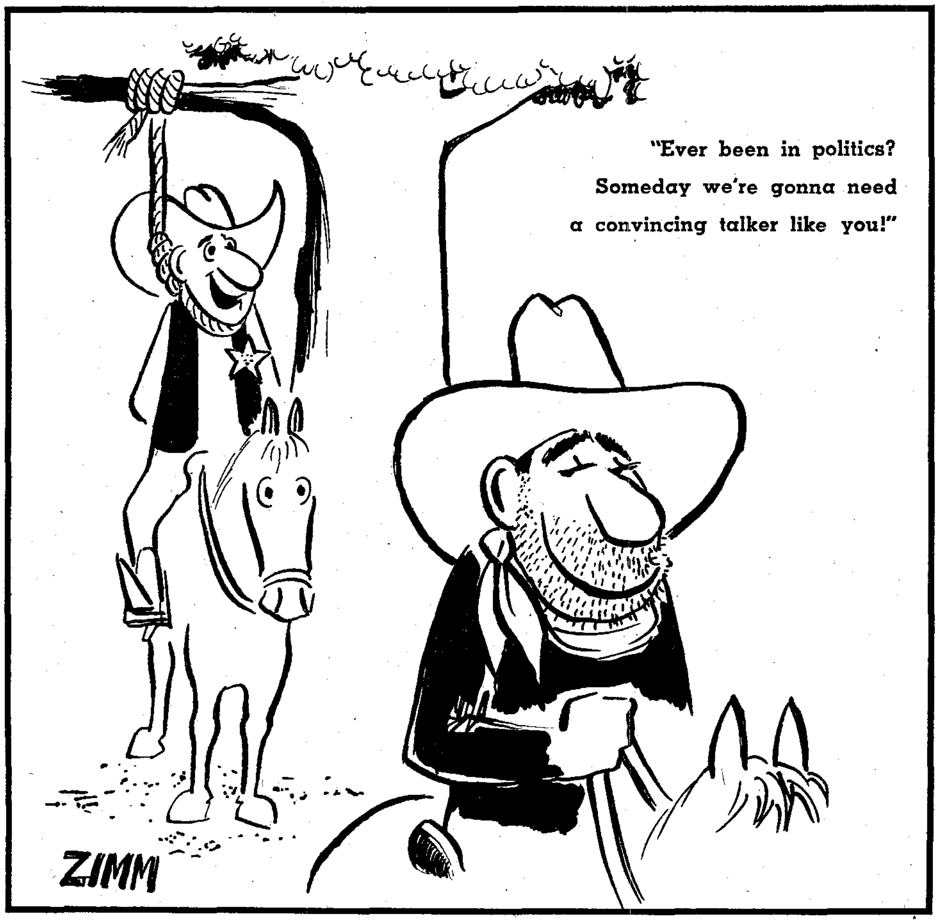
"I'll be eighty my next birthday. I started way back there with you when you were publishing *Western Sportsman.* Don't worry, Joe—we'll stay with you."—Leo Berry, Concord, Arkansas.

Thanks, Leo! Old faithfuls like you have kept us afloat all these years. I hope we are delivering the goods in these rags to make it worthwhile. Wish I had a million like you!

"First, let me say that we enjoy *all* of your publications. Everything is sky-high these days but rather than cut out a title, why don't you print the covers with one color only? I understand this is a great savings. We will understand."—Mr. & Mrs. Louis Arbogast, Eugene, Oregon.

It's great to have people like you who understand. However, there are so many colorful covers on the newsstands that you would be surprised at how many would not understand and pass us by. Thanks, anyhow.

"I don't know why it is, but if I can't buy both, I pick up TRUE WEST *first* on the newsstands and wait until I have more change later to buy FRONTIER TIMES. As magazines prices go up, people *must* be more cautious about what they buy. Impulse buying is less and less.


"Ever been in politics?
Someday we're gonna need
a convincing talker like you!"
ZIMM

I have bought TRUE WEST, FRONTII
TIMES and OLD WEST for years. T
many magazines are reprinting the sa
stories over and over. You read one a
two months later you get it again—wi
several new ones thrown in. My husba
gripes about this but I have never hea
one peep out of him on yours, tho.
gals have got to cut expenses these da
but the one luxury I afford is your mag
zines. If you keep them up to the quali
they are now, I'll buy them as long
I have the money to do it with!"—M
Jeanne Clinton, Tacoma, Washington.

Letters like this gladden a publishe
heart. I often wonder if people thi
these good letters are pulled out of
stack of part good—part bad. We had
real gripe recently (published in Augu
TRUE WEST) but they are few and f
between and thank goodness for th
Thanks for your confidence.

"While checking through *Ulrich's I*
ternational Periodicals Directory, 15
Edition 1973-74, I came upon the secti
headed 'CESSATIONS.' There we
sixty-four pages of listings for a tot
of 1,728 management letters, house
gans, newsletters, bulletins, journa
quarterlies, monthlies, etc. that ceas
publication in that period. So why wor
Joe, about a title—keeping alive at
these days is the $64 question."—E.
Bonney, Madison, New Jersey.

Wow! That's the cause of all tl
ruckus now, E. P.—we don't want to
listed in the 1975-76 edition!

Space has just run out. Here are mo
charter subscribers. We can't possib
get them all in this issue—but a promi
is a promise. I'll print them all if it tak
ten years!

BILL FARIS, WILLIAMSBURG, NEW MEXICO
WAYNE HAIRSTON, CONROE, TEXAS
MRS. LOIS LINDQUIST, ISSAQUAH, WASHINGT
O. J. BREKKEN, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA
BILL FERGESON, BAY CITY, TEXAS
BYRON A. PETERSON, MILFORD, IOWA
ROLLIN K. SMITH, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
THELMA RATISSEAU, AUSTIN, TEXAS
CLEON MINKS, FORT BENTON, MONTANA
BILL GLOVER, ADA, OKLAHOMA
VERNON ROSKEY, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS
VIRA RUBACH, SNOOK, TEXAS
J. B. WILEY, SIMI VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
W. A. HEISKILL, SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA
WILLIAM B. SECREST, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
J. W. MOORE, EL PASO, TEXAS
MELVIN HICKEY, ROSE, OKLAHOMA
DALE ENTWISTLE, MISSOULA, MONTANA
MILDRED WILHELM, HOUSTON, TEXAS
LLOYD M. JUDGE, LOS OSOS, CALIFORNIA
MRS. TEX WARD, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
WILMER CONITZ, NEW SALEM ,NORTH DAKOT
N. E. BUCK, WARREN, OREGON
L. H. STOKES, CALDWELL, TEXAS
RUSSELL A. KRANZ, KELSO, WASHINGTON
EUGENE ARRINGTON, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS
FRANK LARSON, MOLINE, ILLINOIS
W. R. JUSTICE, COLORADO CITY, TEXAS
EARL M. TRUSHEIM, HEMET, CALIFORNIA
HORACE KORNEGAY, CHRIESMAN, TEXAS
W. H. BROWN, SPARKS, NEVADA
D. E. TOOMAN, ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA
MILTON EARNEST, LAMESA, TEXAS
MRS. ELMER TRYON, NEWELL, SOUTH DAKOTA
DON P. GROVE, LOUDON, TENNESSEE
ROBERT BERRY, LUFKIN, TEXAS
LYLE G. McCANN, LALKASKA, MICHIGAN
T. A. JONES, JONESTOWN, MISSISSIPPI
LENORA GLOVER, HOUSTON, TEXAS
N. S. DALLISON, WINNSBORO, TEXAS
MARION L. WALKER, BRAYTON, IOWA
ELMER GITZ, LENGBY, MINNESOTA
BILL STEWART, DOUGLAS, WYOMING
DR. T. A. KENNEDY, KERRVILLE, TEXAS

I'm getting "letter-addled" but tl
old dog learned some new tricks fr
your advice. About now I figure your
vice would be "Aw, shut up, you old po
cat!" So I will. Be seeing you in Septe
ber FRONTIER TIMES.—Joe "Hossta
Small.

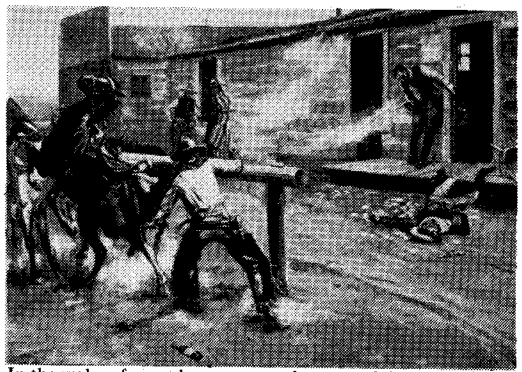
Midnight shoot-outs...duels at dawn...

Law and Order...Frontier Style!

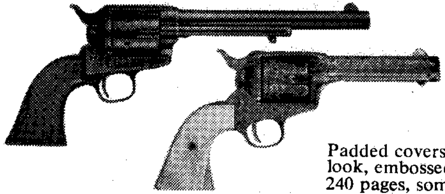
Western History Collection University of Oklahoma

JUDGE ROY BEAN NOTARY PUBLIC
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
LAW WEST OF THE PECOS
ICE BEER
THE JERSEY LILLY

Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.



In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.



"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."

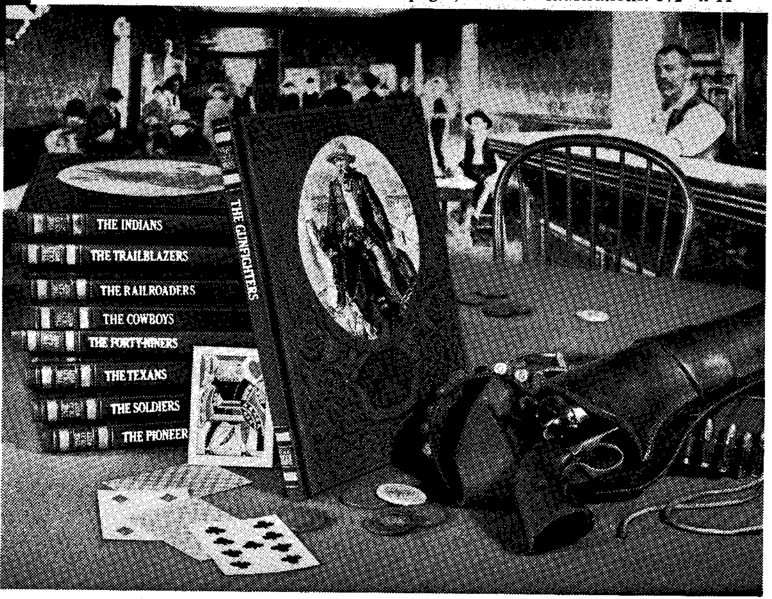
Montana Historical Society

Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

Pinkerton's Inc.

A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.

Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look, embossed in Western saddle design. 240 pages, some 250 illustrations. 8½" x 11"



The Gunfighters

is yours to enjoy free for 10 days as your introduction to

THE OLD WEST

an extraordinary series from TIME-LIFE BOOKS

In the bad old days of "the great equalizer," a gunfighter would just as soon shoot a man as look at him. It was a time when a boy of 15 like Billy the Kid could casually whip out his six-shooter and kill a man for an idle insult. It was a time of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice and outlaws who burned down courthouses out of plain cussedness. It was the era, the heyday, the prime time of the gunfighter.

Now, TIME-LIFE BOOKS invites you to see for yourself what it was actually like to live within range of the gunsights of the West's most dangerous gunslingers – outlaws like the James gang, the Daltons, Butch Cassidy . . . and lawmen like the ruthless Ben Thompson, and Bat Masterson, credited with killing one man for every year of his life. *The Gunfighters* is your introductory volume to The Old West, an extraordinary series which brings to roaring life all those dauntless men and women who opened and settled the West. In such superbly narrated, magnificently illustrated volumes as *The Cowboys, The Indians, The Soldiers, The Trailblazers,* and *The Forty-niners,* you'll experience the huge adventure of the Old West as it really was. Enjoy *The Gunfighters* free for 10 days. Mail the order form today.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Yes, I would like to examine *The Gunfighters.* Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination – and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Gunfighters,* I will pay $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day, free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Gunfighters,* I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any future obligation.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip

C1BT14

All Holiday Inns come with pools. Some come with oceans.

From Monaco to Mexico. From the Caribbean to Florida to Hawaii. Holiday Inn offers you the ultimate in resort vacationing.

Things that no one else can offer you. Like the only fully licensed casino in Antigua. The largest shopping arcade in the Antilles. Privately owned Pirates Cove in Nassau. Waikiki's most beautiful and awe-inspiring resort.

And our worldwide Holiday Inn resorts give you modern settings with true-luxury accommodations, the best in recreation, sight-seeing, shopping and a nightlife you won't forget. Ever.

So next time you plan a few days of the good life, ask your travel agent about our Holiday Inns. The ones that come with oceans.

Holiday Inn. The most accommodating people in the world.